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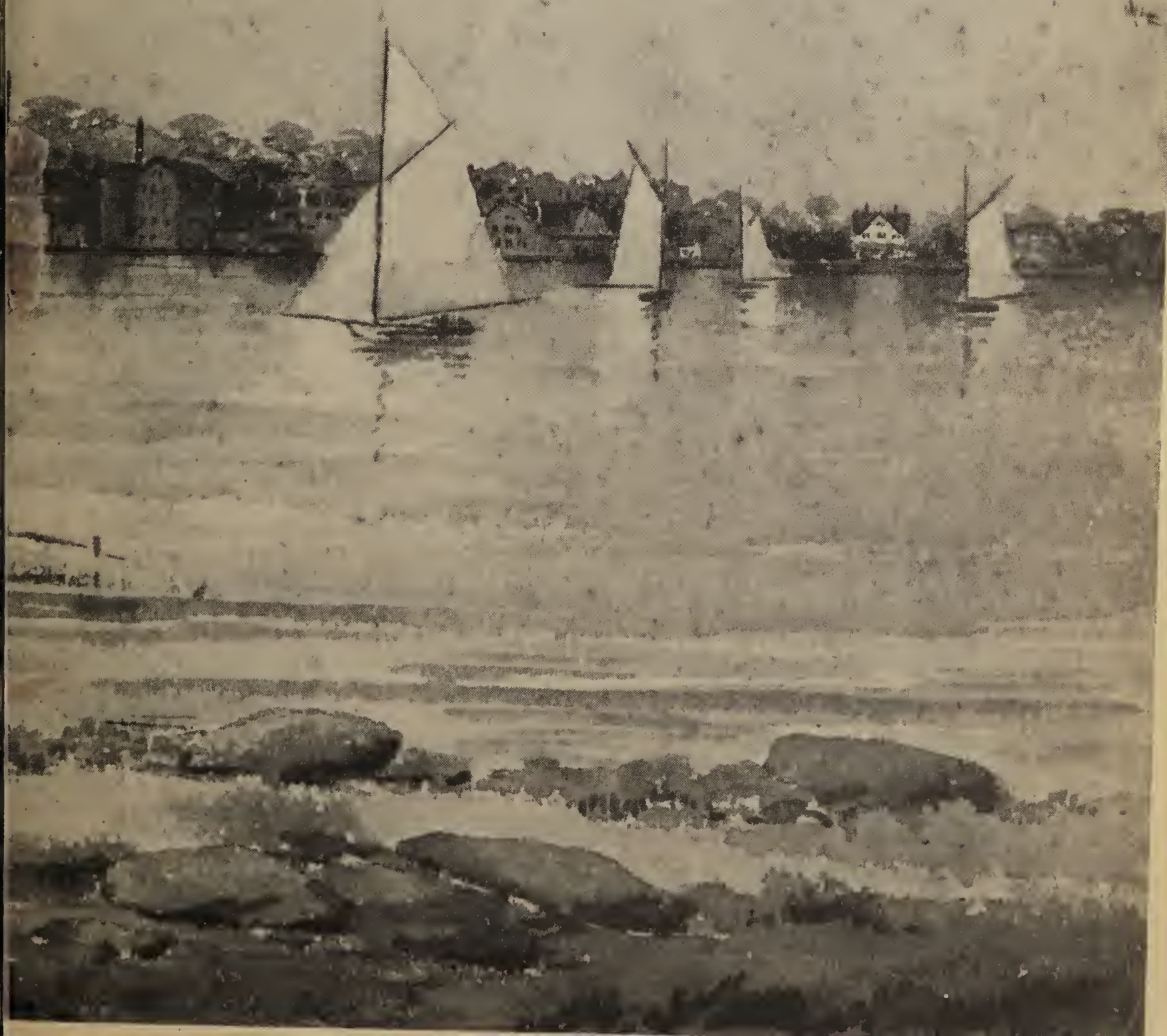


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*The Cover design is
a four-quarter coat of
arms representing*

Gibson D'Wolf
Hastings Marston

*The illustration on the end papers is a
harbor view of the town of Bristol from
a water color by*

Louisa M. (Gibson) Pratt

LONGFIELD

The House on the Neck

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Dedication

To the loving people that have gone before me.
To those who helped in making my life a happy one,
this story is dedicated.



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Foreword

Several years ago I decided to write the history of "Longfield". I gathered together all the information I could find about the place and the people who had lived there during the century. My mother remembered when it was built and knew most of its story first hand, while her mother having been born in 1812 carried us back still further. To this I added all the family traditions and read old records, letters and wills until these dear people began to move about before my eyes, their characters developed, and in what they said and did I could see the next generation taking shape, until I myself came into being, my children, and my grandchildren, and the chapters yet to be written.

As the story of "Longfield" does not start until the year 1848, we have many preceding years in which to become acquainted with members of this very large family of DeWolfs. Therefore, if it is limited only to the members most concerned in our story of "Longfield", we trust that those not mentioned will feel neither neglected nor forgotten.

Having acquired a great many grandfathers at an early age and having been brought up, so to speak, with stories of their adventures, romances, successes and heart-breaks, it is not surprising that I turn first to the forebears whose lives were of the greatest interest to me. As I think of those early days, there was little commonplace in them. And they are all linked together in my present home, "Longfield".

Among my many DeWolf grandparents, were two brothers, the grandsons of a Connecticut Yankee with a no less colorful father who left the shores of Guadaloupe, an Island of the French West Indies, some two hundred years ago in a sailing vessel that brought him to Bristol, Rhode Island. There he married and increased the population by having fifteen children, twelve of whom grew to manhood and womanhood thus making it eventually almost impossible to find anyone in the village of Bristol who was not later a DeWolf or in some way related.

It takes courage to look into the secrets of one's family, some of whom you never saw. To live their lives as you find they lived them through their written word. This I have done with all sincerity.

Those of you who think I could have made a better story with the material I found; consider that I have not tried to compile a novel but have written only what I found to be true after careful study over a period of ten years.

The good-natured reader who experiences in these pages incidents to move his emotions will be inclined to pardon many faults for the pleasure he will receive. The critic who looks for flaws will find many I'm sure, for my experience in writing does not cover so important a work as this. But there is much here that could be found nowhere else in the building of an American family and I offer it with all humility.

J. G. K.



ABBY D'WOLF

LONGFIELD

The House on the Neck

by

Josephine Gibson Knowlton

Author of

“Roma”

* * *

“My Turtles”

* * *

“The Innocent Cause”

* * *

1956

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MARK ANTHONY D'WOLF

*Mark Anthony D'Wolf, born 1726, 2nd son of Charles D'Wolf, born in Lyme, Connecticut, 1695. Married Abigail Potter, of Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1744. They had 8 sons and 7 daughters. He died Nov. 9th, 1793.

The name D'Wolf was spelt with the French contraction owing to his education having been in Guadaloupe, French West Indies. He was the 4th generation from Balthasar DeWolf of Lime, Conn.

*There being no likeness of Mark Anthony in existence, this miniature was painted by Anne D'W Lovett as her conception of her great-grandfather.

IT was the year 1743 and the hot West Indian sun beat down on the brow of a young man as he sat by the waters edge watching the ships at anchor in the harbor.

He spoke to a man who was making fast his dinghy. "Have you need of an extra hand on your ship?" he asked.

The stranger, though rough in dress, answered with surprising gentleness in voice, "Aye, lad, I have, but not hands such as yours. I've noticed you before. You spend much time on the waterfront."

"Yes, I like to see the ships, and wonder where they're bound."

"What's your name, lad?"

"D'Wolf, Mark Anthony D'Wolf. My father is a millwright. What's your name?"

"Potter, Captain Potter."

"That's strange. My mother's name was Potter—Margaret Potter. She was from England."

Potter shook Mark's hand: "You have an education."

"Yes, I speak three languages fluently. I spoke French before I learned English and I also speak Spanish."

Captain Potter then, muttering as much to himself as to the lad, declared:

"Might come in handy at that." He put the question squarely: "Would you be interested in shipping with me to write the log? I'm not much of a scholar myself, though I read my Bible and take care of my accounts. It would be helpful to have a real scholar aboard."

"Where do you sail from?" Mark asked.

"Do you know the Colonies? There's a little place there you never heard of called Bristol. It sits in a bay as pretty as this, where it's never too hot and it's never too cold. You're welcome to sail with us, but keep in mind the ocean's a big place and you'll not be coming back this way for a year."

"How much do you pay, Captain?"

"You'll have a fair cut, my lad. It's never been said that one was paid more than another on my ship and they're a contented crew. You'll find them a bit rough but it will be good for me to have con-

versation with a lad of your learning and my log will be more easily read."

It was so planned and Mark sailed on the good ship "Corsana" and was called "Mate". On the voyage they encountered a British vessel and orders were given to hoist the French flag—"But", protested Mark to the Captain, "The British are at war with the French."

"Yes, mate, but when we sight a French ship we hoist the British flag."

And was *that* what they called privateering in those days? The profit was good and the pay high. On arriving in Bristol, Captain Potter found his sister Abigail standing in the doorway to bar his way, protesting that "no loot from foreign lands should be brought into her father's house."

Simeon Potter was reported as saying, "If you don't let me in, Abby, you shan't have Mark Anthony." And, indeed my diaries show that things happened quickly here, for although Mark was only 18 years of age, he and Abigail were married on the 25th of August, 1744, in the home of her father, Hopestill Potter. The house stood on the corner of Hope and Church Streets, and was burned by the British in 1775.

Even in those days it took money to raise the family of 15, I mentioned earlier. Farming was considered a healthy occupation, and Mark moved his family away from the water's edge lest his eight sons be tempted to follow their uncle's calling, and bought a farm in Swansea, a town not far off. But the call of the sea was in their blood and the love of adventure ran in their veins. "While sweating in the corn rows one summer day", I quote from family records, "four of them flung down their hoes, declaring they would no longer work on land when they knew they could get a place on their Uncle Sim Potter's privateer about to sail from Providence." So off they trudged to that city. When, after their long dusty walk, they emerged from Seekonk woods near the old Red Bridge, James the youngest, becoming conscious of the dilapidated condition of his hat, cried out, "Boys, I'm not going through Providence like this," and flung the brimless crown (or was it a crownless brim?) into the wayside bushes.

Bareheaded he presented himself with his three brothers to his astonished, yet sympathetic, old uncle, Sim Potter. And thus began that life of devotion to the sea, which the sea was soon, and so richly, to repay.

After their return from this early voyage, the boys' wardrobe, scant enough no doubt at the start, had not been improved. In re-

ply to a remark of someone, that William had hardly enough clothes to cover him decently, said the Captain, "Never mind the boy has come home covered with glory."

Years afterward, when the boys had grown into famous men (James became a United States Senator, with a beautiful home in Bristol which he named "The Mount", while William had retired at an early age and chosen the more modest life of farming), James while accompanied by his brother William in his stately coach one day, as they drove into Providence, suddenly ordered it to a halt. Putting his head out of the window and pointing to another dilapidated hat which by some strange coincidence had lodged just where he had thrown his own many years before, he cried gaily, "Brother William, there's my old hat."

Those, then, were my forebears two centuries ago.

James D'Wolf was my great-grandfather on my mother's side.

William D'Wolf was my great-great-grandfather on my father's side.

* * * * *

The Affair of the Gaspee

"1772"

The burning of H. M. Schooner "Gaspee" off the shores of Bristol is an important event in the history of America. She was an armed vessel carrying eight guns, which had been sent to the Narragansett Bay Station in 1772. Her duty was to prevent smuggling and there was unquestionably work enough for her to do.

Her commander, Lieutenant Duddington, possessed a faculty for making himself obnoxious to every one with whom he came in contact. Not only did he board all vessels coming in from the ocean but he also detained the market boats that plied between the various ports on the bay and frequently helped himself to the produce they carried.

On the ninth of June 1772, the Gaspee, in an attempt to capture the sloop Hannah which was sailing up the bay from Newport, ran

aground on Namquit Point. The tide was ebbing and it was impossible to release her from the mud until the next flood tide. The Hannah reached Providence at sunset and gleefully proclaimed the Gaspee's helpless condition. Almost immediately a drummer, marching up and down the town streets, summoned the people together and called for volunteers to attempt her capture. The eager crowd assembled in the tavern of James Sabin, located at the corner of Planet and South Main street.

Shortly after 10 o'clock, the party embarked in "eight of the large long-boats in the harbor with five oars each" which had been furnished by Mr. John Brown, "one of our first and most respectable merchants." In the boats there were, besides Mr. Brown, Captain Abraham Whipple, Captain John B. Hopkins, Captain Benjamin Dunn, Joseph Bucklin, John Mawney, "who had for two or three years been studying physic and surgery," and about sixty others whose names Ephraim Bowen, the last survivor (writing an account of the exploit at the age of eighty-six) could not remember. With muffled oars they rowed quietly down river.

Just before they reached the vessel they were joined by a boat from Bristol under the command of Simeon Potter,* an old privateersman. Their approach was discovered by the watch on the Gaspee. Shots were fired by both parties and Lieutenant Duddington fell wounded by a bullet from the musket of Joseph Bucklin. The crew of the Gaspee was quickly overpowered, the prisoners were bound and put on shore. Then the Gaspee was fired and in the clear morning light her destroyers rowed homeward.

Her disabled commander was set on shore at Pawtuxet, his two wounds having been dressed by Mr. Mawney, and thus the first British blood was shed in consequence of an organized and premeditated attack upon British troops or British vessels.

The effect of the destruction of the Gaspee was astounding. It was felt throughout the length and breadth of the Colonies. The audacity of the deed fairly took men's breath away.

Simeon Potter of Bristol had represented that town for years in the Colonial Assembly. He was afterwards chosen as one of the Governor's "Assistants" and was the first "Major General of the Colony" when that office was created in December 1774.

*Simeon Potter, brother of Abigail (Potter) D'Wolf, who married Mark Anthony D'Wolf, uncle of William D'Wolf and James D'Wolf.

Abraham Whipple became the first Commander of the American Navy and the following correspondence took place between Abraham Whipple and the Commander of the British fleet in 1775:

Wallace to Whipple

“You, Abraham Whipple, on the 10th Jan. 1772, burned his Majesty’s vessel, the Gaspee, and I will hang you at the yard arm.

JAMES WALLACE”

Whipple to Wallace

“To Sir James Wallace, Sir: Always catch a man before you hang him.

ABRAHAM WHIPPLE”

CHAPTER I

We Meet the D'Wolfs

We move ahead now along a country road two miles from Bristol, Rhode Island (called Bristol Neck), where stood the "D'Wolf Farm". A tract of land ran along the edge of Narragansett Bay for a mile, then reached across meadow, rough country and fields, covering some 300 acres. It had been bought in the early days from the Indians and developed by William D'Wolf, the eleventh child of Mark Anthony D'Wolf and his wife Abigail Potter. William and his wife, Charlotte Finny, built a substantial home near the main road, and there they raised five children.

In the year 1840, as we step from the stage-coach at the gate of the Farm after a long and dusty drive of 14 miles from Providence, we find Henry D'Wolf, the oldest son of William, and his capable wife, Nancy Marston, with their six, well grown, children.

As a family they lived and loved. Their world was a happy one, for there was no such thing as want on a prosperous farm.

One morning, Abby, the next to their youngest daughter, was sitting on the stone wall beside the dusty country road, her full skirts falling over the step on which she rested her slippered feet. She was too busy opening a letter to notice the young man who galloped past her on a spirited white horse. She closed her eyes for a moment as a cloud of dust drifted between them and the paper in her hand. Another wave of dust made her look up, as the rider returned and now checked his mount.

"Are you trying to smother me in dust?" she asked. "I'm endeavoring to read a letter from my illustrious brother in Chicago."

"And what might he have to say about the West?" the young man asked.

"That's just what I'm trying to find out through the dust of your horse's hoofs."

"Abby, go get your mare and come for a ride. You can read that some other time."

Jumping from the wall, Abby put her hand on the horse's nose. "Star is such a pretty horse, even if he hasn't very good manners. But perhaps that's not all his fault. I'll ride with you this afternoon, not now. This letter must carry important news as William Frederick doesn't write me often." Abby climbed back on the wall and, dismissing her friend with a wave of the hand, said:

"Off with you, John Swett, or I'll ride alone today."

As he left, he called back, "Sorry about the dust."

As the last cloud drifted away, Abby unfolded her brother's letter again, and read:

May 12th 1840

"My dear sister Abby:

It would give your sister and me great pleasure to have you pay us a visit. We feel that the change would be beneficial, also there is much education obtained by travel. The opportunity presents itself, as a friend of mine of excellent character, is to take this trip in a fortnight and has consented to escort you from Bristol to our door. He is Charles Dana Gibson of New York City.

An immediate answer is important in order to acquaint him with your plans.

Talk this over with papah and mamah. Give them my warm affection.

Your loving brother,

William Frederick."

The thought of a trip was exciting. In those days travel was difficult and a visit to an unknown city with her much loved brother was an undreamed of pleasure.

Abby picked up her skirts and dashed across the road to the piazza of the Farm where her mother was sitting with a basket of sewing by her side.

She threw herself at her mother's feet, and found breath to gasp: "A visit, mamah, a visit to brother William Frederick! They want me to visit them. May I go? Please, mamah, may I go?"

Her mother, quite conscious of Abby's excitement, did not lift her eyes from her sewing.

"You have a letter from your brother William?" she asked.

"Yes, mamah. He wants me to pay them a visit. I am to travel with a Mr. Gibson, and we are to leave in a fortnight. Say I may go?"

Following a short pause caused by the sound of a carriage door closing, her mother replied in a low voice: "Not so fast, my dear. Here comes your father. You know he has met with reverses and such a trip will be of no small expense." She looked up with a smile as the heavy tread of a man's boot sounded on the step—"Well Henry", was all she said.

Henry D'Wolf, tall, straight and broad shouldered, greeted his wife and Abby. And after stepping into the house to place his driving whip and gloves on the hall table, returned to the piazza. "Yes, Nancy, they gave me a fair sum for the property."

He clapped his hand against his pocket. "We should be very thankful I suppose, but it is a bitter disappointment not to be able to live in our house after all the thought we gave it. With your taste, it would have outshone The Mount. The children are grown and we need a place like that. While father lived I was grateful to have him take it off my hands, but I expected that he would leave it to me in his will. It riles me to see what my sisters, lacking your good taste, have done to the place already, with the aid of Roger's money."

He put his hand on Nancy's shoulder, and leaned past her to arrange a stray rose vine on the piazza railing, then continued:

"We have my cousin George to thank for this misfortune. If ever I catch up with that scoundrel it will be a sorry day for him and a sinful one for me. I want FitzHenry to engage a place for me on the afternoon coach. Where is he? I'm going to put this money in a Providence bank. Most of it will be given to my friends who invested, on my advice, and lost everything."

Nancy returned to her sewing. "Don't let it upset you, dear," she said, as Henry entered the house, and left his wife and daughter for a moment together.

The disastrous financial failure of Henry's cousin, George D'Wolf, had caused heavy loss to many of his relations and other Bristol people who had been persuaded to invest in his business ventures. But none had suffered greater loss than Henry, for he believed in his cousin's ability, and since Henry's father, William, had also been a

heavy loser, he was able to help only by giving his son the Farm and taking over the new home the latter was building, which was then, and for many years, known as "Paposqua".

After completing and taking up his abode at Paposqua with his daughter Charlotte, William gave his town house in the village to his daughter, Maria, who was married to Robert Rogers, a wealthy banker of Bristol.

It was of Paposqua that Henry was speaking when first we meet him. Although he had successfully developed the Farm and it had a romantic atmosphere that only time lends, still, until this day he had not quite given up the dream that he and his family would at some future period live there. But now he had sold to his sisters all the land adjoining the Paposqua property and had brought the money paid him home.

Being alone with her mother for the moment, Abby whispered "Not a very good time to ask papah, do you think?"

"As good as any, my dear. Your father has the money in his pocket and t'will be as easy to get it from there as from out of the bank in Providence."

Henry returned to the piazza and now in a less irritated tone, said:

"That was no way for me to speak about the family before the child. The D'Wolfs are a good people, I guess, but you find one bad apple in every barrel."

Abby arose, and going to her father hopefully, with shining eyes, feeling he was in a more receptive mood, said:

"Papah, brother William Frederick has asked me to visit him. He must have an answer at once as I am to travel with a Mr. Gibson from New York. Please, may I go?"

Her words came tumbling rapidly from her mouth. Henry looked from Abby to her mother, who had continued her sewing in silence.

"What in hell is this, Nancy? Am I supposed to say 'yes' to this? Who is this man Gibson, and how long since have young ladies traveled unchaperoned across the States? Do you realize it means several days and nights? Tell the child she can't go."

Abby, upon this refusal, left the piazza with quivering lips. Henry asked his wife, "How could you let the child get her hopes up at such a time, Nancy? William sent her money for the trip, I expect?"

"No, Henry. William sent no money nor did he suggest doing so. We had best decide the matter at once."

Nancy gathered up her sewing, went into the house, her long skirt flowing from her tall erect figure and her head thrown back. With a determined expression on her otherwise calm face she said, "Make me a fresh pen, Henry. I will write William at once, and you can post the letter in the city."

Henry handed his wife a bundle of quills he had made earlier in the day, and suggested that she try them all until she found one to her liking. Nancy smiled as she took them.

For thirty-two years Henry had been making quills for Nancy and never had given her one she could not use. He stooped to kiss her and said,

"It's not good for the digestion to lose one's temper. How long before the dinner hour?"

Nancy replied—"It'll not be long."

So, seated at the desk in the north parlor, Nancy wrote her oldest son, with a quill moving rapidly over the paper. She dusted the letter with sand to dry the ink, then read it over.

"Dear William:

Your letter to Abby brought fresh color to her cheeks. I agree with you there is education to be found in travel. To whom are we indebted for this kind offer to escort your sister on so long a trip?

No doubt you have given this careful thought and we are expected to accept your judgment as to the propriety of such an offer. I presume him to be an elderly man and a close friend of yours and Margaret?

It is not convenient, at this time, for your father to take on any extra expense. However, I might manage it if all other conditions are satisfactory.

Your devoted

Mother

P. S. We send our love to Margaret and the children."

She sealed the letter with a wafer, and placed it on the table in the hall and there she saw Abby, red-eyed, but trying to smile, while her young sister Cecilia, three years her junior, was teasing her with questions.

"Do you sit on the wall so as to see John Swett when he rides by? I do believe you do, Abby."

"That child! I wouldn't spend my time talking to him! How can you say such a thing when you know better?"

"But you were there talking to him this morning. Besides why do you call him a child when he's just your age? You seem to consider yourself quite grown up."

"Eighteen is very young for a boy. Girls grow up much faster. He is about the right age for *you*. I told him I would ride with him this afternoon and now I know I can't. You had better go with him. Be ready when he comes and make some excuse for me. I don't care what you say."

"But, Abby, Jenny is much too slow for Star. John never asks me to ride because I am always trailing behind."

Abby kissed her sister and said—

"You can take the mare, I shan't want her today."

The sound of a large bell ringing in the garden summoned all members of the family to dinner, a meal that was never spoken of lightly. Henry considered it a time in which social contact should be made. The family seldom sat down alone, for anyone having come from the village of Bristol or the village of Warren, which, though it lay in the opposite direction, was equally distant, such persons were expected to stay all day. The dinner table was large, and long and wide, and it took no time to arrange a place and extra chair beside the host or hostess, if the need required it.

Henry's seat was at the head of the table and on his right sat Nancy's Aunt Martha Marston (her father's sister). Next to her sat FitzHenry, age twenty-two, rather a dandy in his dress. Then came Cecilia, the baby of the family, beside her mother. On Nancy's right sat Abby, and next to her their son Alexander Griswald,* twenty-one, who had been blind from childhood, a condition that could have been helped by glasses, no doubt. How this misfortune occurred there seems to be no record, but of his sterling qualities much has been written. On her father's left sat Annie, the eldest daughter and the beauty of the family. Their oldest son, William Frederick, twenty-nine, had married when he was twenty-four, and had gone to Chicago to live when that city was known only as "Fort Dearborn." It was the receipt of his letter that now hung so heavily over the head of Abby.

As Cecilia and Annie entered the room at the call of the bell, the former said:

"What's wrong with Abby? She looks as though she'd been crying. She's not riding today and is late for dinner."

*I quote from his mother's diary: "Dear little Alex! As I held my baby in my arms and watched the firelight reflected in his beautiful blue eyes, little did I think that when grown to manhood those dark expressive eyes would lose their office—yet, it was even so—day by day we watched the time when it should be total night, and it came at last. The manly form bowed in humble submission to his Heavenly Father."

Nothing was said about the invitation, until FitzHenry asked—

“Didn’t I see a letter from William Frederick this morning? What’s his news? Have we another niece or is it a nephew this time?”

Nancy rebuked her son for talking so freely before his sisters.

“We all know your brother is expecting an addition to his family, but we don’t speak of it at the dinner table.”

“That doesn’t answer my question, mamah. Besides, I was under the impression that his wife was having the baby. You should keep me informed about these things. Did I or did I not see a letter addressed in William Frederick’s hand?”

His mother looked annoyed, then replied, “Abby heard from William, and she is invited to make them a visit.”

All eyes now turned to Abby, who had come in and taken her place at the table.

“That’s funny,” said Annie, “I received a letter from Margaret not so long ago and she wrote that it would be more convenient if I made them a visit *after* the baby arrived. Perhaps she thought I would expect to be entertained. Anyway, I wouldn’t wish to go so far away from Mr. Middleton right now.”

FitzHenry laughed, “Aren’t you afraid he’ll get lost in your petticoat, Annie? He’s such a little fellow.” The family’s obvious disapproval of his pointed remark caused him to ask to be excused, saying—

“I don’t seem to be very popular around here this morning. Besides, I have to go to the village.”

His mother looked up anxiously—“Why do you spend so much time in the village, Fitz? You have already been for the mail.”

Fitz Henry stopped just long enough to answer his mother:

“You should know, mamah, dear. You told me to engage a place on the coach for papah.”

All this time Cecilia had been thinking, “So that’s *It*. Abby’s not to be allowed to go. She doesn’t have half the fun Annie has.” She then gave voice to her thoughts. “I think Abby should go. Even if I wish to live in Bristol all my life, I think it would be nice to know what other places look like.”

“Wait until you grow up,” said Annie. “I never traveled at your age.”

“I wish you would all stop telling me how young I am.” She looked at her mother as she pushed her chair from the table, saying—“May I be excused? I have an engagement to ride and I must change or I’ll be late.”

She received an affirmative nod from her mother, and left the table.

"With whom is she riding, Nancy, that makes it necessary for her to leave her dinner half eaten?" asked Henry.

"I don't know, but I'm glad if she's becoming more interested in the out-of-doors. Most of the day she studies or reads, and her cheeks aren't as red as Abby's."

Turning from her daughter to Alexander who had been enjoying his dinner in silence, Nancy asked—"Have you had a good swim today, son? Judging by your hair I would say you had come straight from the water to the dinner table."

"You will have to blame my untidy appearance on your Aunt Martha. She passed on my appearance before I came to table. Don't tell me I can't depend on my sweet aunt? She and I had a grand walk this morning, and she tells me of many things that I feel sure would escape me even if I had my sight. Just now she tells me that the wild flowers in the fields are planted by fairies."

Aunt Martha protested—"Alexander sees more than most of us with both our eyes. To be with him is an education in itself, and has made me realize how much we depend on our eyes and how little we see. Why only the other day—"

But Alexander interrupted her—"Aunt Martha, please don't. Remember I live with this family and should they find out what an interesting specimen I am life would no longer be my own. You tell them about your fairies."

Henry put his hand on Aunt Martha's arm—

"So we have fairies about, have we? I've been wondering who was making embroidery-like darns on my stockings and I now realize it must have been our dear Aunt Martha's fairies. How is it, Aunt Martha, that no man ever persuaded you — or I might say tricked you — into marriage? I sometimes think that had I not gone to the Pilgrim Hall ball and there met and fallen in love with your beautiful niece, I would have been on the lookout for a girl like you."

"That's my loss, Henry. But most likely I wouldn't have had the sense to see what a fine husband you were going to make and might have thought you too handsome to be honest."

"Why, Aunt Martha, my dear, don't you know that no matter how handsome we are in our youth, we don't know our strength until it's too late?"

Nancy, smiling at the exchange of pleasantries, added —

"Henry, you have been twice blessed, for by marrying me, you also gained Martha for an Aunt. Had we not met that night I would have returned to England with Grandfather Randall and likely married over there."

"Don't say it, Nancy. The very thought appalls."

"What very thought, Henry? — that I might have returned to England or that I could have married anyone but you, dear?"

"Both, my sweet wife. For the very thought of a single day without seeing your face, carries with it a kind of melancholy impossible to describe."

As Henry and his wife left the room, his arm about her, Nancy looked back and said to her daughters—

"You see, children, how restricting marriage is. Make sure you fall in love with a man who will constantly remind you, as your father does me, how important you are."

WILLIAM D'WOLF

William D'Wolf, eleventh child of Mark Anthony, born 1762. Married Charlotte Finny in 1784. He was one of the principal merchants of Bristol and owned extensive plantations in the West Indies. He traveled the seas in his own ships until his son Henry took over his business when he retired to his Farm on Bristol Neck. He died in 1829 at his beautiful home, "Papasqua" on Pappoosesquaw Point.

AUNT MARTHA

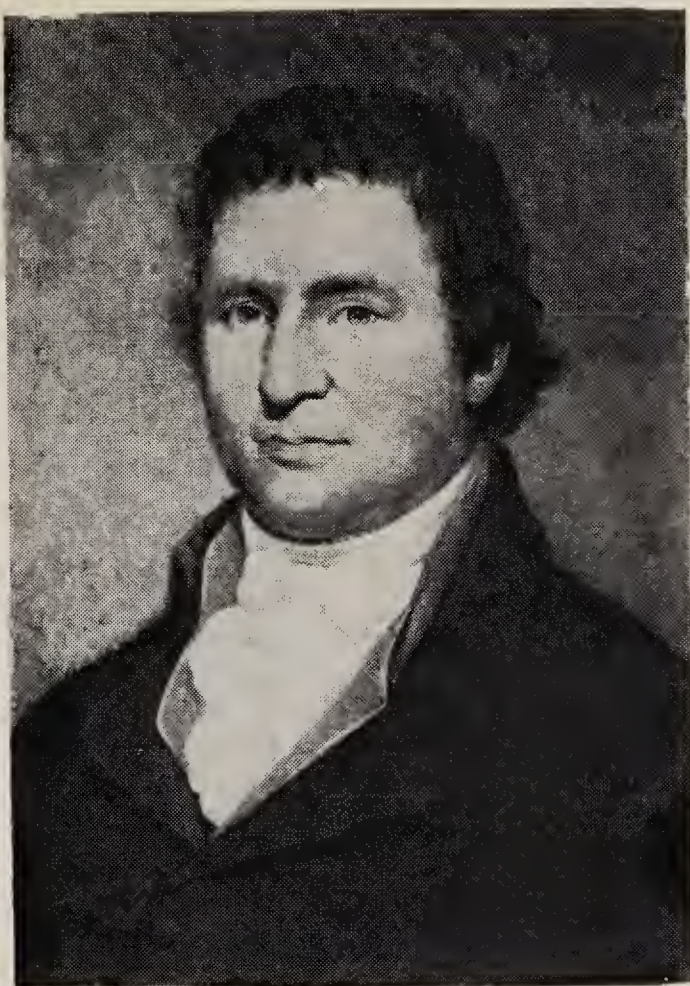
Martha Washington Marston, daughter of Captain John Marston who served in the King's troops, sister of John Marston, of Bunker Hill fame, and aunt of Nancy D'Wolf, in fact she was "Aunt" to everyone who knew her as illustrated in the following article that appeared in a newspaper during the war. (Her home was in Quincy, Mass., at the time.)

"One of the pleasantest residences I have ever known is an old white house, built at right angles. In this charming abode resides a still more charming family.

There dwells Aunt Martha—she has another appellation I suppose—she must have one, but I scarcely know it. Aunt Martha is the name that belongs to her—the name of affection. Such is the universal feeling which she inspires, that all her friends and all her acquaintances speak of her like her family. She is everybody's Aunt Martha, and a charming Aunt Martha she is. First of all, she is, as all women should be, (if they can) remarkably interesting—add to this, a very gentle and pleasant Speech, always kind, and frequently lively; the sweetest temper; the easiest manners; a singular rectitude and singleness of mind; a perfect open-heartedness, with a total unconsciousness of all these excellencies, and you will wonder that she is Aunt Martha still."



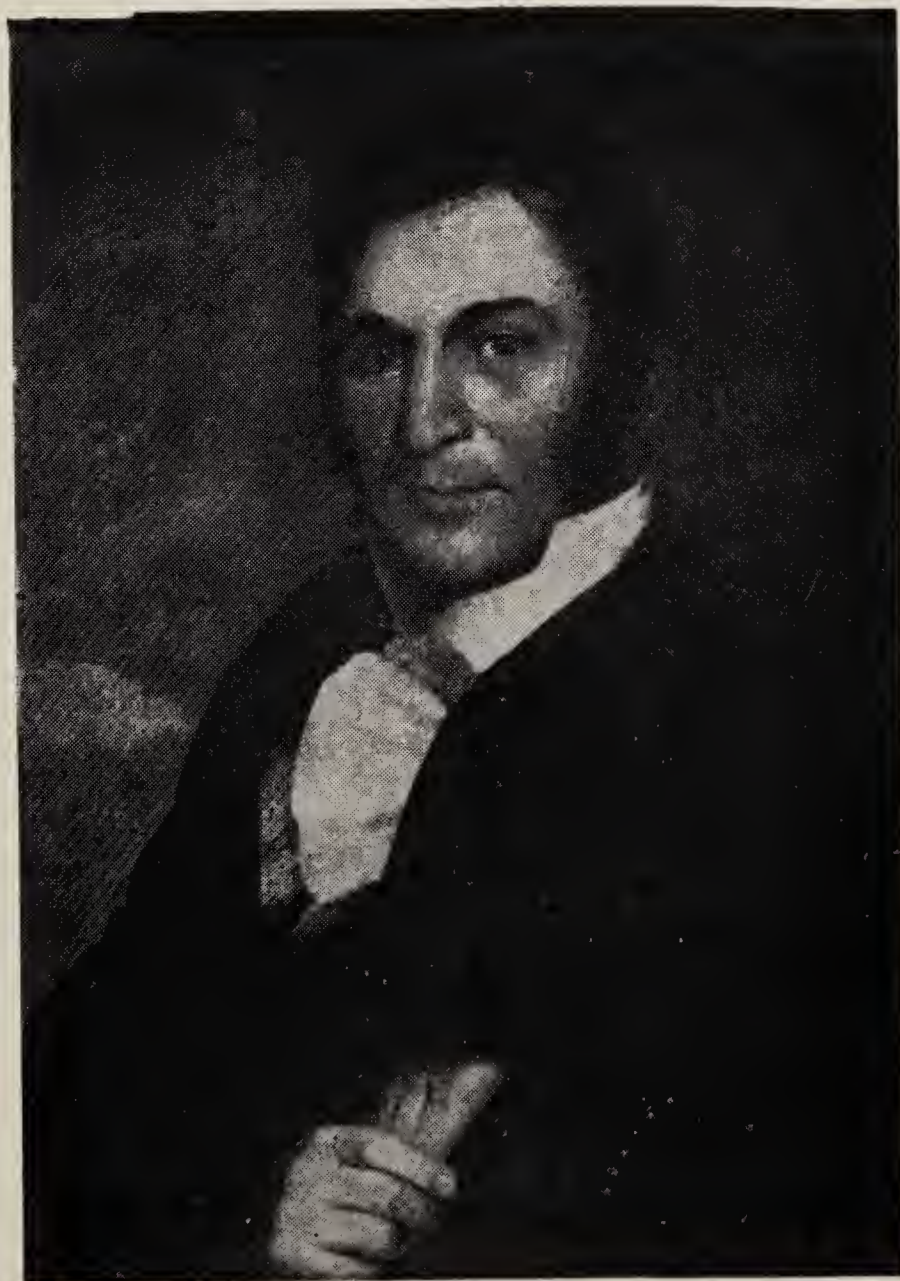
MARIA D'WOLF
Mrs. Robert Rogers
"Aunt Maria"
Daughter of
William D'Wolf



WILLIAM D'WOLF, eleventh son of Abigail
Potter and
Mark Anthony D'Wolf



CHARLOTTE D'WOLF
"Aunt Charlotte"
Daughter of
William D'Wolf



HENRY D'WOLF
Son of William D'Wolf



CAPTAIN JOHN MARSTON 2nd AND HIS WIFE ELIZABETH GREENWOOD

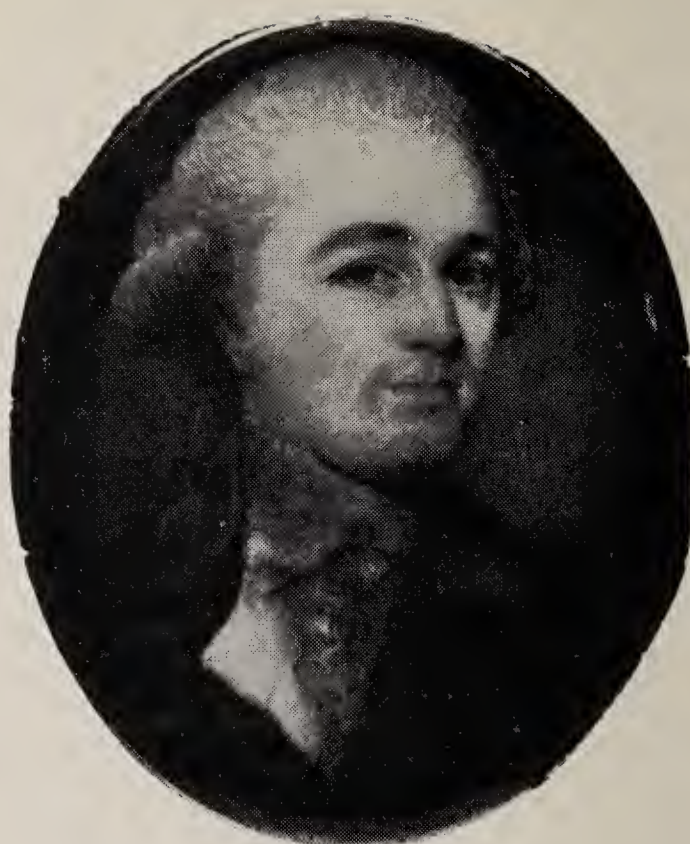


MARTHA WASHINGTON MARSTON
"Aunt Martha"
Daughter of John Marston and Elizabeth Greenwood

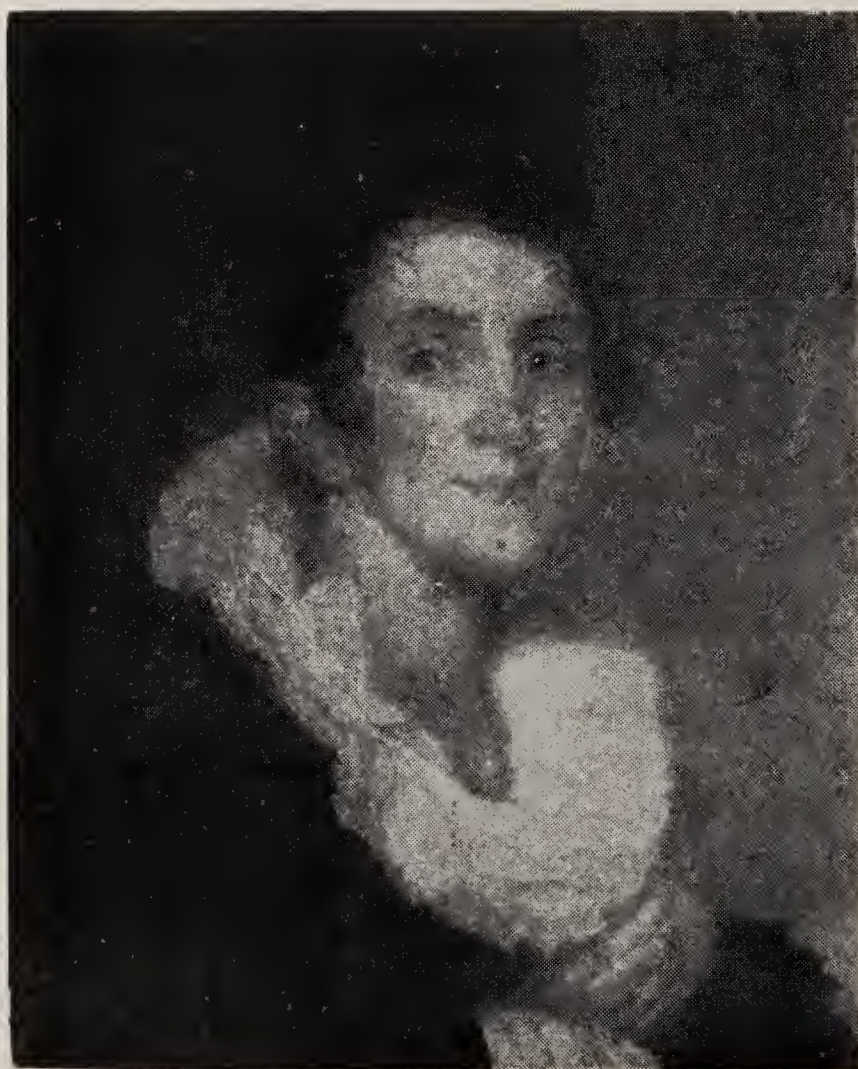
Jonathan Belcher Esquire Captain General and Governor
 Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England
 To all unto whom these Presents shall Come, Greeting
 Whereas
 His Majesty has been pleased to give me His Royal Instructions for the raising
 of Troops within this Province for His Majesty's Service in an Expedition against
 the Catholick Kings Dominions in the West Indies to be joined to the British
 Forces under the Command of the Right Honourable the Lord Cathcart Commander in Chief
 of all the Forces for that Expedition, and in Conformity therunto I have raised a Number of
 Troops for that Service and have with the Advice of His Majesty's Council Appointed
 Timothy Ruggles Esquire to be Captain of a Foot Company raised as aforesaid for the said
 Expedition under the Command of the Right Honourable the Lord Cathcart.
 Wherefore to Certify that in Confidence of the Loyalty Courage and good
 Conduct of John Marston Gent. I have by the Advice of His Majesty's Council Appointed
 him the said John Marston . . . to be Lieutenant of the Foot Company aforesaid
 And I do likewise Certify that the said John Marston . . . warily me encouraged in the
 execution of His Majesty's Instructions to expect His Majesty's Commission forthwith served and
 to enjoy His Majesty's Pay accordingly: But there being only Four Six of Commissions sent
 me and the Captains of the other Companies entitled to receive them by their early Compliances
 thereto. The said Captain Timothy Ruggles . . . and the Officers under his Command could
 not be furnished with His Majesty's Commissions: Notwithstanding which, the above named
 John Marston . . . has expressed his readiness to proceed in His Majesty's Service
 aforesaid and has received His Majesty's Subsidies and the same Allowance from the Govern-
 ment of the Massachusetts Bay with those Officers that have received His Majesty's Com-
 missions as aforesaid. In Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my Seal of
 Arms at Boston the Ninth . . . Day of September One Thousand Seven Hundred
 and Forty. In the Fourteenth Year of His Majesty's Reign.

By His Excellency's Command
 J. Belcher

J. Belcher



ANNE RANDALL
WIFE OF JOHN MARSTON 3RD
Son of Captain John Marston 2nd. and Elizabeth Greenwood



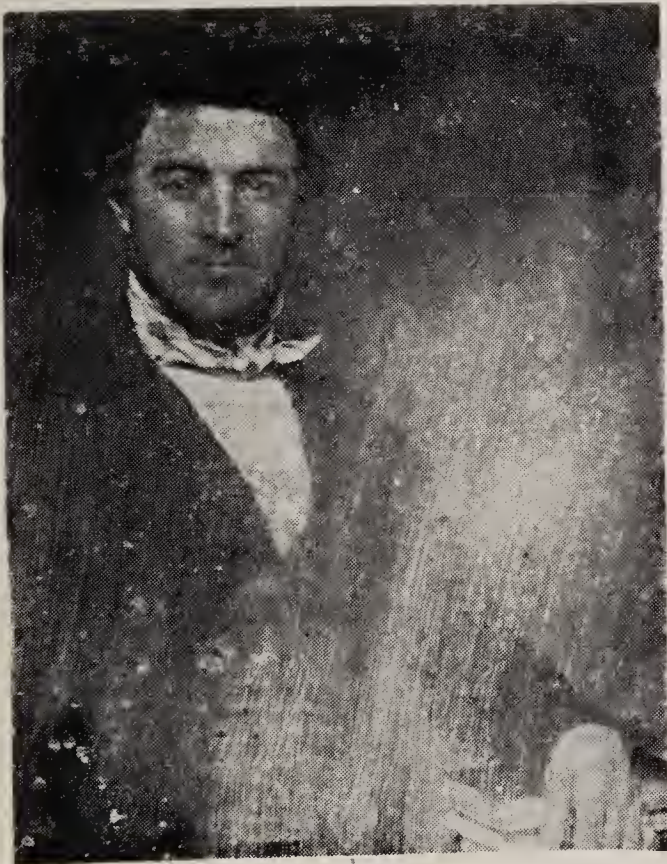
ANNIE ELIZABETH MARSTON
Daughter of Anne Randall and John Marston 3rd.
Wife of Henry D'Wolf
"Grandma Nancy"



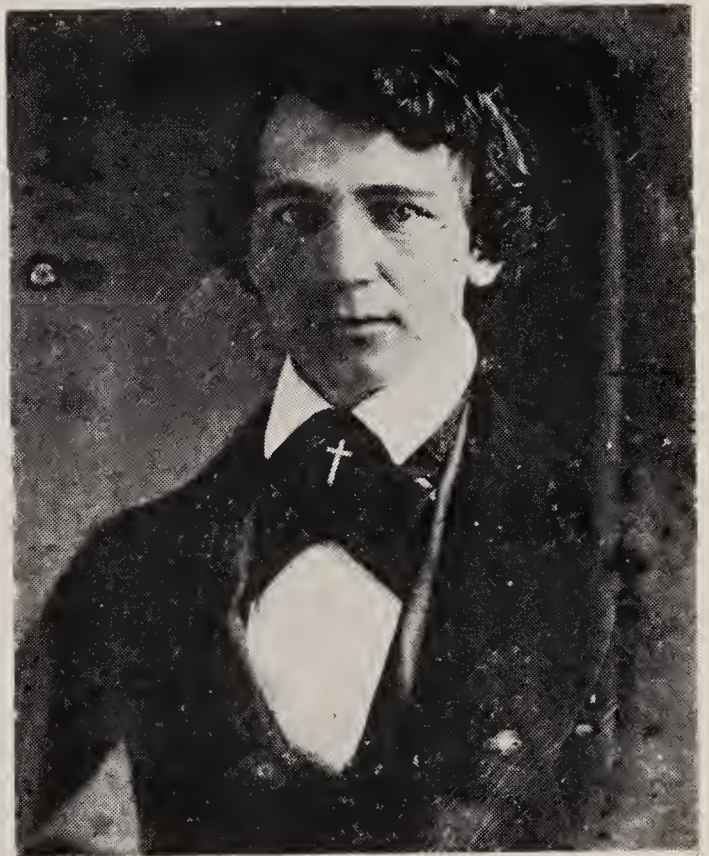
WILLIAM FREDERICK D'WOLF



ANNIE ELIZABETH D'WOLF



ALEXANDER GRISWALD D'WOLF



FITZHENRY D'WOLF



ABBY D'WOLF



CECILIA D'WOLF

Children of Annie Elizabeth (Marston) and Henry D'Wolf



"THE FARM"—Home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D'Wolf



WEDGWOOD TEA SET AND THUMB GLASS ON MARSTON TABLE

THE MARSTONS

John Marston, Master Mariner, was born in England about 1628, and came to Salem, Massachusetts with his parents in 1634. There is a court record to show that he collected "6lbs, 5s" from Capt. Thomas Clarke for the non-payment of "frayght" on three buns of wine from Barbadoes to Boston.

His son Nathaniel, born in Salem 1675, married Mercy Marston, his 3rd cousin who came from Ormesby, town of Farmouth, Norfolk County, England in 1637. They had six children.

John Marston, 2nd. born Feb. 26th, 1715, was baptized in the First Church, Salem. He moved to Boston with his parents, and in 1745 took part in the capture of Louisburg, Nova Scotia, having been made a Lieutenant in a Foot Company of Colonial troops by Governor Jonathan Balcher on Sept. 9th. 1740. He was a member of the Society of Sons of Liberty and was one of fifteen members of the Society who in 1768 commissioned Paul Revere (also a member) to make a silver punch bowl to commemorate the refusal of the House of Representatives of the Massachusetts Bay Colony to rescind, at the demand of King George the 3rd., a resolution which they had passed denouncing the Stamp Act and any taxation of the Colonies without their representation in the taxing body. He was also active at the Boston Tea Party. In 1755 he married his third wife, Elizabeth Greenwood, born Nov. 30th., 1734, who was the great granddaughter of Miles Greenwood, a lieutenant and chaplain in Oliver Cromwell's army. They had nine children.

"Frederick Greenwood, Savior of the Suez Canal. He was the first editor of the Pall Mall Gazette; though he was instrumental in saving the canal for England, he refused all reward for his services and died a poor man. He was a close friend of Thackeray and Meredith, and as the latter once wrote: He had the power of projecting his serious complications and seeing things a day or two, or even a week ahead of anybody else. It was this faculty which enabled him one night at dinner to appreciate a piece of news he heard in casual conversation from one of the Rothschilds to the effect that the Khedive of Egypt was selling his share in the proprietorship of the Suez Canal. Greenwood next day put this secret to the best of all uses. He confided in Disraeli and Lord Derby, who promptly borrowed the money, got the shares and made perhaps the best private investment that any treasury has ever taken up."

John Marston, 3rd born in Boston March 27th, 1756. He espoused the cause of the colonists when they threw off the British yoke and as a lad of nineteen entered the American army at Cambridge under Quartermaster General Thomas Mifflin on Dec. 4th., 1775. On Sept. 10th, 1776, he received a commission as Second Lieutenant of artillery from the Council of the Massachusetts Bay, and was afterwards promoted to Captain Lieutenant. On July 2nd. 1779, he was appointed secretary to Gen. Solomon Lovell with the rank of Major and took part in the Penobscot Expedition. The British had established a base on Penobscot Bay, in Maine where they could refit their war vessels.

Visiting London in 1783, he met Ann Randall, daughter of Matthew Randall, an ardent supporter of the Colonists cause, and married her in Trinity Church, Newport, Rhode Island, Aug. 4th, 1784. He settled in Boston and engaged in mercantile business. Their home was No. eleven Franklin Place from 1796 to 1812. They had (16) sixteen children. In 1812 he moved to Quincy, where he was able to renew an earlier acquaintance with former President John Adams. He died Dec. 13th. 1846.

His oldest daughter Nancy Marston married Henry D'Wolf of Bristol, Rhode Island.

*~~Taken from or copied from Boston Transcript, Saturday, March 6th, 1915.~~

CHAPTER II

Mr. Gibson Visits the Farm

A FORTNIGHT had passed since the day Abby received the letter from her brother, William Frederick, asking her to visit them in Chicago. The time had not seemed long to anyone except Abby, who was concerned over the conflict of opinion between her parents regarding the trip, although not a word had been spoken, in her presence, on the subject since that first day, and her father had taken for granted that her going, under the circumstances, was quite fantastic but Nancy felt considerable confidence in her son's judgment and was willing to maintain an open mind on the possibility of Abby's visit until she was convinced William's judgment was at fault.

In the meantime, a letter (enclosed in an envelope—a rare way of transmitting messages in that day) had been received from the Mr. Gibson mentioned in William's letter saying he would give himself the honor of calling at the Farm on the afternoon coach. And it was apparent, from the preparations in which the household were busily engaged, that this was the day.

Abby, with conflicting emotions, had gone for a ride, and Nancy, dressed in her most becoming taffeta, had taken out her best Wedgwood tea set and was washing it herself in a basin of warm water, a custom she always followed. The dining room table was set with the best India china and Glasgow glass (brought to this country in one of William D'Wolf's ships). A large bowl of fruit, arranged by Aunt Martha, made a beautiful center-piece. All the servants were ordered to wear the same colored dresses. And FitzHenry was told to watch for the coach as it did not stop outside the village unless it was flagged. All this for Mr. Gibson!

Nancy's last orders were to FitzHenry as he came down stairs dressed for an occasion.

"You had best go out in front now and stand in the road. Mr. Gibson won't know where to alight. Have you seen Abby? It is most important for her to be dressed, and don't wear that red and yellow waist-coat for tea. I'm sure such things are not worn in New York. Incidentally, I wish to see Mr. Gibson alone for a few moments, so leave us as soon as you have been polite."

After giving these instructions and removing a lace-edged apron, Nancy seated herself on the piazza to await the arrival of the coach from Providence.

At about the same time, elsewhere, Abby had turned her horse's head toward the Farm, cleared the stone wall by the barn and pulled up by the side door, where she dismounted and fondled and kissed the mare until the stable boy led it away. In the kitchen hall she met one of the maids, dressed in starched pink calico.

"Com'py com'n, Miss Abby. Your ma sa to come as soon as ye come in."

"Tell mamah I'll be ready for tea, Sadie, and fetch me some hot water as soon as ever you can."

Abby, alarmed as she realized she was late, hurried to the East bedroom where she found Annie and Cecilia waiting for her.

"Now you two can help me get ready," she said, as she unfastened her riding skirt.

Both sisters lent a hand.

"Wait," said Abby, "I must wash, Sadie is bringing me some hot water."

"We've already thought of that," said Annie, "and, as mamah always says, don't forget to wash behind the ears. You smell like a horse. Abby, here, let me have a go at you."

With a wet towel covered with soap and water, Annie, amid gales of laughter, started to wash her sister vigorously about the neck and shoulders. At the sound of a knock, Cecilia opened the door a few inches. Her father, wearing his best frilled shirt and just placing his watch-chain across his brocade waistcoat, inquired:

"What might be going on in here? Your mother will wish you all downstairs to meet your brother's friend."

The girls replied in unison: "Yess-s, papah," and Cecilia added the explanation, that she and Annie were helping Abby dress. Meantime, Annie, having discovered that despite the bath she had given Abby the horsy smell still lingered in her hair, said so.

To which that young lady replied: "Well, we can't wash my hair now. Besides, no one's going to get that close to me. So, help me on with my dress."

To Cecilia's suggestion that there was perfume in her mother's room that might cover up the smell, Abby protested:

"Mamah would be sure to notice it the moment I entered the room."

The sound of the stage-coach stopping at the gate, caused a sudden rush of the two sisters to the front window, which left Abby struggling into her dress alone. Not a detail of the arriving stranger was lost on these young ladies, which they discussed at length after Abby had left the room.

"Looks as if he might just suit you, Annie. He's nice and tall and about your age, I should say."

"No, my dear, I'm going to marry a plantation in the South."

"But," said Cecilia, "Mr. Middleton is so small he looks like a little boy beside you till you see his face. Do you really love him so much. Doesn't his ready-made family frighten you? I would prefer Doctor Howe, I think."

Annie, still prinking, brought Cecilia up to date on the young man of her affection.

"You know little of what you say, sister. Did you ever talk to Mr. Middleton? No! His manners are divine, he has a wonderful background. Besides, he is very much in love with me."

Cecilia continued in the same tone of voice as if Annie was still talking: "And he thinks you're beautiful! And so you are, Annie, but don't try to steal Mr. Gibson from Abby, will you?"

Annie thanked her sister for the compliment and predicted that someday Cecilia would come to visit her and she would marry her off to a Southerner.

"No thanks," was the answer, "Bristol's good enough for me. I'll most likely marry the boy next door and live here all my life."

* * * * *

Mr. Gibson was met cordially by Nancy, who stood on the piazza with outstretched hand. She was impressed by his good looks and easy manner but frankly disappointed to find him such a young man, although, as he lifted his hat, she noted his hair was thin on the temples. He wore it long on the cheeks, as was the style, and his mouth, set firm in a square jaw, showed white even teeth when he smiled. Mr. Gibson made a definitely favorable impression on her. She at once decided, as she looked into his deep blue eyes, here is a man to be trusted and William made no mistakes in suggesting the trip for his little sister. His voice was resonant but gentle as he responded to Nancy's greeting:

"It is most kind of you, Mrs. D'Wolf, to give me this chance of meeting William's family, of whom I have heard him speak so often."

Nancy shook his hand warmly as she answered:

"You are most welcome, Mr. Gibson. Mr. D'Wolf will be here

directly to greet you, but first I want to have a word with you regarding my daughter taking this trip to visit her brother. Abby is inexperienced and her father feels that this visit may cause her homesickness and prove less enjoyable than she anticipates. Could you assure him, do you think, of the care she will have on the journey, for I would very much like to have her go?"

Mr. Gibson had anticipated her concern but before he had time to answer, Abby appeared and made a pretty curtsy, to which Mr. Gibson responded. Then taking her hand he said to her mother:

"Madam, it will be an easy task, and one I shall enjoy, to see that Miss Abby has every comfort possible on the trip and I promise to deliver her safe and sound to the home of her brother."

At this moment, Henry, having overheard the promise, came out on the piazza and greeted the young man. Nancy suggested they go inside and Henry offered him some wine, which was refused with thanks. And then he asked:

"What is this I hear about being delivered into safe hands? I thought it was all understood that Abby was to remain at home?"

Nancy thought it was best not to answer him now. She paused at the door, saying: "Come, Abby, we will leave the gentlemen to their tobacco and to become better acquainted."

As she and Abby walked down the hall Abby said: "I like Mr. Gibson, don't you, Mamah?"

"Yes, my dear, but your father will have to get over his prejudice against your taking such a trip. However, if you are to go on the early morning coach, it won't hurt to have some of your things together, so you had best start packing now. You will find my box in the back hall. Bring me one of the trays and I will help you."

Abby kissed her mother warmly and went happily up the broad stair.

Tea, announced at six o'clock, consisted of creamed crab-flakes, hot bread and sweet butter, followed by cottage cheese and preserve covered with heavy cream. Nancy sat ready to serve tea but most of the family took milk as did Mr. Gibson, who sat on Nancy's right. The conversation centered on the amusing experiences Mr. Gibson had had, one being but a few days before when he exchanged a dead cat for a delicious shad.

As he repeated it: "I was asked," he began, "by a little girl to bury her pet kitten whose death had caused her deep sorrow. Thinking it less trouble to toss it in the river from the Brooklyn ferry I carried it, neatly tied up, in a paper package. I became involved in

conversation on the boat; found myself at the office with the dead kitten still in my possession. I there placed it beside my hat with the idea of attending to the burial on my return trip across the ferry. I'm ashamed to admit that I again forgot the ceremony of giving the kitten a proper interment and arrived home with my bundle. You may have anticipated the outcome of this, but I assure you, it was no little surprise to me to learn from the cook, that the delicious shad we had for our dinner was what I had brought home and given to her with the request that she bury it in the back yard. When Mrs. Lenox, with whom I live, asked where the shad came from, the cook announced "That's Mr. Gibson's dead cat."

Many questions followed as to what happened to the "cat" and it was all explained to their satisfaction. A mistake had been made in the bundles and the man who took home the "cat", well, that was another story, but more important was the information that a young woman of twenty-six was to be Abby's companion on the trip.

Mr. Gibson explained: "Mrs. Lenox, with whom I stay, when my business takes me to New York, is going to meet her husband in Chicago and I thought Miss Abby would be less lonely if she had a woman companion share her stateroom on the river boat. If the weather is good it is a delightful trip and the boats are quite luxurious."

Henry had been much opposed to the trip from the first but his better knowledge of the kind of man he found Mr. Gibson to be and this last bit of information that Abby would have a chaperone all the way put quite another light on the picture. Nancy's look from across the table seemed to say, "You see, I knew it all the time."

Mr. Gibson had left his valise in the Providence station. He was, however, persuaded to spend the night at the Farm. The evening was spent in walking over the place. Nancy was proud of her rose garden which was extensive while Henry took pride in his livestock. The Farm was noted for its shorthorn cattle and great flocks of sheep and geese, the latter well sustaining the old-time reputation of Bristol for its "Geese, gals and onions."

They led Mr. Gibson through the locust grove to the landscaped garden across the lane where grew the famous Madonna Lilies. In the midst of the garden stood a large, well furnished summer-house, octagonal in shape. It was placed on high ground overlooking Narragansett Bay and vistas had been cut through the surrounding hedge of Asiatic lilacs. Enveloping all was the mingled fragrance given by old English boxwood.

The enthusiasm with which their guest expressed his delight in all departments although quite unfamiliar with the primitive life of a farm gave pleasure to Nancy and Henry and added to their already good opinion of their son's friend.

It was not late when Mr. Gibson was shown the conveniences of the house and to his room by Henry. The old saying "early to bed and early to rise", etc., was practiced on the Farm, and there being only candle light in his room, there was nothing left for him to do but go to bed. He had not slept in a high four-poster bed since he was a boy at his own home, and as he sank into the soft feathers between sweet smelling linen sheets he was very conscious of the kind of people he was visiting. His last thought, before sleep overcame him, was being glad it had been decided that Abby would accompany him to Chicago.

The sounds of early morning, so very familiar to all who lived at the Farm, were like an alarm clock to the unaccustomed ears of their guest. Mr. Gibson, up and outdoors almost at the first cock-crow, was surprised to see what a busy place the Farm was at that hour. There were many hands to do the work and although they were "slaves", since that kind of labor was then quite usual in Bristol, no ugly meaning was attached to the word. All were kindly treated and happy. Children of all ages played about and helped their "pappies" feed the chickens. Each colored family had its own little home on the place out beyond a building called "the slave quarters" which was connected with the main house by a covered walk overhung by grapevines and protected on the north by stacks of wood for the open fires. This led to an earthen closet, used only by members of the family and guests.

Breakfast at the Farm was not a meal for which the whole family was expected to assemble at one time. Instead, members of the family breakfasted at such time as they came from their rooms, serving themselves from hot plates placed on a side table. But on the morning of Abby's departure with Mr. Gibson, all were on hand to see her off.

As the coach stopped at the gate, Nancy gave her daughter a generous purse, saying:

"Take care of this. Mr. Gibson will need money for you."

After much leave taking, but unaccompanied by tears, Mr. Gibson took his place beside pink-cheeked Abby and the coach drove off amidst much hand waving and then disappeared over the hill. Henry stood by the gate and watched his wife as she lingered to see the last

bit of dust made by the wheels and the horses' hoofs. He waited for her to join him, then placing an arm around her, they walked up the path together.

"Mr. Gibson is a widower, Nancy. He told me while we were walking about the place this morning."

Nancy made no reply to this comment but stated: "He is a gentleman, Henry, if ever I saw one."

CHAPTER III

“The D’Wolf Girls on the Neck”

HENRY was standing by the mounting block, as he watched Cecilia ride across the field and rein up beside him, her cheeks ablaze and her eyes shining.

“You ride the mare well, my dear. With you on her back, she’ll not miss Abby.”

“No, papah, the mare knows I’m not Abby. It is really very sweet the way she shows she knows the difference. After going just so far and then realizing she’s not got Abby aboard, she slows down or trots around a wall Abby would put her over. My greatest wish is to ride as well as Abby, and now’s my chance to learn.”

“We’ll have to get you your own horse. Would you like that?”

“Yes, indeed. I’ve been riding old Jenny for years and she’s awfully slow.”

It seemed to Henry that Cecilia, his baby, had suddenly—almost before his eyes—grown into a young lady. Walking into the house together, they caught sight of someone coming up the walk.

“Can you make out who it is, my dear. But, I need not ask, for I know that figure only too well. It’s Miss Annie Munroe. Go meet her, child. Put your father to shame by greeting her politely. We want no one to feel unwelcome at the Farm.”

Miss Annie Munroe, a neighbor living three quarters of a mile down the road, admitted to the age of “thirty summers”, but the winters, which she never mentioned, had taken their toll, leaving her face thin and wrinkled. Few were misled by the harmless deception.

Lingering by her father’s side, Cecilia said:

“Must I, papah? She’s such a bore.”

“Tut, child. That’s no way to talk. However, since your brother is on the piazza, you may run along to your room. But remember that being ‘bored’ is the privilege of age and you have scarcely earned that yet.”

As Cecilia left her father, laughing, FitzHenry, who had a gift of making people feel important, greeted the caller in his lordly manner.

"Miss Annie, a pleasure, I'm sure. Are you here for dinner? If so I must make myself tidy, and will ask to be excused, in order to do honor to your presence."

"You always look clean, Fitz. Pray don't bother on my account."

"Indeed, Miss Annie, I bathe every Saturday night. But you know it is not always the best day of the week, even if it is followed by Sunday."

Miss Annie attempted to speak but Fitz Henry continued on:

"If you bathe in the middle of the week, you have all the hot water, and just think how much cleaner you are on Saturday? It's hardly necessary to bathe at all on Saturday night. Isn't that so, Miss Annie? I know you agree with me."

Sitting with her mouth open, eager to speak, Miss Annie finally found an opportunity, as FitzHenry stopped for breath.

"Your mother had company yesterday?"

"Yes. Now don't tell me you don't know who, because I just expect you to know all that goes on around here."

"I didn't hear your mother say nobody was a-coming. I just thought I'd stop while passing by to get caught up, as it were, with what's going on. I was told up the road that Abby was took off. Is that so?"

"Aren't you staying for dinner? I'm sure you're expected."

"Well, I wasn't invited, but you know how it is. Sitting next your father ain't a privilege one can boast of every day, is it now?"

"I'm frankly disappointed, Miss Annie. I always thought I was your favorite. You used to make me think I was. I even thought I'd be mentioned in your will."

"Lordy, Fitz, I ain't got enough of nothing for you to get your hopes up. What put such ideas in your head?"

"It's the way you look at me, sort of, I can't just describe it, loving-like."

"Well, come to think of it, I do find you more easy to talk to than the rest of the family. You're always kind. Not to say the others ain't nice, mind you. But you give me what I calls conversation. You haven't told me yet who was visiting your mother?"

Feeling he was on the spot and needed help, FitzHenry arose and goodnaturedly said:

"Now that we have had this nice little talk about so many subjects, I will enlighten my mother as to who her caller is, and let her tell you the important details of our household. Will you excuse me, fair lady?"

Miss Annie straightened her hat, and smoothed her skirts as FitzHenry made a hasty exit. Passing the North Room, Fitz caught sight of his mother at her desk.

"You have a caller, Mamah, feverish to know who our visitor was. She's quite comfortable on the piazza, so don't hurry. She's staying for dinner."

Nancy finished her writing and placed the letter on the hall table, then went to the front door where she greeted Miss Annie cordially. While she busied herself with the sweet-briar rose vine that had to be kept in check, she asked Annie what she had been doing, and to make conversation, she began:

"We have been busy getting Abby ready for her visit with her brother in Chicago."

"Mighty sudden, weren't it, her going? No one seemed to know she was expecting to go. She was up to Ushers farm only last week and it ain't natural to say nothing about a thing like that."

"Abby would rather have visited her brother later on but the opportunity of going with the wife of a friend seemed to make this the proper time for her to take the trip."

Annie now was all ears.

"Then she didn't get took off by no stranger like they said she did. I declare, people gets things so mixed up, one don't know who to believe."

Nancy picked up her sewing and continued:

"I don't think anyone thought Abby went off with a stranger, Annie. They were just trying to find out what you knew. You and everyone else must know that we wouldn't send our child off with a stranger. Just remind them of that when they ask you."

"You *did* have a visitor that stayed the night, didn't you? Surely, they didn't dream that one up?"

"Yes. Mr. Gibson spent the night here and went on the same coach with Abby in the morning."

"Never heard of him. Come from around here?"

"No, Mr. Gibson comes from New York. His father came from Townsend, Massachusetts, and lived for many years in Fitchburg. His grandfather was from Stow. But you will never remember all this so you had better get a pencil and write it down."

Although this suggestion was made in fun, Annie Munroe took it literally, produced a pencil from an overcrowded bag that hung from her belt, and proceeded to write, putting Nancy's memory to

the straining point by her questions. Though Mr. Gibson had talked of his family and connections, Nancy remembered only a few of the details now.

"Yes, Annie. Mr. Gibson's mother was also from Massachusetts. She was a Hastings of Boston and a grand-daughter of Richard Dana. The Hastings and Danas were friends of my family. Richard Dana was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts."

Nancy finally changed the subject, determined that it should not be brought up during dinner.

* * * * *

It was some weeks before Abby found it possible to write home. Her letter, although addressed to her mother, embraced all in loving terms. Nancy read it aloud while the family listened eagerly.

"It seems an age since I waved farewell to you, dear family. To me it seems like years. I have started to write several times but gave it up, for the thought of you dear ones brought tears to my eyes and twice Margaret asked me if I had been crying. You know how red my eyes get?

I have never felt such heat as we have had, what would I give for a breath of Bristol air?

The trip out here was fun. Someone on the boat had a guitar and I played and sang on deck, evenings. The weather was perfect, and some very nice people were on board including some friends of Uncle Rogers, a Mr. Delano, with his sister Miss Louise Delano. They soon joined our party and added greatly to the gaiety and pleasure of the trip. We stopped at Albany and visited the new library there. Mr. Gibson was our guide and a most interesting one. In fact, the only bright spot in my future, is his return sometime in October.

William Frederick met us. He was looking very handsome. I am proud to go out with him and he takes me out quite a lot. Margaret has been sick the whole time I have been here.

I am glad to be of help, but am no great lover of children and my duty is to take care of little Annie and Charlotte. They are sweet children, couldn't be nicer, but both are babies and need constant watching. I am free this moment as they are taking a nap.

William Frederick wants me to stay and finish my schooling here. I am afraid it is all arranged. Please send for me to come home before that. I am sure I will hate it. Aunt Louisa will be expecting me in Quincy and I love it there, as I can come home often. Please, Oh! please!

Your loving, but homesick daughter

Abby"

There was a silence as Nancy laid the letter in her lap. Alexander stretched his arms over his head and suggested taking advantage of the great privilege of breathing Bristol air. FitzHenry was glad not to be a girl but nevertheless declared that girls seemed to have all the breaks. Annie contended that FitzHenry would be of little help in caring for the children, while Cecilia expressed deep sympathy for Abby by saying she knew just how she felt, and that she too would be miserable away from the family. Having listened to her children's comments on the letter, Nancy finally declared:

"We must remember Abby wrote this letter some time ago. Her next letter may show she feels quite differently."

As Henry left the piazza in silence, where they had been sitting, his daughter Annie joined him. "Aunt Maria and Uncle Robert are taking me to Boston this afternoon, papah. May I go?"

"How's this, daughter. You make a statement and then ask a question. You mean to say *you are going to Boston!* Then why in thunder don't you say so and be done with it?"

Henry continued:

"You know only too well how I feel about Rogers, and your aunts spending his money on you doesn't help matters. Go to Boston and enjoy yourself."

Annie was not expecting such an outburst and in a more plaintive tone said:

"Uncle Robert is most generous, papah. He would like to be friends with you, I know."

"No doubt, no doubt, but I want none of his favors. I will never set foot in Paposqua while he lives there."

* * * * *

The reason for this unfriendliness has been explained once.

While the termination of Henry's dream that he and his family would one day live at Paposqua was one of the great disappointments of his life, he loved the Farm, which, with the exception of the years he had been successfully engaged in business at Charleston, South Carolina, had always been his home. Dating back to about 1700, the farm house had originally been a plain rectangular structure, which, like old houses of those early days, had been built in a most substantial manner, using great oaken planks and hand-hewn rafters. A wide piazza had been later constructed across the front of the house and servant quarters had been added as from time to time needed. All these additions were so harmonious and in keep-

JAMES D'WOLF

James D'Wolf, twelfth child of Mark Anthony, born 1764. In 1790 married Anne Bradford. He was a merchant and ship owner with extensive plantations in Cuba and the west Indies. He served as a near boy in the Revolutionary War and was twice taken prisoner. While still in his teens was captain of a vessel. For thirty years was a member of the State Legislature and in 1819 he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and two years later resigned to take his seat in the United States Senate, serving two terms during the administrations of President Monroe and President Adams. He retired to his home in Bristol, "The Mount", to his counting house and his many interests. He died in 1837 and his wife lived but twelve days longer.

ANNE BRADFORD D'WOLF

Anne Bradford, born 1770, married James D'Wolf of Bristol, R. I. She was the daughter of William Bradford, born 1728, in Plympton, Mass., died 1808 at his home, Mount Hope, Bristol. He was the last Deputy Governor under the Crown, and first under the Continental Congress. He was United States Senator from 1793 to 1797.

Her mother was Mary LeBaron, born 1731, died 1775, daughter of **Lazarus LeBaron, a physician, being surgeon on a British ship, and practiced his profession both in Barbadoes and Plymouth. His father was Lazarus LeBaron, born 1698 in Plymouth, Mass., and his mother was **Lydia (Griswold) Bartlett, of Plymouth, descendant of Richard Warren, a Mayflower Pilgrim of 1620. His daughter, Mary Warren, married Robert Bartlett who came to this country in the "Ann" in 1623, their son Joseph Bartlett married Hanna Pope; their son, by the same name, married *Lydia Griswold.

William Bradford, who came to this country on the "Mayflower" in 1620, married Alice (Carpenter) Southworth; their son William Bradford, born 1624, married Mary (Atwood) Holmes; their son David married Elizabeth Finny; their daughter Lydia Bradford married **Lazarus LeBaron.

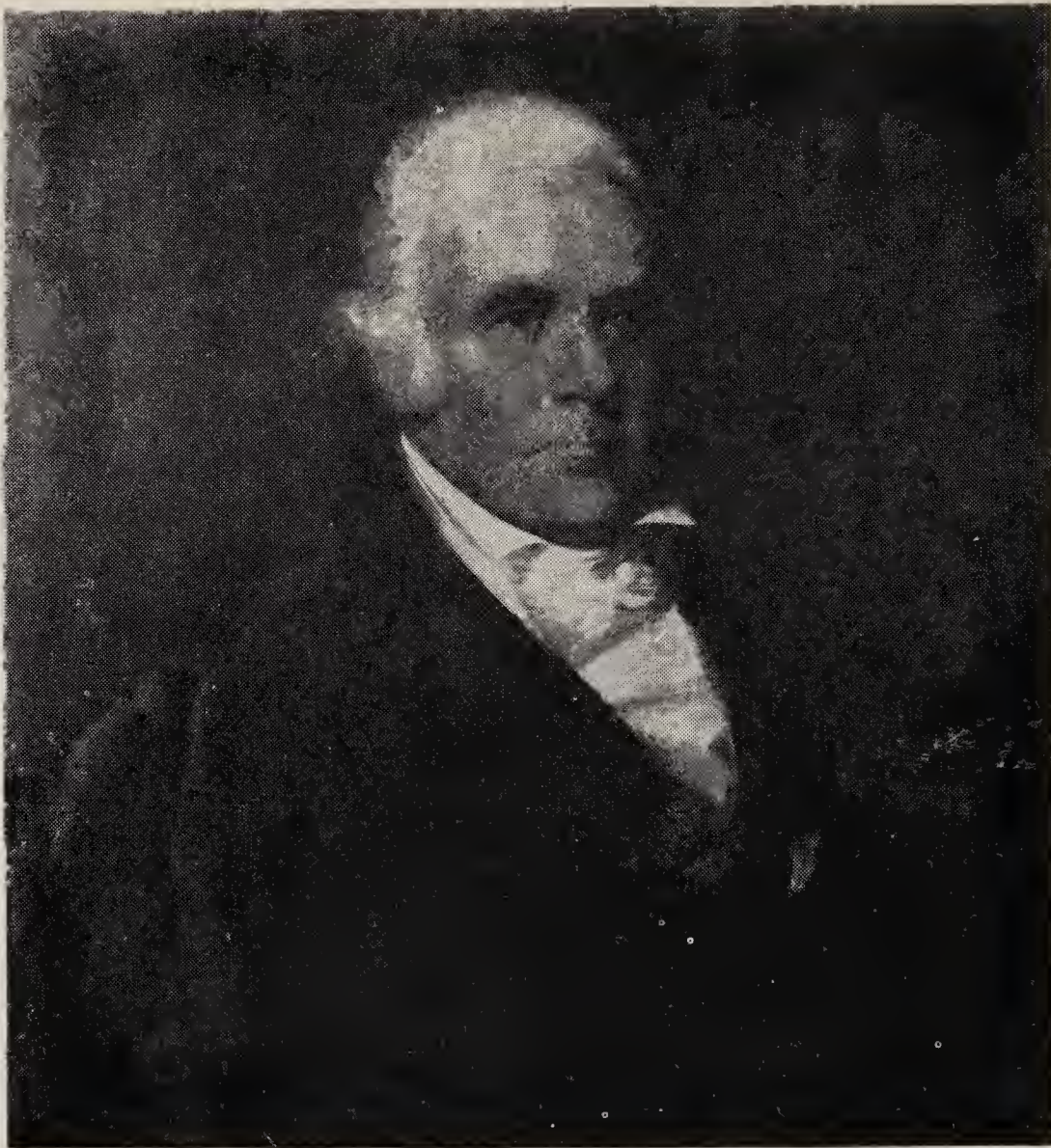
The first LeBaron to come to this country was Francis, born 1688 in France. He died 1704 in Plymouth, Mass. The first mention of him occurs in the Town Records of Plymouth, at the time of his marriage with Mary Wilder of Hingham. His grave stone on the "Ancient Burial Hill" in Plymouth, now in good preservation, marks the date of his death and age.



HOME OF GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD ON MOUNT HOPE



ANNE BRADFORD
Daughter of William Bradford and wife of James D'Wolf



HONORABLE JAMES D'WOLF
Twelfth son of Abigail Potter and Mark Anthony D'Wolf



"THE MOUNT"
The home of James D'Wolf and Anne Bradford



TWO VIEWS OF THE DRAWING ROOM AT "THE MOUNT"
 The walls were hand painted by Felice Michel Corne





JOSEPHINE MARIA D'WOLF

Josephine Maria D'Wolf, born Sept. 4th, 1812, daughter of Anne (Bradford) and James D'Wolf, married Nov. 18th, 1836. Charles Walley Lovett, born Dec. 10th, 1801, in St. Michael's Church, Bristol, R. I.



Room of Josephine Maria D'Wolf
Bed in which she was born

*Although regarded as a beautiful young girl it is regretted that there is no later likeness of her to be had. She was always affectionately called "Dode" by her family and friends.



GUEST ROOM AT "THE MOUNT"



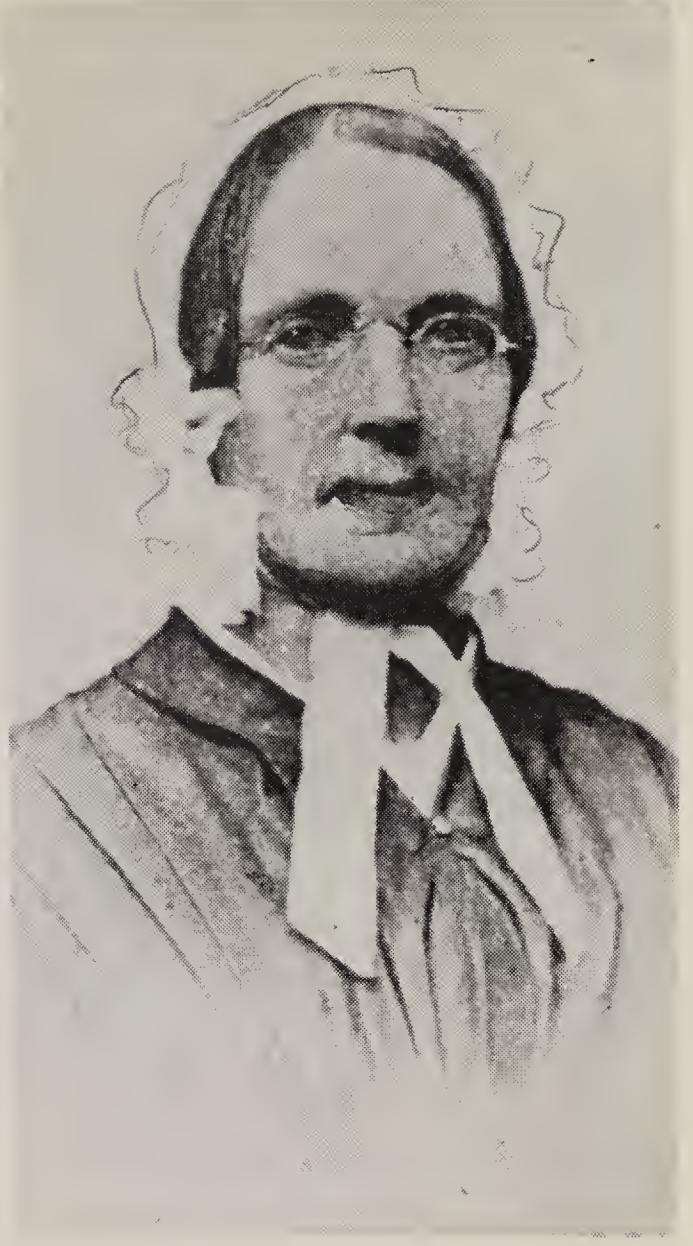
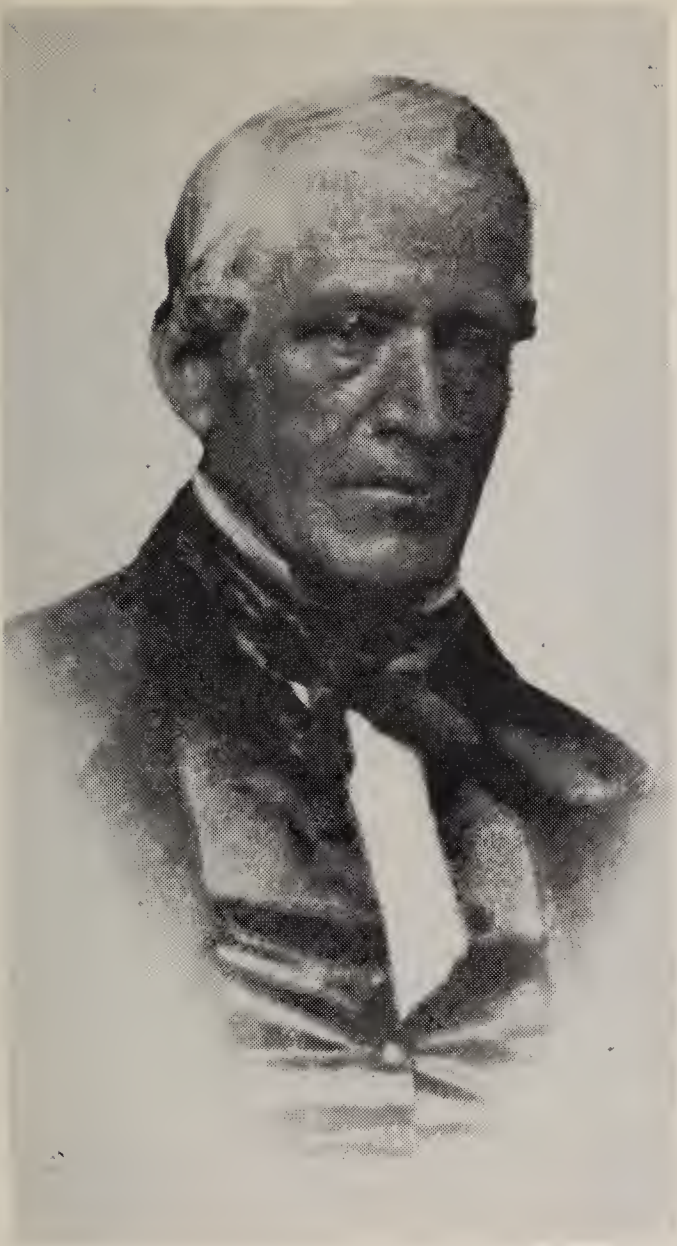
MARIANNE D'WOLF, oldest daughter of Anne (Bradford) and James D'Wolf, wife of Captain Raymond H. J. Perry, U.S.N.



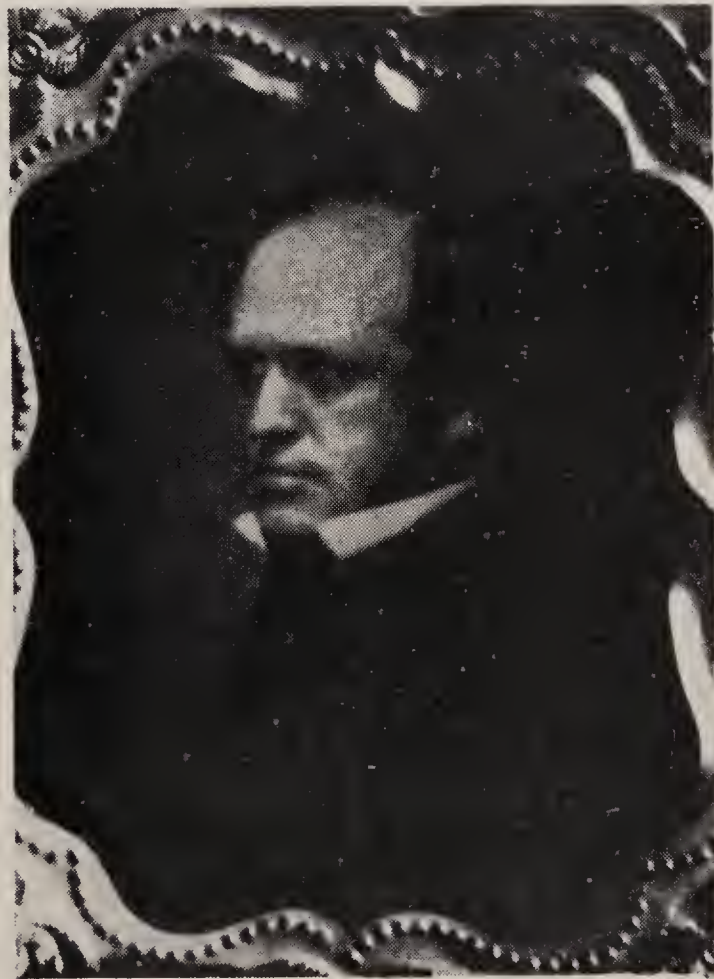
KITCHEN AT THE FARM



COACH BELONGING TO JAMES D'WOLF



THOMAS GIBSON AND HIS WIFE FRANCES M. HASTINGS



CHARLES DANA GIBSON
son of Frances M. (Hastings) and Thomas Gibson



"PAPASQUA" House built by Henry and Nancy D'Wolf but lived in by Henry's father William D'Wolf.

Bristol R. I. July 14th 1825. Recd of Mr. Henry D'Wolf his
 draft on me in favor of John Smith at six months
 draw for Sator Sherman five hundred Dollars
 the payment of which I hereby undertake, him, it being
 my accommodation
 Geo. D'Wolf

Bristol R. I. August 8th 1825. Recd of Henry D'Wolf by
 his draft on me at 90 days from the 17th inst for six
 Thousand Dollars, as an accommodation, & for which I am to
 pay when due, without making any charge to him
 Geo. D'Wolf

Two of many I.O.U.'s signed by George D'Wolf for money lent him by Henry D'Wolf that were never paid.

ing with each other that the Farm was regarded as one of the prettiest old-time homes in Bristol. At the gate stood a magnificent, absolutely symmetrical, elm tree, which was so large that it was widely known as the "Great Elm." According to tradition, the tree had grown from a switch which a visiting horseman had tossed into a pond behind the house. There the switch had sprouted roots, and this having been observed by an early settler, it had been planted at the gate.

Knowing that Henry and his sisters were devoted to each other, Nancy had tried in many ways to mend the breach between Henry and his brother-in-law, but all to no avail. While Henry was very glad to see his sisters on their frequent visits to the Farm or when meeting them at the homes of mutual friends, he was adamant in his determination not to visit Paposqua. Before the death of Henry's father William, it had been the custom for all at the Farm to dine at Paposqua on Christmas Day and on New Year's day for all the family to dine at the Farm. These happy occasions had been done away with and now the children missed them.

The fact that the attention of the Aunts was particularly centered on Annie made the other children feel less favored. But each of them had in one way or another his or her share of charm or likeable qualities.

FitzHenry, the middle son, having neither the brilliance of his brother William Frederick, nor the physique and good looks of his brother Alexander, decided at an early age to be the "dandy" of the family. Thus, it appears, he was often overdressed for the occasion, whatever it might be; that he was usually addressed as "Mr. D'Wolf" while his father was more generally known as Henry; and that the recreation he most enjoyed was to drive his gaited horse and surrey to the village, where, for most of the day, a footman would stand at the horse's head in front of the "Bristol Hotel." Nevertheless, FitzHenry had many good qualities and likeable ways, generosity being in fact his major fault. Once, as the story goes, upon overhearing a man, at the bar of the hotel, remark that he wished he had a good plow, FitzHenry stepped forward and, having introduced himself with a flourish, invited the man to the Farm, saying "I think I can fix that for you, my man." Being as much impressed by the flourish as the offer, the man, dressed in his best clothes, appeared at the Farm the next day to carry off the plow. Rather than embarrass his son, Henry let the man have the plow, but he later told FitzHenry in no uncertain language what

might be the result of another like offer of property that did not belong to him.

Alexander, who was two years younger, was, like his father, all of six feet, erect of figure and broad shouldered. His finely shaped head was generously covered with a mass of brown curls. Swimming was the sport he enjoyed most and the swimmers who could match either his speed or endurance were few. A story which a friend of the family liked to tell amusingly illustrates Alexander's reputation. The man had called at the Farm to discuss important business with Henry. Thinking the shore a pleasant place for their chat, he had mentioned, while walking down the lane, that his son, Alexander, was then in Charleston on the very business about which they were talking. After Henry and his caller had sat conversing for more than an hour, they were surprised to see Alexander swimming toward them. "There comes my son back from Charleston" said, Henry, apparently in all seriousness.

Although disliking to have his jokes taken literally, Henry seldom accompanied them by smiles or other clue that he was only speaking in fun, and it was not until Alexander, having joined them, explained he had arrived by early coach and taken a long swim to wash off the dirt of the journey, that his father's friend put out of his mind what he was about persuaded might be quite possible for a man of such splendid physique.

The girls were generally known as the "D'Wolf girls from the Neck", as that part of Bristol was called.

Annie's beauty was recognized by all. Abby's horsemanship was unusual in those days and her sweet singing voice was much in demand. Cecilia was yet to be discovered.

CHAPTER IV

“The Mount”

THERE is often a day in late June when one feels how good it is to be alive. Such a day, with its blue sky, was spread over Bristol and the new green of the trees seemed to glisten in the sunlight. Early roses were holding up their heads as if eager to reach perfection before the smaller buds had a chance to detract from their beauty.

Nancy was walking through her rose garden when Henry joined her and asked:

“Do you need a strong arm to carry flowers this beautiful morning?”

Nancy conceded that the day was a rare one and accepted his offer, more for his company than for any assistance he might be, for Henry had no gift with flowers. Placing her hand on his biceps she teased him:

“A strong arm, you say. I believe you tried to impress me with your strong arms when I was only twenty-three by lifting me from my father’s carriage as though I were a mere child and then setting me down on dry land across the gutter.”

“Had I known then I was making such an impression I would have carried you all the way into the house. Even as it was, I was worried for fear I had already held you too long. But it was right then that I decided that one day I’d earn the right to carry you off for all time. Besides, I got the idea that your father would like to have me for a son-in-law.”

“And when, pray,” asked Nancy, “did you decide which of his daughters you would pursue?”

Pretending to ponder the question, Henry replied: “It was your mother, I think, who first attracted me and, when I learned that she had had sixteen children before reaching the age of thirty-six, my admiration knew no bounds. To you, because the oldest, I gave first consideration, Louisa, Helen and Emily being a little young, don’t you think. And I have *no* regrets. How did we escape having twins, I wonder, with so many in your family?”

"You talk as though you planned it all, Henry, when, in reality, I had you picked out from the first. You couldn't have escaped me. Ask papa. He'll tell you, he called you a poor farmer, and expected that he'd have to give me an allowance for clothes. He never feared, however, but that I would have enough to eat, living on a farm. Then when he learned what a rich farmer you really were, he accused me of marrying for money."

Henry, in a more thoughtful tone said: "I never understood why your father loaned so much money to General Knox,* particularly since he had so recently lost ninety thousand dollars in connection with the Morris and Nicholson Bank failure?"

"Father had for some years been endeavoring to bring the General's affairs into some order, that he might have means wherewith to spend his last days in comfort. The General spent the month of July at his country seat at Thomaston, Maine, and before leaving the city he called upon father for a loan of 4,000 dollars to take with him. The love and regard that he felt for General Knox*** ever since the days of the Revolution was of no common degree, so that to refuse would have caused father great pain. He therefore, consented but expressed a desire to be secured. But the General said that he would be up again in a few weeks and would then pay him. In answer to father's suggestion 'suppose you should die,' the General declared emphatically that he was not going to die. I'm sure you must have heard father tell of it, using the General's cuss words. It was one of his favorite stories. However, as you know the General did die, and only a few days later, by swallowing a partridge bone which lodged in his throat. Father was pretty discouraged after that and gave up his Franklin Place house. But he has been very happy in Quincy."

The basket being filled with flowers Nancy had meanwhile been gathering, Henry took it from her, but in doing so ran a thorn into his thumb.

"Darn those things. Why should anything as lovely as a rose have points like that? It went straight through the flesh. How in the world do you manage to escape bruises?"

"Every rose has its thorn, dear. Life is like that. Sorry if it hurt you."

They returned to the house just as Annie, their daughter, very pretty in her city clothes, met them, then said good bye, hurried on

*General Knox was Secretary of War under Washington.

ahead so as not to keep her aunt and uncle waiting since the coach was nearing the gate.

"Have a good time," her mother called after her.

"Henry, I think you should see her off."

"What, and come face to face with that fellow? How my father lived in the same house with him for fifteen years I will never understand. It must have been about that time that he gave up reading his Bible."

Nancy looked distressed: "Henry! Please don't let Annie hear you. It would spoil her visit to know you feel as you do about Robert."

"You underestimate your daughter, my dear. She has had plenty of opportunity to know how I feel. If she doesn't hear me it'll be because she doesn't want to."

"But you must admit, Henry, it is very generous of him to take Annie to Boston and pay all her expenses."

"Generous, nothing! Who wouldn't pay good money to have a charming, beautiful girl like Annie travel with him."

"You know, Henry, you fly into a rage every time that poor man's name is mentioned. It's not good for you. I'll ask Aunt Martha to arrange the flowers and you and I will go to the summer house. It needs airing as it was closed last night when it started to rain. But, remember, not a word more about Robert."

Henry acquiesced: "Not a word."

At the summer house Nancy seated herself in a chair and Henry, having lit his pipe, sat on a cushion at her feet. She stroked his brow gently, and waited until she felt the "Roger spell" was over, then she said:

"Isn't it time we had another letter from Abby?" She paused a moment and then added: "I hope she's not too unhappy."

Henry's voice was gentle as he answered: "You must cut Abby loose from your apron strings, my dear. She is much too dependent on your judgment. Not that it's not always good, I hasten to say, but she must learn to think for herself. She must discipline herself. She likes reading too little and riding too well. She's not fitting herself for a wife and mother. You know what I mean?"

"Perhaps" Nancy agreed. "I believe Abby would do anything for love, but her nature is sensitive and circumstances have put her on the defensive. Annie learned at an early age how to make herself charming and also had more beauty to start with. So Abby feels inferior, and of course Cecilia, being the baby of the family,

places her in a different light. Abby is looking for more affection, which I try to give her."

Henry, equally proud of his daughter, acquiesced: "Abby is not only a fine horsewoman but she has other accomplishments. She sings sweetly and plays the guitar well. I think she should continue her music this winter. However we are hardly in a position to tell William Frederick what we want since he is willing to give her the opportunity of attending an advance school."

When Henry got up to refill his pipe Nancy ventured whether he thought it likely that Annie would marry Russel Middleton. Henry's answer was unexpected: "She will marry him, if nothing more important comes into her life between now and the day of the wedding."

"Why, Henry, you speak as if Annie had not received attention from other admirers. Don't forget she was kissed by the Marquis de LaFayette."

"When a mere child, my dear. The Middletons have a faculty of making you feel that they are royalty and Annie loves that sort of thing. When they start talking about 'Lady Mary Middleton' and 'Sir Archie _____'.

Nancy interrupted: "Henry! 'Sir Archie' is a horse."

"Well, even the Middleton horses have an air of distinction, and Annie loves it. She pictures herself as some kind of a queen sitting on the Middleton throne."

They walked back to the house and were met by one of the servants carrying a letter which, as Nancy at once recognized, was from Abby. She read it to Henry when they stopped under the big elm tree.

"Dearest ones:

How often I picture you at home and wish I were with you. School has started and I am to attend the finishing class, it sounds quite interesting. The girls all seem very old for their age and sophisticated. I have only been to one class so far, we were served 'afternoon tea' and taught how to sit in a chair holding a cup and saucer. The idea seemed to be to make yourself as uncomfortable as possible. Perched on the edge of the chair with one shoe protruding three inches beyond the hem of your skirt, the other foot drawn back giving the impression you only have one leg, as only one knee must show under your skirt. The cup is then lifted to the mouth with the little finger curled back as far as possible. It is really laughable. We are instructed to smile when we meet another girl in the

hall and make some passing remark, either in French or English. It is not always easy to think of something to say.

Mr. Gibson was here for a few days last week and took several of us out, twice. His business only takes him as far as Buffalo now and I think he came on here just to see me. He did not say so but brother William Frederick hinted as much. There is a nice breeze from the Lake today but not like my dear Bristol.

Next Sunday the baby will be christened for his father; they are very happy with their first boy.

Margaret is very well and sends her love as does your devoted daughter.

Abby."

As the tone of this letter had a more cheerful note it was decided that Abby should stay West and take advantage of her brother's offer.

* * * * *

Thus time passed. Autumn, with its bright foliage and brilliant sunsets, had come and gone. The crops had been satisfactory and the new reaper was a great time-saver. Henry was interested in every department of the farm, and the home ran smoothly with Nancy at its head.

Aunt Martha had returned to her home in Quincy so as to help her sister Eliza run the big house for her brother while his daughter Louisa again opened up her "select school" which she started after her father met with financial reverses. Cecilia, now a pupil at the school, had returned with Aunt Martha.

The problems of living through a winter in those days were no greater then than they are today. Emergencies of all kind were met with ample preparation. And, with a family as numerous as the D'Wolfs, there was no lack of entertainment.

* * * * *

While Abby is spending the winter in Chicago it would seem a good time to introduce another branch of the family that becomes equally important to our story of Longfield.

We are up to date on the family of William D'Wolf, father of Henry and son of Mark Anthony D'Wolf and Abigail Potter, and we have mentioned "The Mount." Let's say something about the family of his brother James, 15 months younger than William. They were close friends and lived much the same kind of life. They became ship owners at a very early age and merchants of some importance with plantations in Cuba and the West Indies.

Having amassed a fortune for those days, William returned to his farm lands and became a country squire, while his brother James married Nancy Bradford, daughter of Governor William Bradford, built a magnificent home "The Mount" and raised a family of eleven children. He represented Bristol in the State Legislature for nearly thirty years. For two years he presided over the Lower House of the United States and then was elected to the Senate during the administrations of Presidents Monroe and Adams. He was an ardent protectionist and while in the Senate took a prominent part in supporting the Tariff Bill of April, 1824, this being evidenced in a speech of Senator Hayne in that famous debate. Although his business experience made him a recognized authority in commercial matters, the pressure of business at home and his eventual dislike of Washington life made him decide to resign before his term expired and return to his beloved "Mount", to his counting house on the wharf, and there to increase his fortune. He built the Arkwright Mills, was enthusiastic in agriculture, and benefactor to the town of Bristol.

Notables were entertained at the Mount by James D'Wolf as well as at "Linden Place" the home of his son William Henry and the "Temple of Minerva", the beautiful home of his 4th son, Mark Anthony. This had the Venus room and fine Italian mantel supported by exquisite marble statues of the goddess from which the room got its name. But "The Mount" with its hand painted walls by the famous artist Corne* held first place and few occasions in its not too long life, that were not remembered and talked of by those lucky enough to be on its visiting list.

At this time Bristol was a social center and the New York boat made its principal stop there. When, in 1837, James D'Wolf died, something very important to the town went out of the hearts of the people and his widow lived but a month, leaving eight million dollars to be divided among their large family.

James D'Wolf's youngest daughter Josephine, born in 1812, married Charles Walley Lovett of Boston and returned each summer with her family to visit her brother William Bradford, to whom "The Mount" was left. And formal calls were made yearly to the cousins on the "Neck".

* * * * *

To continue 1841 with our family at the Farm. A letter was received in December from William Frederick expressing what a

*Felice Michel Corne.

comfort Abby had been to Margaret and himself but that she wished to be home for Christmas and finish her studies in Boston. This was understood and approved. The trip therefore was arranged with friends coming East. After her return she spent two happy weeks at the Farm before being shipped off to Boston, there to be chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Hillard, whose house was then a literary center of the day. Abby's letters home were interesting and she wrote often and in detail. She described, for example, a reception given by Mr. William Lawrence at which she met Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, at the time when the Dickens' baby, then in England, would be one year old and that exactly on the same day that Charles Dickens would be thirty, here in America, due to the slight difference in time. She also wrote of going to a "most select party" at Dr. Channing's where they met their old friend Sam Ward, who was there to take Julia home. She had dined at 60 Chestnut Street with cousin "Dode" (as Josephine Lovett was always called) who was expecting a baby in April, and she wrote that cousin Charles Lovett had given her one of his famous chafing-dish suppers.

Annie, in the meantime, also making frequent trips to Boston with the Aunts, returned with good reports of Abby's headway with her music, saying:

"We sang together one evening at Julia Metcalf's and Mr. Herwig played his violin most beautifully."

Letters were welcome reading to Henry and Nancy before the open fires during the cold winter evenings. And it made the time pass more pleasantly to know that their children were happily engaged.

* * * * * *

During the summer of 1842 the old Russell house in Bristol was opened by the son of Arthur Middleton, young Russell Middleton, an admirer of Annie D'Wolf. It was not long before calls were exchanged and the D'Wolfs welcomed the young widower at the Farm.

Russell Middleton took every opportunity to see and escort the beautiful Miss Annie D'Wolf, who bloomed that summer because of the devotion from that young man, and their engagement was not long kept a secret with so many interested relatives looking on.

The day was bright on September 20th, and the sun shone down on the little town of Bristol when Annie D'Wolf, looking very

much like a fashion-plate bride (only more beautiful) walked down the aisle at St. Michael's church holding her father's arm on the way to the altar to be married to Russell Middleton.

A reception was held at the Farm, following the ceremony, with so large a gathering that the guests flowed over into the garden from the house. The first night was spent at Paposqua where the young couple occupied the bridal chamber. The old aunts enjoyed the flash of romance that touched them through their pretty niece. From that day the room was the "bridal chamber" by name only. The home so carefully planned by Henry and Nancy was denied its purpose when it was left to Henry's sisters. What a different home it might have been. Despite all its beauty, it never heard the sound of children's feet or the love-call of youth from its garden path again.

The wedding over, the house at the Farm was put to rights, and life went on about the same as before, except that Cecilia had found a young admirer. While his devotion was expressed only in a letter to her brother, still it made her young heart respond and told her there was something beside school to look forward to.

In the meantime Abby was convinced that Mr. Gibson was interested in her and she lived only for the day when she would see him again.

CHAPTER 5

Nancy Visits Her Father

MARY Spooner, a member of the D'Wolf household for many years, had come back for Miss Annie's wedding; never to be separated from her mistress in this life again. Twice, she had departed with the man of her choice and twice found it to be a mistake. She was "through with marriage" she said, and now had convinced "Miss Nancy" (as she called Mrs. D'Wolf) that her presence at the Farm was indispensable.

Indeed, everyone on the Farm was glad to have Mary back. Even the servants were glad. The numerous "blacks" were trusted, worthy, hard-working, kind men and women, but their duties were specialized. Old Joe, for example, did nothing but clean silver, putting on a polish that no one else could equal. He used no cloth of any kind and when asked how he did it; would answer—"Widm'tums." Old Joe was nearing the end of his life and Henry D'Wolf was as considerate of his health and comfort as of his own. His home was cared for by one of Joe's many grandchildren. As the young ones grew up they were trained by their elders to do one job well. All they needed was a head to keep them up to standard. But it was essential that such a head be white, "we don't want no black pusson tellen us what to do."

With Mary available to take charge of the house, Nancy took the opportunity to visit her father in Quincy. Then one day, while she was still absent, the Providence coach stopped at the gate of the Farm and Mr. Gibson alighted. He presented himself to Mary; inquired for the ladies, and was told that Mrs. D'Wolf was away and Miss Abby was out riding. He explained that he had been on his way to Boston but that, being so near, had hoped to find someone at home and if convenient, he might be allowed to stay the night. Since Mary had never seen the gentleman before she was faced with considerable responsibility. He might be a friend of the family, she thought, but couldn't be certain. She asked him to be seated on the piazza and then ran off to find "big Hanna" the cook. But finding Hanna was not easy at that time of the afternoon, for she was apt to be visiting around. Fortunately, how-

ever, Hanna at that moment entered the back door, and hearing the gentleman's name, responded with an exclamation that sounded very much like an oath.

"Goddlemity, Miss Mary. Dat'gen-mun his'un what took ma baby wes. Ask 'em in an treat im putty. No! let me at im!"

Fully expecting to have to rush down the path after the caller, Hanna pushed her 190 pounds through the hall to the front of the house, much relieved to find the gentleman sitting quietly on the piazza. Mr. Gibson got to his feet and greeted her with outstretched hand.

"Will you vouch for me, Hanna?" he asked, knowing that he had been taken for a stranger.

"I'd do mo den dat, Misa Gibson. Dis here is Missy Spooner, as nice a pusson as you'd wan't meet. I'd kno'd her sence she was-a chile. In de madam's absence she'l treat-yu jess like you was one of de family."

"You don't think Mrs. D'Wolf would throw me out then?" he asked.

Hanna doubled up to hide her toothless mouth as she burst out laughing:

"No one's going to throw nothing round here. Yu jus make you-sef to-home an let Hanna get'ye somthin to eat an drink."

"That's very good of you, Hanna, but I would rather wait for tea," Mr. Gibson replied, recalling that the evening meal was called "tea" at the Farm. Then turning to Mary, he said, "If you think Miss Abby will be home soon, perhaps you will be good enough to show me to my room so that I can freshen up a bit."

Before Mary could comply with his request, the family returned. Driving through the gate and past the piazza they caught sight of Mr. Gibson with valise in hand. He had thought a surprise visit was not a bad idea. Now however, without Mrs. D'Wolf, he did not have the same confidence and felt foolish standing there, waiting to be discovered. No doubt the family were wondering who the stranger was and what he might have for sale in his valise, and since Abby was not with them, he was quite certain he had not been recognized.

However, the warmth of the reception given him by Henry D'Wolf, by his sons, and by Cecilia was unmistakable. Cecilia made him a charming curtsy. FitzHenry immediately relieved him of his valise and took it to the room that he had occupied once before. Henry and Alexander greeted him heartily and asked him

many questions about his travels since his earlier visit to their home.

When Abby returned from her ride Mr. Gibson was there to help her dismount. She had been thinking about him on her ride, and his unexpected visit caused such confusion of thoughts that she was without words to welcome him. He felt that the pink of her cheeks and the delight expressed in her eyes was welcome enough, and to place her at her ease he expressed interest at seeing her horse he had heard so much about whenever they had met in Chicago.

"So! this is the *horse*. Or I should say *thorobred*?"

Abby laughed: "You can call her a horse if you wish to but she won't like it." Then she proceeded to call attention to the mare's fine points, fondling it affectionately.

Mr. Gibson continued, "On the subject of horse flesh I have much to learn. The language seems almost foreign."

Again, Abby laughed: "When I was visiting William Frederick, I noticed for the first time what different things people in the city talk about. I sometimes felt they were doing it just to confuse me. I longed to hear someone talk about cows and crops and really laugh out loud. But that is never done, I guess, off a farm. I was so glad to get home."

He watched the color come and go in Abby's cheeks as she talked, and confided to himself; "What a loving heart that is to so love animals."

As they entered the house together Abby made sure he had come to stay, then excused herself so as to change, while Mr. Gibson went to his room to unpack. Abby returned in a pretty blue frock and asked:

"Was I long?"

"Just long enough for me to wash my hands and take a walk in your mother's garden. And oh yes. I found a kitten."

"A kitten!" repeated Abby, "Where?"

"Is there anything unusual about that? I thought all farms had kittens?"

"Yes! yes! but where did you find it?"

"At the end of the garden."

Abby ran off to the garden and returned with her arms filled with squirming kittens.

"Where did you find all these?" he asked.

Abby explained: "Our cat had kittens a week ago and we have never been able to find them. But now you come and she shows you where they are, though she wouldn't let us know. I think she must remember that we drown them when there are too many and she wants to keep all of these."

She arranged the kittens in a flower basket while Mr. Gibson looked on, delighted with this new demonstration of her affection.

Abby remembered how romantic she used to think her sister Annie's walks to the shore with Mr. Middleton were and suggested they take a stroll in that direction. Mr. Gibson gladly responded and asked to be allowed to borrow one of her father's canes: "I always feel more at home in the country with a cane."

Abby laughed: "You're not afraid of cows are you?"

"No, but what about snakes?"

"There are no poisonous snakes around here."

"Well—" and Mr. Gibson hesitated "I can't think of anything else right now but I would like to protect you from something, or isn't there anything you're afraid of?"

They reached the crest of the hill and there before them lay the beautiful blue bay. They walked on a way in silence. The wind was blowing off shore and there was scarcely a ripple on the water to carry the reflection of the setting sun to their feet where they stood at the water's edge.

Mr. Gibson broke the silence. It wasn't easy to say what was in his heart. He was conscious of the difference in their age and aware of the simplicity and sweetness of the girl beside him; his approach was cautious and hesitating:

"This is a beautiful spot, Abby, and I don't wonder you love it the way you do. But I want to ask your father to let me take you away. Would you care to go with me?"

As Abby's eyes met his, she recalled the nights on the river steamer, the music and how much she enjoyed the trip with him. She wanted to answer; she wanted to say "Yes", but the words wouldn't come.

Thinking he had not made himself clear, he added: "As my wife."

Abby was unprepared for such a question, although it had been the cherished hope that those very words might come from Mr. Gibson. She had never rehearsed in her thoughts what her answer would be; and never having decided an important question

by herself, she had no answer ready even now. The color in her highly flushed cheeks deepened. She looked very sweet as she said:

“Ask papa, and see what he says.”

Mr. Gibson watched her pretty confusion for a moment then took her hand: “Come,” he said, “I have my orders, I am eager to be on my way.”

Not understanding this sudden change; Abby hastened to ask: “What have I said? You’re not leaving, I hope?”

Her concern gave him confidence and, as he continued to hold her hand, they started back to the Farm.

“You told me to ask your father and I am impatient to do so. What do you think he will say?”

Again, Abby was not prepared for the question and the only answer that came to her mind was “I don’t know.”

They fairly ran all the way back to the garden where they stopped for breath. He was looking for some word from Abby’s lips that showed she responded favorably. He asked:

“You seem as anxious as I am to reach the house. It wouldn’t mean that you cared, would it?”

Confusion overwhelming her, she drew her hand away from his and ran into the house.

There was no opportunity to speak to her father on the subject at hand until after tea, and in the absence of Nancy to keep the conversation lively the meal seemed longer than usual.

Later, as they sat in the north parlor Mr. Gibson began by saying:

“The purpose of this visit Mr. D’Wolf—”

Abby held her breath, her heart seemed to stop beating, their eyes met. The agony he saw in them caused him to reconsider so he began again by repeating: “The purpose of this unexpected visit was to get a glimpse of you kind people and breathe the salt air before going to Buffalo by train, my first overland experience.”

Abby breathed again. She tried to follow the interest her father was taking in the new railroad. Her head was aching. If only her mother was home, she thought, she would know how to bring her into the conversation. After, what seemed a long time, she arose and asked to be excused.

That’s not like our healthy Abby, thought her father, but he said nothing until later when he and Mr. Gibson were seated in the summer-house watching the after-glow of the sunset.

“I am sorry Abby is not feeling well.”

"I'm afraid it's my fault, sir."

Henry looked up with concern. Mr. Gibson continued:

"My intentions are to ask for Miss Abby's hand in marriage, and the idea may have upset her."

"You asked her and she gave you no answer?"

"I think she cares for me, but her only answer was for me to ask you. And I do so now, and hope very much your answer will be favorable."

Henry stood up and stretched his legs as he reached for his pipe.

"I believe you don't smoke?"

Mr. Gibson arose and thanked him. Henry took two long pulls on his pipe and watched the smoke as it circled past the open door. Seated himself again: "I think we had best talk this over with Abby."

"As you think best, sir, but my time is so short and my visits so far apart I hoped I might ask her for an answer before I leave. It means a great deal to me and I feel so sure she'll never regret it."

Henry held out his hand: "Well spoken," he said, "I've liked you from the first moment we met, and my trust in you from that day has been sincere. This, however, is too difficult a question for me to answer. If Abby loves you, you have my consent. She is a dear girl and, if you have the power to draw out all her good qualities, you will find them many. I regret my wife not being here, for she would have just the right things to say."

"I also regret Mrs. D'Wolf's absence, for I feel she would advise *me* wisely. But I thank you for your confidence and it will never be violated."

The two men strolled toward the house under a dark sky hung with bright stars. The screech owl was not disturbed by their presence as he asked another question to the one that, at that moment, occupied the thoughts of both men. Would Abby's answer bring happiness? And the owl called: "Too-hoo, too-hoo."

The sweet perfume of the flowers, that wait for the quiet of the night to give forth their fragrant aroma, filled the air. Two candles stood on the hall table, showing that all the other members of the family had gone to bed.

As the cock crowed the next morning he announced the arrival of an important day. This day, so many years ago, that meant so much to the lives of those who live in the following pages.

CHAPTER 6

St. Michael's Church

ABBY was up early the next morning and, not having had a very good night she went for a ride, her usual cure for all ills. As she rode along the shore at the water's edge there was an excitement within her that made life seem wonderful. When she returned her father was reading the morning prayers. She noiselessly slipped into her place beside him. Prayers were always said on Sunday morning in the "great hall", and it was considered a misdemeanor should anyone on the farm neglect to be there unless the reason was of sufficient importance to satisfy the master. There being far more blacks on the farm than whites, the service made an interesting picture, so Abby thought as she listened to her father's voice.

As they all left the hall Abby turned and spoke to Mr. Gibson and said she was sorry to have run off so early without asking if he would like to ride.

He assured her that no excuse was necessary and added:

"The kind of a ride that you would enjoy would most likely put me to bed for a week. Riding is something I have to work into gradually but if I am permitted to come again I will bring riding togs and if your father will mount me I will try to show you that I am not entirely unfamiliar with the back of a horse and under your instructions I might become even fond of it, who knows."

Breakfast was a very substantial meal, especially on Sunday. There was much jumping up to get more of this or to change a plate for the next course while hot breads were passed and coffee was served. Later Abby changed into a charming silk dress that looked as if it might stand alone its folds were so deep. A brimmed hat with streamers that tied under her chin finished the costume, making her look quite irresistible.

It was obvious that all hands were expected to go to church. For at exactly 10:30 the carriages were brought to the side door. Cecilia sat with her father on the front seat of the surrey, and as Mr. Gibson took his place beside Abby on the back seat he earnestly

requested them to kindly not think of him any longer in the terms of "Mr." but that he would appreciate it if they would call him by his christian name.

They drove slowly out of the gate and had gone but a short distance down the road when FitzHenry and Alex passed them in a single trap, causing Abby to hold on to her hat with both hands as the spirited team that Henry was driving gave a start, spoiling "the tranquil sabbath-feeling, as Henry expressed his opinions in no mild terms. Dust floated back across the carriage and Henry drew up, giving it time to settle on the road ahead.

"My son can act the part of a gentleman better than anyone I know but certainly he missed out in his conception of one this morning."

It was difficult to get back into the spirit of the day for one could not help feeling that Henry had more he wanted to say on this subject.

On reaching the church they were met by two black boys who had been sent on ahead to hold the horses.

St. Michael's was a sweet little ivy-colored church in the center of the town. As Henry led the way down the center aisle to their pew near the altar, heads were turned in their direction, and although the Rev. Mr. Bristed preached a good sermon, more thought was given on that Sunday as to why Nancy D'Wolf was not in church and who the handsome stranger was.

Mr. Gibson sat next to Abby, and though he tried to keep his mind on the service, he found his thoughts taking flight into the future beyond his control. He felt the charm of a country church, where everyone around you were friends and in the case of the D'Wolfs, mostly relations. He had scarcely ever been in a church, since he was a boy, where he had known the people about him. To worship among friends, he thought much more satisfying than to pray among strangers. He would like to have his children grow up in a small town such as Bristol. Not since his boyhood had he had much home life, but one of his most cherished memories of those days was that of attending church services with his parents. Why, then, had he felt that the times had so changed that the fine old custom of all members of a family attending church together had become old-fashioned? Living, as he did, only a few weeks at a time in one place was not wholesome. How sweet the thought of having Abby in a home of their own—a beautiful home, like the "Farm." How glad he was that fortune had smiled on his

efforts and he could afford to give her anything she wanted. Finding himself on his knees, near the close of the service, he thanked God and asked that he be blessed with the love of the dear girl kneeling by his side.

During the singing of the final hymn, Abby's voice could be clearly heard above the others, its pure, high notes floating upward toward the rafters. It was now, Mr. Gibson felt, that he must take her in his arms and ask for her answer. His heart was beating rapidly and it seemed to him impossible calmly to await the end of the service. What would happen, he speculated, if he were seen to suddenly seize Miss Abby in an outburst of emotion. No! he must control himself, or he might lose her forever. The service came to an end and Mr. Gibson and Abby stood close together, holding the same Hymn book.

As they left the church they were greeted on all sides. Mr. Gibson noticed how very nice all the people looked; there seemed to be no exceptions.

Before leaving the Farm it had been planned that, after the church service, Abby should use FitzHenry's trap to drive Mr. Gibson to Paposqua to meet the Aunts. The rest of the family were to return to the Farm in the carriage and FitzHenry volunteered to drive them. But his father, still irritated by being passed on the road by his son, on the way to church, answered:

"You will not drive me until you learn to drive like a gentleman." And Henry took his place on the front seat. "Such a display of bad manners is hardly to be overlooked in my family," he continued, adding, "Mr. Gibson will doubtless think you know no better."

"No insult was intended, father. The colt was going so well, I thought you might take pleasure in showing him off to Mr. Gibson. The dust, I was sorry about, but it was too late then, so I thought it best to keep on going."

Alex, in defense of his brother's action, added:

"'Twas not till we were about to pass you that we took heed of the dust. We both spoke of the unfortunate position we found ourselves in."

"Taking half of the blame, Alex, doesn't excuse your brother. Remember in future, that one doesn't go to church in the same manner as racing to a fire. See that you apologize to your sisters."

Henry reined in the horses as they crossed the bridge, on leaving the town, and Cecilia turned to see Abby leave the main road

when they reached the fork that led around the harbor to Paposqua.

Abby had almost forgotten how beautiful the drive was along the water's edge under an avenue of large willows. The day was bright and the water so blue. As they turned in at the gate, Mr. Gibson understood for the first time the regret Henry felt at not living in the home he and his wife had planned. He had not been able to picture in his mind a more charming home than "The Farm." But here was a place so exquisite in every detail that he marveled at every turn both inside and out. Abby called his attention to the carvings at the head of the Ionic columns that reached past the second story, explaining how her mother had wanted it all flowers and fruit but her father felt there should be some vegetables, as it was a farm:

"So that accounts for the ears of corn."

The aunts were just returning from church and expressed delight at finding their pretty niece with a caller. Mr. Gibson was wondering how he could have possibly overlooked these remarkable appearing old ladies in church.

Mr. Rogers was most cordial and offered them mulberry wine, made on the place. They sat out under the portico, overlooking the harbor. A carpet of green grass led to the water's edge, where sheep were grazing, while the town could be plainly seen in the distance, its church steeples silhouetted against the sky, small boats lay at anchor in the harbor, some airing their sails and the sound of the clock striking the hour in St. Michael's church, reached them from across the water. The peacefulness of it all was disturbed by Mr. Rogers as he described, with some pride, the extent of land he owned on the peninsula. He also explained the origin of the name "Paposqua," for fear Mr. Gibson might think him guilty of giving so beautiful a spot such a name. He went on to say:

"The Indians, in the time of King Phillip's war, were supposed to have kept their papposes and squaws on this point of land which is only connected to the main land by a small bridge. We have simplified the spelling from 'Poopposquaw' to 'Paposqua' as the name for this place."

Mr. Gibson found it all most interesting but was conscious of how unsuited this pompous little man was also the rather over-stuffed old ladies to this beautiful setting of a home. There were many colored servants that helped to lend atmosphere and Abby

told how her father had brought them from Charleston, where he used to go very often on business, adding:

"Black Louise, Sally Seymour and John Boles lived with grandfather in town and came over here when they moved. They had a hand in bringing all us children up, I guess."

As they left Paposqua behind and drove out of the gate, Mr. Gibson said:

"I like the kind of life you and your family live here. It is the true American way and it's good. But pray tell me how I happened to miss seeing the 'Aunts' in church?"

Abby explained that they attended the Congregational church in another part of the town, and to make the drive longer Mr. Gibson suggested he would like to see their church.

The streets were now quite deserted. Beautiful elm trees shaded the road and the only sound was the horse's hooves, as they occasionally hit a stone. Mr. Gibson broke the silence:

"Is it very selfish of me to want to take you away from all this?" he asked.

He leaned across Abby and took the reins and turned the colt's head away from the main road, who, disappointed to find he was not going home, reduced his speed to a walk. Now they were winding their way up a sandy path, that terminated at an iron gate; here the colt stopped. Mr. Gibson continued:

"To see you every day, to feel you are waiting for me, you can't know what that means to a lonely man. Please tell me Abby dear. Will you marry me?"

As she did not answer at once he continued his pleading:

"I can give you anything you want, Abby. All I ask in return is your love."

Abby could have listened all day to his voice but as she turned and looked at him, she quite naturally laid her hand on his arm and said:

"Thank you, Mr. Gibson, my answer is, yes."

Abby was swept into a pair of strong arms. "My sweet, sweet Abby. My very beautiful Abby. Look at me and let me hear you say you love me. Oh! Abby darling, I love you so deeply. I have dreamed of this happiness but it was never quite real. Now it is real, so very real as I feel you close to me. Let me hear you say it again, darling."

Abby, with her hat unbalanced, both arms around Mr. Gibson's neck, tried to say the magic words but each time she started her breath was exhausted by Mr. Gibson's kisses.

The colt not used to standing without someone at its head and feeling no restraint on the rein entered the gate and finding familiar ground, walked slowly through the narrow, juniper-lined paths of a cemetery, coming to a stop of his own accord. Mr. Gibson turned his head and read the name "D'Wolf" on two large granite monuments.

"That's grand-pa and grand-ma's grave," said Abby. "The colt comes here often with papah."

"Not a cheerful spot, to come to, on this of all days," said Mr. Gibson. "Why didn't you tell me where the colt was headed?"

"I think it's *beautiful*," responded Abby. "Look at that view out across the water, how plainly we can see Newport. I want to be here some day."

"Some day *very far* off, my darling. We have a lifetime of wonderful homebuilding to do before we think of being separated by death. We are just beginning to live."

He held Abby close in his arms. The emotions of two young hearts at such a time needs no recording for if one has never experienced such a moment, they have, perhaps in their imagination rehearsed it, while those who can remember their own such moments with anything but romantic bliss, have no place in history. Should these feelings continue through a lifetime of marriage all our dreams would be realized, all problems solved, quite forgetful of the facts, that perhaps the problem of one might interfere with the dreams of the other. But who, at such a time, can give voice or even thought to so material a speculation? Charles Dana Gibson in his 26th year, saw all his dreams realized in those few words which Abby had spoken, all the answers to everything he had worked for, longed for and dreamed of. While, Abby in her 22d year, was to receive at the hand of this very good looking man anything she might wish for in life.

"Have you ever thought what kind of a house you would like, darling?"

Abby met his thoughtful mood as she lay in his arms: "Should it be a small house or a large one, you mean?"

"It should be the kind of a house you like, my love."

Then he added in a more serious tone:

"There is something I have wanted to tell you, and realize I should have done so before, something very important in my life, dear. I have a little daughter who has never known a mother: she needs you as much as I do."

Abby was still dreaming about the kind of home she would like. She hardly heard his last sentence but the word "daughter" rang in her ears. She had known Mr. Gibson had been married for a short time and that his wife had died. Abby, lay quite still, her head against his shoulder; her voice sounded cold:

"Where is she?" she asked.

"She lives with Mrs. Lenox, who very kindly took us in after my first 'Abby' died and she has been there ever since. That is why I go to New York so often. When I learned that William had a sister named 'Abby' I wanted to meet her. Can't you see, dearest, you were intended to be my wife?"

The picture of a home suddenly vanished with the thought of sharing it with his daughter. Abby wanted to be as far away from New York as possible. Her voice showed more sympathy as she added:

"Shouldn't we live where your business is? Shouldn't we start our housekeeping in Buffalo?"

"How wonderful you are, Abby dear, that's just what I hoped you would want."

On returning to the Farm, they were forgiven for being late when the reason was learned and congratulations were offered. Nothing was said about the daughter as Abby remembered how Annie had been twitted about Russell Middleton's "ready made family."

"I am indeed to be congratulated," said Mr. Gibson. "Abby has already given me a glimpse into her generous nature by offering to come to Buffalo to live, while I felt my only problem was going to be in trying to do business from here."

Henry reminded them that nothing was official until they had her mother's blessing but that Mr. Gibson need feel no anxiety on that score. There was much happiness and merriment at the mid-day meal and Mr. Gibson showed no restraint as he caught Abby in his arms at parting.

"This trip will be the longest in my entire life until I come again, dear Abby. Write to me often and tell me everything that is in your heart."

So saying, the coach pulled away once more from in front of the Farm.

CHAPTER 7

“Two Years Pass”

THE winter of 1843 was a severe one in New England, and Annie's letters from Charleston, South Carolina, filled the Rhode Island relations with envy as she wrote of blue skies and balmy breezes.

Mr. Gibson had made several visits at the Farm since his engagement to Abby and had received Mrs. D'Wolf's blessings. On one of these trips to Bristol he had asked to bring with him the son of an old friend of his from England, Ray Sandwich Heckman, who was making his first visit to America and Mr. Gibson was anxious for him to know how a truly American family lives, which he felt the D'Wolf home to be. They arrived by coach and spent the entire day, after which, Abby confided in her mother:

“I trust Mr. Gibson has only a few friends from England for to tell the truth, mamah, I hardly understood a word he said, he talked so fast. I would be quite unequal to the task of entertaining him, I'm sure.”

Nancy had displayed her best linen for the occasion and Henry produced such a roast of beef that even England would be proud of. The first, and most natural question they asked the young man was “What did he think of America?” He found it most interesting that all the houses were made of wood. This led to a discussion as to why the houses in England were made of stone. As the name of “Sandwich” appeared on his card: Nancy asked the question “Was the Earl of Sandwich his relation?” This brought forth a most interesting story. Looking a bit disturbed at first but showing he was quite ready to explain his embarrassment he began:

“I am most sorry you asked me that for the reason Sandwich is part of my name is such an assanine one! But it's quite a story if you really want to hear it? My dear mater is most sensible in ordinary things but I was her eighth child and I fancy she had about run out of male baby names, as you see, I have five brothers. It goes away back to the Earl of Sandwich, grandson of Charles the second and first Lord of the Admiralty during the North administration. He had a mistress, a Miss Ray, who he had rendered as accomplished as she was handsome. Some say that she was the

daughter of a labourer at Elstree, others of a stay-maker in Covent Garden. Any way her father had some sort of shop. Miss Ray was apprenticed at an early age in Clarkenwell Close, to a mantua-maker where she served her time out and obtained a character that did her honour. She was taken notice of by Lord Sandwich who gave her a liberal education, music, voice and all that. He was old enough to be her father and it was said of him that he was most careful not to trespass on public decorum. Therefore, she was never allowed to meet any of Sandwich's friends. My grandmother was a Hinchcliffe, wife of the Bishop; and attended a party at the Admiralty. She had never seen Miss Ray before and it hurt her to sit directly opposite to her and mark her discreet conduct and yet find it improper to notice her. My mother used to say she heard her mother describe Miss Ray as being 'so assiduous to please, so very excellent, yet so unassuming.' In fact she charmed my grandmother and the seeming cruelty spoiled the evening for her. Well, soon after that, Miss Ray was killed. The story was handed down in the family. Hence my first name is, as you know, Ray."

It was impossible to let him stop there for they all wanted to know how the poor lady was killed.

"My great-grandfather's brother met and fell in love with Miss Ray. He was a young Captain her junior by several years, though the disparity was nothing like the reverse one on the part of Lord Sandwich. My uncle urged her to marry him, but she was fearful of hurting the feelings of the man who had educated her. Her voice was such that she could have sung in opera, and was made handsome offers, but after her affair with this great-uncle of mine, Lord Sandwich saw fit to put her under the charge of a duenna. Heckman (his name was the same as mine) became jealous. He was made to believe that she no longer cared for him. He was unable to see or speak with her, and thus being made quite mad, he killed her."

The alarm with which he held his audience was demonstrated by their silence and he was forced to go on:

"It happened in Covent Garden Theatre, I believe. She went there one evening with her female attendant to see a play called 'Love in a Village.' He saw her pass by in her carriage from a window in the Cannon Coffee-house. It still stands there on the corner of Cockspur Street and Charing Cross. He was doubtless drinking for he shot her just as she was being handed into her carriage. He then shot himself. Poor chap didn't die and was

executed at Tyburn. So now, I feel sure you are sorry you asked how I happened to have the name of Sandwich? My mother being very sorry for the beautiful girl she had heard of ever since she was a child, decided to name me after her, hence the 'Ray', and as Lord Sandwich went into retirement and spent his days gazing at the portrait he had painted of her, my mother felt that he must have cared very much. So! I also have Sandwich in my name. Now you have the whole story. Personally, I like the American way of naming a person. I refer to the Indian. He goes out and gets his face wet and he is called 'Rain in the face'."

This produced a hearty laugh. Here young Heckman turned to Aunt Martha and asked:

"Tell me how you came by such a good name as Martha Washington?"

"It is a far less exciting story than yours," Aunt Martha announced, but, she continued, "it is almost as remote. My mother and father were on their way to church with me in arms when they met our President Adams and his wife. They were also carrying a baby on their way to church. It was a friendly meeting and they walked along together. It seemed that both babies were to be christened that day. 'What is to be the name of your baby, Mrs. Marston,' asked the President. My father answered, 'We have decided to call her Patience.' 'Ah!' said the President, 'we are to name our baby boy George Washington. Why don't you name your daughter Martha Washington.' So, Martha Washington I was christened and I'm not sure Martha doesn't suit me better than the name my parents thought of christening me for my patience is not all it should be at times."

This statement was contradicted by all present and Aunt Martha was seen to blush a becoming pink caused by all the protestations.

The question of speech came into the conversation and when it was learned that Nancy had spent much of her time as a child in England with her grandparents, her mother's family the Randalls, young Heckman exclaimed:

"Ah! that accounts for your speech being so different from the Americans I have met both here and in England. I could almost tell what part of England you come from. I myself have the misfortune to come from London. There is where the English language goes through a confused mixture. My mother tells a story of a woman going to see a doctor. She tries to make you think

it was her own experience but I never really believed it was. Anyway, this woman has something in her eye and the doctor says: 'Do you ever take a high bath?' 'Oh, yes,' says my mother, 'I always have the water rather deep.' 'Oh,' says the doctor, 'when I say a high bath I don't mean an eye bath. I mean a bath for the high'."

This brought forth a good laugh and Ray Heckman went on to say:

We even put the word 'an' before the word 'hotel'. You can always spot a Londoner."

"We have the same way of spotting our different states, here in America. We have a daughter living in Charleston, South Carolina, and although she has only been there a short time she already speaks as if she had lived there all her life. And as you come north the accent, if you can call it that, changes. In Virginia there is a decided change," Henry observed.

Here Cecilia spoke up for the first time, not having had much of a chance before:

"In Virginia they don't pay much attention to their 'ings'. A girl from there was in school with me last winter and she said 'go in' and 'com in' but we all knew what she meant."

"The same is true of the city of Baltimore, that is in Maryland. They have quite a different way of speaking. And our cousins, the Marstons in Philadelphia, speak very differently but I wouldn't call it incorrect. You will doubtless find all kinds over here. You may find we sometime use a broad 'r' in the West, but we never drop a 'h'," was Nancy's comment.

"Don't forget Chicago, mamah," added Abby. She then explained having been there one winter in school. This gave Ray Heckman a chance to compliment Miss Abby on her beautiful way of speaking and Mr. Gibson agreed, but added: "After all a family is apt to follow early training." It was entertaining and refreshing to have a stranger among them and his visit was long remembered.

* * * * *

Abby's wedding was to have taken place in the fall but, due to the fact that there was a change in Mr. Gibson's plans, his office having been moved to Boston, it was thought best to wait until they could settle there.

It was a bright, cold day in January when Charles Dana Gibson and Abby D'Wolf were married at the Farm. In spite of deep snow on the roads the wedding was attended by friends and re-

lations from far and wide. Cecilia stood with her sister and Mr. Lenox was best man. A special coach met the train in Providence to bring guests to Bristol in time for the ceremony. A breakfast was served, and the bride and groom left by sleigh in time to reach their home in Cambridge before nightfall.

Nothing ever interrupted life on the Farm. The only perceivable change after the wedding was the closing of the great hall to conserve heat. Open fires kept the north parlor and dining room warm and the bedrooms were cared for in the same way.

Mary Spooner spent her mornings filling the lamps and keeping the wicks clean to prevent there being any odor from them, this being a new form of lighting at the Farm, as Nancy often read aloud to Henry by fire light made brighter by pine-cones kept in a basket on the hearth.

Alexander spent much time in Boston so as to enjoy the music he was so fond of, but FitzHenry stayed on the Farm and made the most of his trips to the village to fetch the mail. Letters from Annie and Abby were looked for anxiously. Clothes were mended and a seamstress came to the house to plan the Spring and Summer wardrobe. Thus the winter passed slowly as visitors were few.

The middle of March brought the fish-hawks back from the South and their call could be heard through the open windows when the rooms were being aired, heavy blankets taken out in the sunshine, rugs beaten and the smell of fresh paint was noticed around the barn and stables. Early blooms were welcome and not a green leaf showed its head that Nancy didn't report it at tea. Birds were nesting, calves and colts were being born, lambs and baby pigs were announced daily by Henry. On Sunday morning prayers were attended only by the family and house servants, with Henry making excuses for the rest on the Farm, as there was just too much to be done and not enough hours in the day in which to do them.

Spring days helped to remove all signs of winter; piles of snow that were hidden away in dark corners, long after its time for melting, gave way to mint-beds or honeysuckle. Flowers bloomed and once more the Farm was awake and visitors began to come again.

Cecilia returned home from school in Quincy and word came from Charleston that Annie had given birth to a daughter, to be named after her great-aunt Maria, that there would be no trip

North that summer as their home was near the water and it was thought the sea air would keep them cool. William Frederick wrote that he and Margaret had a baby daughter, to be named Mary. Abby wrote that she was expecting a baby in November and for her mother to let nothing interfere with being there at that time.

In the latter part of July, Mr. Gibson stopped over-night in Bristol to give a full report on Abby's health and ask a favor.

"A very *big favor*, Mrs. D'Wolf."

Nancy felt this had something to do with her daughter's happiness so her desire to be of help was as sincere as his request. She put her hand on his arm and said:

"Whatever it is, your wish is granted if it is in my power."

Mr. Gibson's brow softened as he looked into this fine woman's beautiful face; he took her hand and tears were in his eyes.

"God bless you," he said.

They were sitting on the piazza and Nancy got up and suggested they enter the house "Where there is less chance of interruption."

"As you know," he began, "I have a little daughter in New York. She was five in April." He paused, as if to count the years. Nancy interrupted him:

"Why isn't she with you in Cambridge. Don't tell me that Abby won't have her?"

"No! No! Please don't think that. In her condition it would be unfair to give her the care of a child. I want them to love each other and I feel this is not the time for them to be together."

He paused and Nancy asked him to continue.

"I was wondering if she might come here for a visit. She has lived in the city always and while the Lenox family are the kindest people in the world and I am sure I don't know what I should have done without them, still they feel as I do that this wonderful air would put color in her cheeks; something I would love to see."

Nancy, while she knew this did concern her daughter, was glad that it had no connection with her baby yet to be born.

"Your wish was granted before you asked me but now that I know what it is I say she can't come too soon to please me."

Mr. Gibson kissed the soft cheek as he thanked her.

"I am on my way to New York and will stay just long enough to get the necessary things for her and bring her back with me.

This is going to mean so much to her. You will find her quite capable and if someone could help her do the things a child that age cannot do alone I will be glad to take care of any extra work on her account."

Nancy smiled at the thought of a child that age making extra work and added:

"She will be in Cecilia's room and there is not a servant on the place that will not try to spoil her."

That night as Mr. Gibson knelt by his bedside in prayer, he asked that his unborn baby might inherit much of the goodness he found in this sweet lady.

* * * * *

Mr. Gibson and his little daughter arrived at the Farm. It was a temptation not to stay and see her discover all the wonders that were to fill her life for the weeks that she was to remain. But he had to return to his office and he never left Abby long alone. She was well taken care of as her father had sent two trusted, trained girls from the Farm. She could not travel as the movement of the carriage made her sick, so Mr. Gibson made frequent visits to the Farm to report on her health and see his little daughter, Julia.

In September Julia was returned to the Lenox home and everyone at the Farm was sorry to see her go. The responsibility of caring for Julia had developed Cecilia and she missed her young charge more than anyone else.

On November 30th a telegram was received by Henry at the Farm saying that a boy had been born to Abby; that her mother had arrived in plenty of time and was planning to stay through the first two weeks of December. The baby weighed 9 pounds and was to be named Charles D'Wolf Gibson.

* * * * *

Another winter came and went. Spring was in the air again.

Word came from "The Mount" that Dode Lovett and her family were arriving from Boston and would make an early call at the Farm.

James D'Wolf, uncle of Henry, had far exceeded in wealth and position other members of the family, having held high offices in government and maintained the most elaborate estate in Bristol. His large family consisting of eleven children, mentioned before, nine having grown to maturity and lived in beautiful homes in and near to Bristol. At his death he left "The Mount" to his

youngest son, William Bradford. It had been the custom while James D'Wolf lived, for his youngest daughter Dode to spend the summers at "The Mount" and she and her family continued to do so at her brother's request although the D'Wolf coach was no longer sent to Boston to bring her and her family to Bristol.

Josephine, although twenty-seven years younger than her cousin Henry, had always been a favorite of his and it was he that gave her the nick-name "Dode" by which she was always called.

As the carriage from The Mount, with prancing horses and two men on the box, turned in at the gate of the Farm, Henry went out to greet it and was delighted to find his young cousin and her two-year old daughter Bessie.

Dode was wearing black for her oldest brother James, who had died in February. Their greeting was a warm one and as she embraced Nancy she said:

"I had to come at once on arriving from Boston to tell you that I've seen Abby and that enchanting baby of hers. I also enjoyed meeting Mr. Gibson. What a fine man he is! Abby looked so well and happy and what a lovely home they have."

Henry took her wraps and then turned to the little girl, saying: "Is this Bessie, the youngest?"

"No," Dode replied, "I have left Jim, the baby, with sister Mary Soley and Annie is now old enough to make visits alone. She and Josephine Homer have been with sister Harriet Hall in Newport for a week, their spring holiday."

Untying her bonnet, Dode continued:

"Charles is here to talk business with brother Bradford. Our trustee, Mr. Wise, died and Charles wants Bradford to take charge of my affairs."

Henry ventured to say:

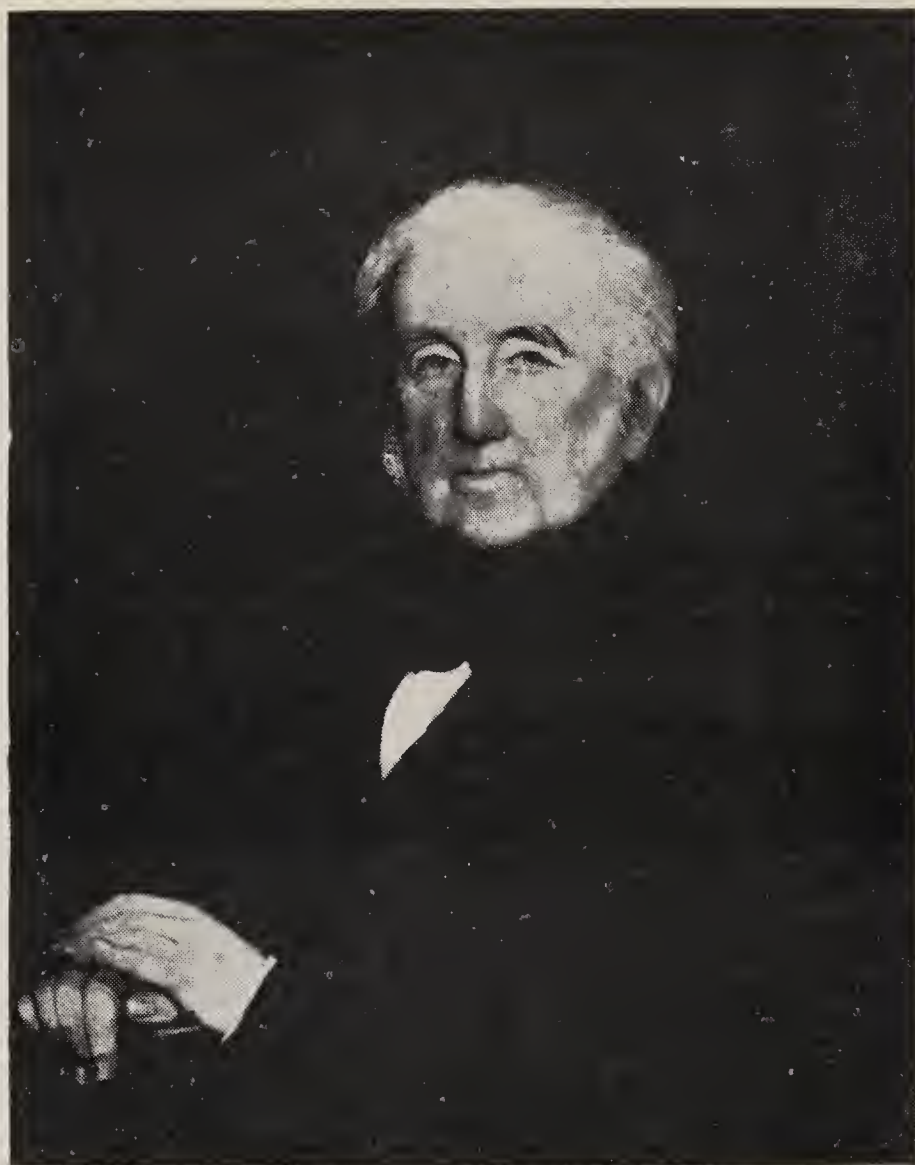
"Why doesn't Charles do it, he's had as much experience as Bradford?"

"I know," said Dode, "I wish he would but he always said he could manage his own affairs but he would rather not handle mine and until now there has been no reason to. You know father left me all his property in Louisville, Kentucky, and that's a long way from Boston."

"No longer for Charles than for Bradford," Henry spoke frankly. "Bradford has not done too well with his own estate, I understand, although he still has the best looking turnout in town and maintains the largest establishment."



CHARLES D'WOLF GIBSON
Oldest son of Abby D'Wolf and Charles Dana Gibson
"Charley"



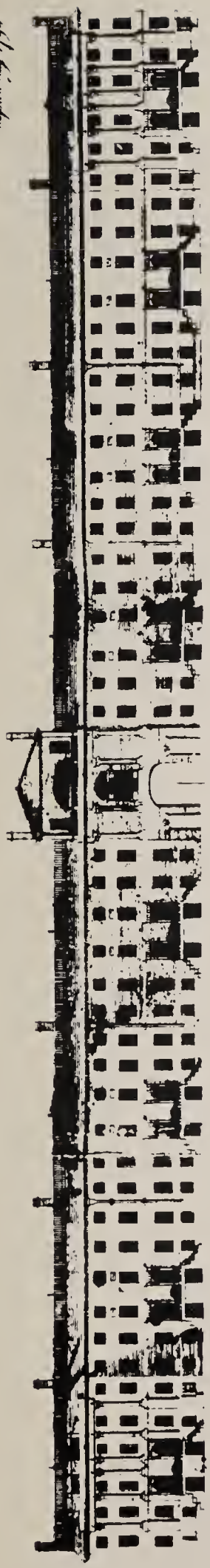
JOHN MARSTON 3RD AND COAT OF ARMS



John Marston

N. Hurd Sculp

W. H. P. May 1794.



S. H. H. 55

Plan & Elevation of the TONTINE CRESCENT now existing in BOSTON

FRANKLIN PLACE

John Marston 3rd. and his family occupied no. 11 Franklin Place from 1796 to 1812. The Massachusetts Historical Society obtained the room over the central archway as their first headquarters early in 1794, and have now in their archives the architect's plan and elevation of the same, of which this is a photostat.

Franklin Place has long since been abandoned for residential purposes, and occupied by wholesale warehouses, but Franklin

and Arch Streets preserve the location of the little park in front of, and the archway through the centre of this group of buildings. As of Nov. 1935. Franklin Place was built by the well known architect Mr. Charles Bulfinch. It was arranged in the form of a crescent, with ornamental trees and shrubbery, a monument to Franklin, and the whole enclosed with a handsome railing. There was great demand for the twenty-four houses by men of the highest standing which insured its success from the first.



ABBY GIBSON and HENRY MAITLAND GIBSON
Son of Abby D'Wolf and Charles Dana Gibson



Fearing he had said too much, in speaking his mind, Henry changed the subject.

"Tell me how they all are at the Mount. I haven't seen them this winter. Mary Soley has made Bradford a fine wife and how pretty little Harriet is! She must be quite grown up."

"Yes, Henry, Harriet is a lovely girl. She is in school in New York, living with Juliana, who by the way has a lovely family of boys. It makes me feel very old to be a great-aunt."

Nancy added:

"It all depends on circumstances, my father says."

Nancy, who was in her 60th year, could usually quote the wise sayings of her father John Marston, who at 90 was hail and hearty.

"He declares all people should act their age. If one is being married at fifty, then he is *too old*, but should he become a grandparent at forty, then he is *too young*. Or something of that logic."

Here Henry interrupted:

"What you're trying to say, my dear, is that Dode is very young to be a great-aunt, and so she is. If my memory holds rightly, you're only a couple of years older than your niece. Am I right?"

"Yes, mother and her oldest son were having babies at the same time."

"I warrant you'll be a great-great-aunt before you're my age, I understand the Cuttings marry young."

Dode laughed: "Young Robert is only eight, so we will give him a few more years."

Resuming the conversation Dode went on to say:

"I called on Charlotte and Maria Rogers yesterday and was shocked to see Robert looking so old."

Nancy glanced in Henry's direction to make sure he didn't take up the subject of Robert in his usual way, then said:

"You know, Dode, that Robert is 24 years older than Maria and she, being in her 56th year, doesn't exactly make him youthful."

Dode replied: "That's a lovely house."

Nancy implored her, "Don't get Henry on that subject, Dode, I beg of you."

"I'm sorry, I didn't think it was serious. I can't think how you could want 'Paposqua' with this sweet place. I wouldn't make an even trade. We lunched with Sophie and Francis' little girl, Caroline, who is just Bessie's age and they had a good play together."

Henry turned to where little Bessie sat in silence, swinging her legs back and forth.

"It seems to me we have neglected this young lady," said he. Lifting Bessie on his knee, he added:

"I used to know what little girls enjoyed."

Taking the largest piece of cake on the plate he handed it to Bessie, saying:

"Now after you finish that and splash in a finger-bowl you'll be as good as new."

Dode finished the sentence by adding:

"And have no appetite for her tea, but Henry you always had a way with the girls, large or small, and Bessie wouldn't be human if she could resist you."

It took some moments to gather their wraps, and the horses were brought to the door. Dode's parting words were:

"It's good to see you, Nancy, and when your girls arrive with their children, I want to see them all, so be sure to let me know."

* * * * *

The news of George D'Wolf's death brought little sorrow to the D'Wolfs of Bristol, although he was the son of their dearly loved uncle Charles (the oldest brother of William and James). The memory of his ruthless splurge at the cost of others, which in many cases resulted in their complete ruin, was not easily forgotten.

Annie wrote that her husband's duties as professor at the college made it impossible for them to leave since classes were to continue through the summer, and that furthermore she was expecting a baby in January.

Abby's news was even more exciting, for due to the fact that they were expecting another baby in September, they were obliged to find a larger house. With some difficulty, one had been located in Jamacia Plains and they would move in there during the summer. This house was to be large enough for Julia to live with them and she was to come there after spending the summer at the Farm.

But here again was to be a disappointment to Mr. Gibson, who lived for the day to come when he could see his little motherless daughter enjoy his home with her young brother. But realizing that the arrival of a second child would complicate the household and put a greater responsibility on Abby, he thought it best to wait until such time as Abby might ask to have her sent for; then

he would know the right time had come. But were he to force it now, he would always blame himself if it failed to work out smoothly.

Julia was now seven and as yet too young to have hurt feelings about not living with her father. She loved Mrs. Lenox and would feel badly to leave her. She enjoyed her summers on the Farm, but was always glad to return "home" as she called the Lenox home in Brooklyn. Besides, there were children there of her age and this winter, too, she was going to school; so Mr. Gibson tried to content himself with the thought that perhaps this, for the moment at least, was best.

Abby's baby was born in September and christened Henry Maitland. They decided to call the baby Maitland, (a character Abby took a fancy to in a story she was reading while in confinement) to distinguish him from her brother William Frederick's little son, who was also named "Henry".

Her brother William Frederick's wife Margaret had given birth to their sixth child, a little girl, named after her great-aunt Maria Rogers. When Henry learned of this, he accused both his children, Annie, who had named her first child Maria, and William of courting the good graces of their well-to-do aunt, but added:

"I think William has done Annie one better by giving his child the Rogers name. I wonder which may fare best in my sister's will?"

At this bit of sarcasm Nancy saw nothing amusing, leaving Henry with the impression that it might have been done at her suggestion.

For many years Mr. Gibson had spent Christmas and helped to play Santa Claus at the Lenox home. Feeling that his sons were hardly old enough to miss him, he explained to Abby, "that he felt his place was with Julia."

The reasoning, while sound enough to him, had no justice in Abby's eyes, and in writing her mother of this she expressed it strongly:

"I call it gross neglect to me and the two most beautiful babies in the world, on a day in their lives that can never come again. Leaving me alone at such a time when, never before have I been away from a devoted family, makes me wonder how Charles could have failed to see how much it meant to me to have him at home on that day of all days in the year."

Nancy, in answering her daughter, pointed out how easily this could have been avoided and warned Abby that the day might come when it could be a more important decision that her husband would

have to make between his motherless child and two little boys that have more than their share of mother's love. She stressed the fine qualities of Julia, and added:

“Our home would not be complete without her in the summer, and the sooner you welcome her into yours the less reason you will have for being left alone.”

CHAPTER 8

The Daughters Visit the Farm

IN 1846, it was a sad Christmas for all the family at the Farm, as it marked the passing of Nancy's father, John Marston, in his ninety-first year. He was sound of mind and had all his faculties, an inheritance to be proud of, and certainly one of the outstanding men in the country at that time, a member of this family to be remembered.

On July 4th of his last year he was invited to a dinner in memory of John Adams which he was unable to attend. He sent the following answer:

"July 4th, 1846

Mr. James C. Brown, Sir:

I thank you and the Committee of Arrangements for the friendly and polite invitation to participate in the celebration of this Glorious Anniversary.

The infirmities of old age must be my apology for non-attendance. But you may be assured that the fire of patriotism burns as bright in my bosom now, as it did at seventy-five.

That the rising generation may be duly impressed with the importance of the trust which Providence has committed to their sacred keeping is the ardent prayer of your very humble servant,

JOHN MARSTON

P.S. Please announce the following toast, if you and the Committee approve.

To the memory of the venerable
John Adams, through whose indefatigable exertion the glorious event we this day celebrate, was promoted and produced."

Nancy was crushed with grief. Although she realized the last time she visited her father, that the end could not be far off, still the vital spark burned so brightly in this grand old man, that she felt the shock of his death nonetheless.

Abby was unable to go to her grandfather's funeral, but Mr. Gibson was more than glad to be of help, attending to many things that a grief-stricken family were unable to think of at such a time.

Henry was obliged to stay on the Farm in order to let the entire family go to Quincy, giving Nancy to understand that were her sisters in need of comfort or a home, they would always find a welcome at the Farm.

When Mr. Gibson returned home he brought Abby some old pamphlets her grandfather had sewn together and bound roughly. The margins of many of these were marked with comments in his own handwriting which Mr. Gibson felt added greatly to their value. Abby's disappointment was evident when she viewed them.

"When I think of all the beautiful, bound in leather, books Grandpa had in his library, I wonder how you could bring those old things, Charles?"

"I saw nothing there, my dear, that money couldn't buy except what I brought. You must learn to value things that can be had only for love and not for money. Your aunt Louisa thought you would appreciate these. She will doubtless have to sell her father's library. He did not leave them well off."

Mr. Gibson was sorry not to have brought something more to Abby's liking, but found the papers of great interest himself. Among them was the current account of the illness and death of George Washington. This account was bordered in black ink as a mark of respect. In another paper, with headlines was an account of the duel of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton.

"No doubt these papers will someday be of great value, Abby," he said. "I will wrap them carefully. They were doubtless collected by the first John Marston, your great-grandfather, and have been carefully cared for by his son. Don't let anything happen to them."

* * * * *

We move now to the winter of 1847. Mr. Gibson found that his business would keep him mostly in Buffalo, and so to avoid having to divide his trips between three places, he suggested taking Julia with him in order to spend all his time with Abby and the boys when he came East. But this Abby would not hear of. She would follow her husband, she said, to the ends of the earth if necessary, which Mr. Gibson thought most generous of her. She pointed out the dangers to a child Julia's age without a woman's care, so all the Gibson belongings were packed up and the family moved West, with the exception of Julia.

After twelve dreary months of suppressed homesickness, Abby greeted the suggestion of returning East for six months, with un-

disguised delight. While she had taken pride in her effort to keep her real feelings from her husband regarding her longing to go home, he had watched the color go out of her cheeks and in unguarded moments, the sadness in her eyes. She wrote her mother, "He took me in his arms, and said, 'The Bristol air will do the boys so much good'."

The summer of 1848 will long be remembered, as events followed events. From Charleston, South Carolina, Annie was to come for her first visit home since her marriage, bringing her two little girls; baby Annie having been born a year ago January, was now old enough to travel.

It was at first suggested that they should stay with the aunts, but Henry wanted his grandchildren under his own roof, and said, "I would hate to think of those children wondering if they would grow up to look like old Rogers."

Nancy humored him and promised that the girls should stay at home for the present at least. The next most exciting news was Cecilia's engagement to John Barnard Swett, and Julia was to arrive as soon as her school closed. Abby and the boys were expected in June, their first visit to Bristol. The large front room was to be theirs since Mr. Gibson would be with them and Annie was to occupy a smaller room across the hall. There was a crib for little Annie, while, for the time being, Maria could sleep with her mother.

Fresh white curtains were hung at all the bedroom windows. Mary Spooner was busy ordering slaves about, many of whom had grown up along with Miss Annie and Miss Abby, and there was little they did not enjoy doing for those young ladies.

The day came for Annie's arrival. The coach was eagerly watched for. All the neighbors were waiting with the family. Mrs. Church, from the farm next door (toward Bristol) was joined by Mrs. Fales, whose farm was just beyond. Dear old uncle Levi, who lived on the other side of the road, was not well enough to come, but his sweet wife Lydia came, so as to take back the news to him, as he never lost interest in the younger generation. The friends up the road would see the coach pass by and reserve their visit until later. Besides, Miss Annie Munroe was sure to have the arrival well dramatized and it would be relayed within the hour.

As Annie alighted from the coach with her two beautiful children and three black maids from Charleston, she was well pleased with her reception. It took a few days to get adjusted. The maids were to keep strict watch over the children, leaving Annie free to visit her friends and relations.

With the arrival of Abby and her family, excitement reached a high pitch. The coach was late and two sleepy little boys were hurried off to bed. Abby was concerned about their supper amid enthusiastic greetings, such as, "Dearest Mamah! and dearest Papah! precious Annie and those darling little girls; my sweet little sister Cecilia, all grown up and engaged to be married."

FitzHenry and Alex were gushed over, but little Julia was hardly noticed. She had run to her father and held close to his hand.

Just as Abby was going upstairs, her husband called to her: "Abby! this is Julia."

Abby turned and looking over the balustrade said: "Oh!" She had planned a gracious welcome for the child, for she was anxious to be loved by her even if she was unable to return it.

"I can't stop now, Charles; Julia would perhaps like to see me put the children to bed?"

He answered for Julia: "I am sure she would."

Julia followed Abby upstairs. Abby asked her to take a seat while she started to undress and bathe the boys. Julia asked if she might help, but Abby explained that she never let anyone except herself do anything for the children, and declared:

"They are used to me and I don't think they would like anyone else to put them to bed."

Julia persisted: "I'd like to try sometime." She had dreamed of knowing these little brothers and she was prepared to love them.

Abby kissed her babies and knelt beside their bed while she said a prayer; she then turned to Julia and said:

"Tell Mr. Gibson to come upstairs, will you, my dear?"

Julia hesitated a moment and then said: "You mean my father?"

"Yes," and Abby busied herself putting the children's clothes away and making the room tidy.

Mr. Gibson returned with Julia, his arm around her. "Come Julia, kiss your little brothers good-night."

Abby watched this strange picture. She suddenly felt like an outsider. Her place had always been by her husband's side.

"Charles," Abby put her hand on his arm, "Don't kiss the boys tonight. I mean Julia, you know sometimes children have diseases that are contagious and the boys are tired and in just the right condition to catch anything."

Charles was annoyed, but said: "I think Julia is free from germs, my dear. She looks the picture of health and I want the boys to know their little sister."

Abby said no more and left the room.

The evening was a jolly one with much laughter and songs by each of the married daughters. Annie had brought some new melodies from the South, and Abby played and sang the songs that had so charmed her husband on the Lake boat. Henry enjoyed his daughters, but on his way to bed, declared that "While they were very lovely, they did not compare with their mother."

* * * * *

There were calls to be made, these developed into visits, for some of the town people were not fortunate enough to have their own carriage, which meant they must depend upon the coach and as there was only one up in the morning that passed the one that came down, it was necessary to wait for the afternoon coach to return to Bristol.

The Farm was the scene of merry children and happy voices while the older members of the family sipped their afternoon tea or a glass of home made wine.

The Farm was, also, a place of great interest for all ages and when a guest was thought important enough to be allowed to explore the attic or cellar, it usually developed into a properly conducted tour by Mary Spooner, who produced the keys and led the way.

In the cellar was the wine closet or cider room, as it was called. Extending under the main part of the house was the root cellar where were kept potatoes, turnips, beets, carrots, and cabbages. The attic, or garret, was of huge dimension displaying labyrinths of dried pumpkins, peaches, and apples hanging in festoons upon the hand-hewn rafters amid bunches of summer savory, boneset, fennel, and herbs of all kinds. On the floor were heaps of wool and flaxtow.

The geese were plucked three times a year despite the noisy remonstrances of both goose and gander.

The linen closet, which was room size, held shelves of neatly folded towels, pillow-cases and sheets made of home-spun linen, all woven by villagers, tablecloths of damask and napkins large enough to cover one's entire lap. This closet was sweet with bags of lavender and all the linen held its fragrance while it was in use. Deep chests of drawers were filled with cedarwood shavings to protect the soft wool blankets from moths. To explore the house was a treat and each closet drawer and door had its key that jingled at the belt of Mary Spooner.

CHAPTER 9

Some Old Records

AUNT Martha closed her brother's home in Quincy. She and her niece Louisa were to spend the summer at the Farm. Alexander had married Mary Bowers, and was living in Boston, leaving the homestead busy with plans for Cecilia's wedding to John Swett, which took place in January.

John Marston's estate had been settled. While he had once been a rich man there was little left except some of the beautiful old furniture and a great many loving memories of bygone days.

A letter of her father, sent to Nancy after his death by her cousin Mrs. Thomas B. Adams, was read aloud with great interest. It had been written by him in 1835, describing Thanksgiving day when he was a boy.

"Dear Cousin:

This is Thanksgiving Day and we have eaten our plum-pudding alone, a circumstance I do not recollect having occurred before in the span of my long life. (He was then seventy-nine years old.) All anniversaries bring with them solemn reflections, and remind us of former days.

I have been cogitating on one of the earliest I can remember, when I was about ten years old.

My father always invited a large party to supper in the evening of those days, and by carrying you back to one of those suppers, I may be able to give you some idea of the olden times you expressed a wish to hear about.

The room in which we were to be assembled was the drawing room, but in those days it was called the large parlor, at the upper end of which stood a large desk and bookcase. Between the windows hung a large pier-glass with a black and gold frame, and under it a mahogany round table, covered with a beautiful chintz of that day. Opposite to this was another glass with a gold frame. The chairs were also carved mahogany with black morocco seats. In one corner stood a clock with a blue and gold enamel case, and in the other a buffet, fashionable in those days, the upper part of which displayed the richest burnt enameled china, and the lower part a goodly assortment of silver, which was more common in those days than now.

The window curtains were blue, made of a fabric not now in use, composed of worsted and cotton, or it may have been linen, very handsome.

The carpet was humble Scotch, and considered at that time a great luxury. The walls were hung with flowered paper, and decorated with elegant prints of the King and Queen, Lord Chatham, Lord Camden, and some others I do not recall of a different description. The old-fashioned walnut wood fire must not be omitted, or the brass fire set so seldom seen now, the cheerful accompaniment at a family gathering.

The only children present on that occasion were your aunt Bessie Treat and myself. We were anxiously looking at the door to see the company as they arrived. First came our old Grandfather Greenwood, with the countenance of a saint, his silver locks flowing on his shoulders, his cambric neck-cloth tucked through the button-hole of his coat, and next our venerable Grandmother with a rich brocade, so substantial it might stand alone, yet with the address of her sex she could occasionally raise her dress, so as to discover a scarlet broadcloth skirt with broad gold lace about the bottom.

There was also my aunt Bounds, my father's sister (this was Eunis Marston who afterwards married John Procter; her portrait by Copley is now in possession of John Marston Goodwin's family) in a rich colored damask dress. I have since seen many Duchesses while in England, who with all their diamonds were vastly her inferior in beauty, dignity of port, and elegance of manner. She was at this time a widow. Next to her was my good Aunt Treat, your worthy Grandmother, dressed in a brocade the color of which I have forgotten. There too, was her noble husband, my Uncle Robert Treat, your grandfather, dressed in a blue coat, scarlet vest, black small-clothes and white hose. He had the face of an Appolo, with the dignity of Mars. There was also your Uncle Nathaniel and Samuel Greenwood in plain suits; their brother was approaching to a Maccaroni, what we now call a dandy. His manners were gentile and courtly, his coat was scarlet with a dash of gold lace; he was naturally fond of dress, but at this time he was Secretary to the Governor of Nova Scotia, in which situation a young man could wish to appear well dressed. And last, though not least, my beloved father and mother, their portraits are familiar to you.

When we recollect, dear cousin, our worthy ancestors who were possessed of high moral worth and most of them of deep and ardent piety, should we not be proud of our progenitors?

In addition to the relations of the family, my father invited several other guests. On this occasion I remember the Rev. William Allen, an English patriot, James Ottis, well known in history of the Revolution, Dr. Young and some others.

At nine o'clock the company were ushered into the supper room. The first course was served on highly polished pewter

plates, the second on the finest china; the knives and forks were silver handled and the candlesticks were of pure silver. The table was of polished oak, covered with the finest linen."

This was all that could be deciphered, and Nancy kissed the pages before folding them up. Among boxes of letters were found personal greetings to John Marston from his friends, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, George Washington Adams, Elias Phinny, John Milton and his close friend Eldridge Gerry and many other outstanding men of his time. Though he had been only a lad of nineteen at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill, he had taken an active part in it. He often quoted the speech Daniel Webster made at the laying of the corner stone of the monument as being one of the finest Webster had ever delivered. It was afterwards learned that he had provided all the details of the speech at Mr. Webster's request.

The grandchildren received their share of family possessions from Quincy after his sister and daughter, Louisa, furnished a small home for themselves in Taunton, Massachusetts, where, at the age of seventy-six Aunt Martha died.

In looking over some of the old papers among John Marston's belongings, Mr. Gibson, while at the Farm, came across a pamphlet written in England in 1779. It said they were besieged by "3300 Rebel land forces" under the command of Lovell. On the margin of the page written in John Marston's hand, was, "The greatest number at no time exceeded 870 rank and file—J. M." At that time he was Secretary to Solomon Lovell, who was Brigadier General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of Massachusetts Bay, and employed on an expedition against the army of Great Britain at Penobscot.

Mr. Gibson remarked: "We must have looked very terrible to the British."

In the same English pamphlet was stated: "The flying scouts of thirty men commanded by Lieut. Caffrae of the 83rd in particular distinguished themselves to admiration by marching frequently around the Peninsula, both by day and by night, with drums and fifes playing the tune called 'Yankee,' which greatly dispirited the enemy and prevented their small parties from galling our men at the works."

On the margin of this page was written: "The British troops played Yankee Doodle by way of contempt every evening at sunset until one evening I ordered our music to play 'When Sandy up to London Went'."

There was much of interest connected with John Marston's life. He spent a great many years in England and while there had seen George IV take his "seat." On this occasion he wrote:

"One day, while walking with the secretary of Lord Camden, we were talking about the war that had just been terminated, when I drew from my pocketbook some lines I had written on the death of my little brother, who had died while the family were at Woburn.

He had been named for Lord Camden, and an allusion to the Earl had been introduced into the lines, in consequence of his having been a firm friend of the colonies both before and during the war.

I gave them to the secretary and requested him to give them to the Earl, observing, 'perhaps they will serve to remind him that at least one American appreciated his love for our country.' Not long afterwards I received an invitation to call on the Earl, and it was through him that I received a much-desired card of admission.

On entering the ante-chamber appropriated for the reception of all that England contained of eminence, dignity, and rank, assembled to see the heir-apparent to the British Crown take his place as one of the hereditary legislators of the realm, I'm afraid I surveyed the brilliant assemblage with a critical eye, and was impressed with the bearing of many of the noble personage who composed it. But I looked in vain for a Washington. There was not one in the House of Lords that day who in dignity of manner, personal appearance, or majesty of deportment, could be compared with General Washington."

In describing the dress of those present, it was interesting to note how anxious America was to impress upon the British the simple habits we the people of our beloved country believed to be its greatest safeguard. But being young, John Marston found it was not easy for him to throw off the ideas he had been brought up with, and Mr. Gibson read with interest the comments expressed on this occasion regarding our ambassadors' dress. He wrote:

"Among the ambassadors present was Mr. John Adams, representing our country. He was dressed in a plain suit of brown, entirely unpretending, too much so, for such an occasion."

At another place he wrote:

"I heard the Duke of Kent say to his brother, the Duke of Cambridge, 'Do you see that old fudge in brown?' That is the American Minister."

It was while in London that John Marston met his future wife Ann Randall who afterwards came to America with her parents, and

whose marriage took place in Trinity Church, Newport, Rhode Island, August 4th, 1784. In 1812 he and his family moved from Boston to Quincy where he was able to renew an earlier acquaintance with former President Adams.

While John Marston was in England, he had visited Yorkshire, where is situated "Marston Moor" the scene of the memorable battle of 1644. The family were brought from Normandy in 1066 by William the Conqueror, and to one of these that monarch granted, for military service, a large estate. Other records disclosed a pamphlet with the title "My Recollections of the Battle of Lexington" and papers headed 1765 and 1768, documents from the Royal Secretary of the Province. These were carefully placed aside as the candle-light at the Farm was too dim for Mr. Gibson's eyes, and he asked if he might carry a box of these fascinating papers to Boston with him.

Many visits during the summer were made by Mr. Gibson, and he watched with interest how sturdy his boys' legs grew, and ruddy their cheeks in contrast to the pale ones they had brought from Buffalo.

One evening, after Abby had tucked the boys into bed, he took her in his arms and said:

"Abby dear, you have not been very happy in Buffalo. How would you like to have a home here in Bristol, where you and the children can stay all the time? I will, of course, come as often as possible."

I have, no doubt, that there are moments in everyone's life, when so much pleasure in the heart; no words can express. Such a moment was being experienced by Abby, who threw her arms around her husband's neck and held him close to her.

This, thought Mr. Gibson, is the key to the complete happiness I have been looking for. This will bring me the answer to my dreams of having my family under one roof.

There were tears in Abby's eyes as they met his:

"You're not crying, surely?" he asked.

Abby's answer came with a sob:

"Happy tears, Charles, I've never been so happy in *all* my life. This means so much to me, to have a real home of our own. I have never been happy living in other people's houses. I want my own home more than anything else on earth. It will mean so much to all of us and generations to come."

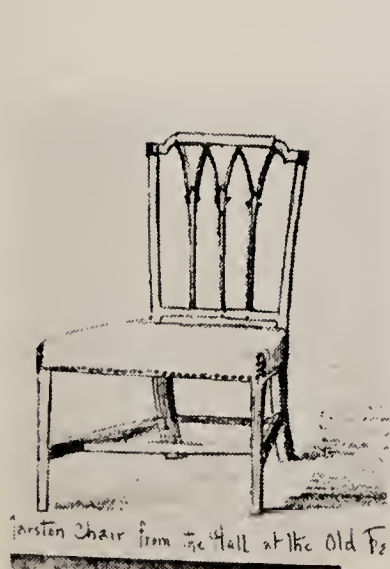
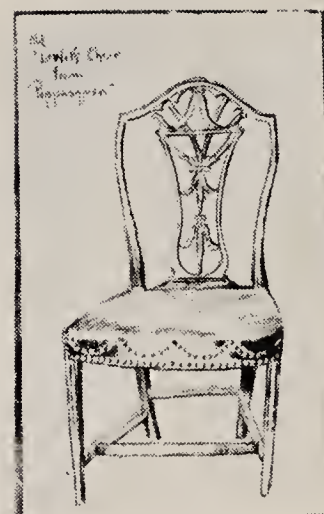
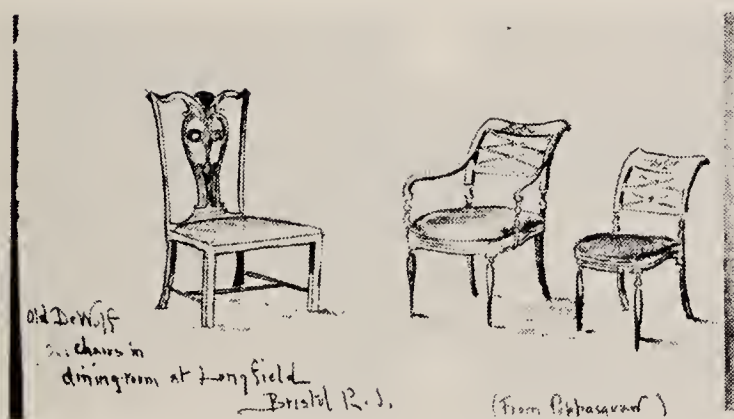
Mr. Gibson was smiling down at his wife's happy face as she looked up into his.

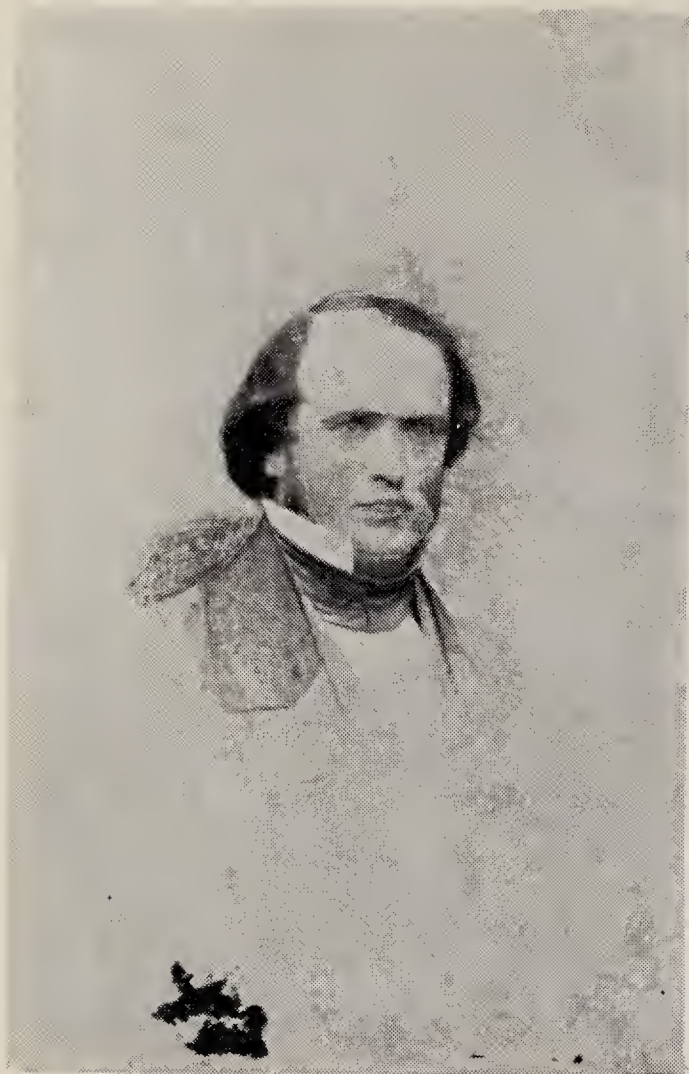
"I hope so, dear," he said. "We'll build for the future, Abby, for our children and their children and who knows, perhaps our great-grandchildren."

They laughed at the very thought of looking so far into the future.



"LONGFIELD"





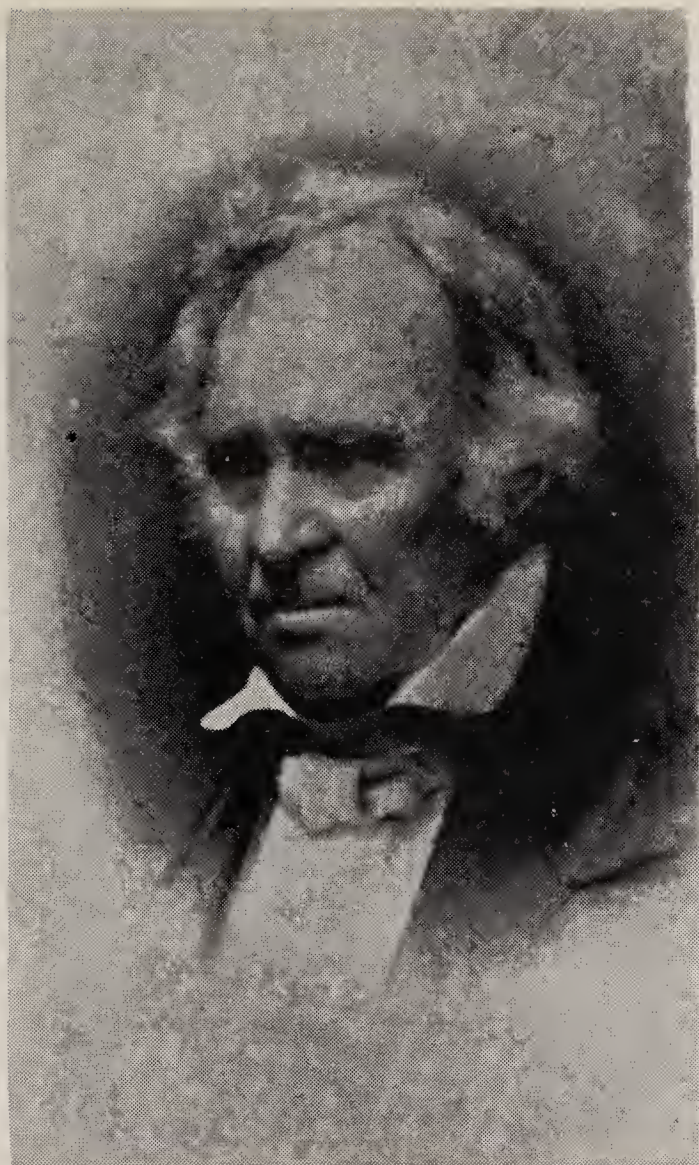
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
"Charles"



JULIA
His daughter Julia by his first marriage



ABBY with her first baby girl LOUISA
MARSTON GIBSON
"Lulu"



HENRY D'WOLF

"Henry D'Wolf, son of the late William D'Wolf, died in his seventy-third year. He was the oldest member of the D'Wolf family and will be missed with regret among the many who have so long known him.

He was a person of noble appearance, his figure symmetrical and commanding, his face expressing keen mental powers and great tenderness of heart. He was the perfect gentleman in his manners, kind, courteous and dignified. A great humanitarian having keen insight into character and withal a delicate sense of beauty in nature, literature and art. Graduating from Brown University in 1811, he had a library of rare works. His judgment, when not warped by his tenderness of heart, was sound and clear. His mind was right toward his Lord and Master, whose religion he professed for more than forty-five years. His deportment in the sanctuary was always that of a humble believer."

One of his last prayers was:

"He is vain that putteth his trust in man of creatures.

Be not ashamed to serve others for the love of Jesus Christ; nor to be esteemed poor in this world.

Presume not upon thyself, but place thy trust in God."



“Common Prayer” and “Proper Lesson” books given “Charley” on his 15th birthday by his father, having been given to his father on his 15th birthday.



ABBY

CHAPTER 10

Longfield

ABBY announced the good news at once to the family, and it was not long before it reached the village. What had started out as a statement that Mr. Gibson was to build a home for Abby near the D'Wolf Farm had grown into the report that "Mr. Gibson was building a mansion on the Neck."

There were weeks of planning before anything could be started, but it took only a few hours to decide it should face the sunset and be near the Farm where Abby could see her mother every day.

A long field across the road from the Farm was thought a suitable place, as the cows grazed there making a pretty meadow. The house should face the lane that led to the shore and be near enough the road to make it accessible in stormy weather. Plans were then discussed, and the best architect of the day engaged.

Abby wanted a modern home with all the modern improvements, such as running water and central heat and grates in the fireplaces in which to burn coal. This was to be Abby's house and she could have anything she wanted.

There was little else thought of, or talked about for a year and Abby and the boys stayed at the Farm in order to follow the building. There were many references to "the house being built in the long field" until it naturally became known as 'Longfield'."

It was a frame house, quite different from anything in Bristol. English-Gothic had just come into style and while the exterior had almost a cottage appearance, one was struck with the grandeur on entering the front door. Great spacious rooms with high ceilings met the eye, and a flying staircase with polished mahogany banister. Carpets were ordered from Europe to cover the floors. The bookcase made of black walnut in the library, was carved by Weeden, and large sliding blinds covered the tall French windows on the first floor. The drapes were of heavy brocade and the upholstery was of velvet. The library carpet had been made in England for the coronation of Queen Victoria, representing Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales.

No restrictions were placed on its furnishings. Cabinet makers in New York and Boston contributed their skill in the most modern and comfortable style of the day. Some old pieces of Hepplewhite and Duncan-fyfe, already part of their belongings, blended in well.

Long before the house was finished, Abby showed friends through the rooms with modest pride. It was usual for the houses in Bristol to have outside earthen-closets, therefore the ingenious invention of the "water-closet" created much interest. This was inclosed in a room by itself, in the back hall. The bathroom was a larger room with built-in copper tub and marble hand basin. The bedrooms were far removed from the sound of running water, which might prove disturbing. Not to ignore the old way of life entirely, there was an earthen-closet for the help built on the first floor, accessible from the laundry.

"Longfield" was finished in the Fall of 1850. The boys were growing up; Charley would be six in a few weeks, and Maitland was four. They were to have a pony and most things that children of that age enjoy. There were woods to explore and streams to follow. Indian relics turned up from time to time, and Uncle Alex elaborated on their importance which brought the time of Indians living on the place to such close proximity that one might expect to see them behind most any tree.

Uncle Alex had taught the boys to swim and on rainy days there was the attic to play in, a room that was the size of the entire house, finished only by the rafters that held the steep gabled roof.

Charley and Maitland roomed together, with a small dressing room separating Julia's which was entered from the back hall.

There were two slave houses on the property, and one of these was put in condition for the white overseer and his family. The stone walls that divided the fields and lanes were rebuilt with large red gates to harmonize with the house which was painted a light red with darker trimmings. The barns and out-buildings were all constructed in Gothic design, matching the house.

For a while they lived off the Farm; while an orchard was started, grapevines set out, raspberry patches and strawberry beds were featured, and by the summer of 1853, Longfield was in full running order.

But to go back to 1850. Julia had returned to her school in New York before the house was finished and was to stay there until the Christmas holiday.

Cecilia and her husband announced the birth of a daughter. Christened Elizabeth Gray, but conforming to family tradition of adopting nicknames, she was called "Lilly."

Annie had returned to Charleston with her three little girls (Alicia having been born in 1849) but owing to an epidemic of yellow fever, was obliged to move her family to Sullivan's Island where her baby boy was born. Ten days later a terrifying storm swept the island of all small houses. Russell Middleton reached the island in time to rescue and moved them to safety behind heavy masonry walls of Fort Moultrie, where Col. Seymour and his kind wife shared their rooms until after the storm.

Charley Gibson being six years old listened to stirring tales like this that made his Aunt Annie Middleton of greater interest to him than any other member of the family. The coming and going of his aunt and her ever growing family were important events in the spring and fall.

At this period of his life Charley was desirous of being like John, who worked on the place. John was a Scotchman, slightly lame, who chewed tobacco and always spat before answering a question. Charley found that chewing licorice, gave much the same effect, and when no one was looking he walked with a limp. How long this impersonation lasted before another personality took his fancy he could not remember.

When he became seven, Charley was driven to school every morning in the milk cart, and the surrey called for him at noon, his afternoons were spent clearing off the ice pond, down the lane, or with his sled. The days were short and the evenings were spent around the dining room table, being read to by his mother. At nine, he was old enough to walk home from school. This took most of the afternoon; the sun was down almost before he reached the gate, carrying heavy books under his arm. Then there were lessons to be learned, and so, another winter passed. His loves were many and his hates were none. His heart was full of affection for his grandfather and grandmother and the wish that they would never die. He enjoyed the firelight as its shadows jumped about on the ceiling after he was in bed at night, and he was awakened in the morning by the sound of the coffee grinder and the big clock in the hall that told him it was time to get up. The fire in the grate would be out and the room very cold.

All these things took place at the time but do we know them or in later years remember them through some like sound, and the memory becomes a part of our youth.

One thing more real at that time in Charley's thoughts was the wish that his father came to Longfield more often. The happiest days he could remember were those spent when his father was home and they all took a walk to Governor Bradford's Farm that looked across Mount Hope Bay to the Massachusetts shore, or to the top of Mount Hope for a drink of fresh water from the spring at the "seat of King Phillip." There they would ask Abby for the history of the Indians who once lived there, and being a very good story teller, she would relate the story so well known in Bristol, and often stretch the truth to a most thrilling climax.

These simple thoughts were all Charley had to live with. His brother Maitland was now old enough to be a companion, but a never-to-be-forgotten day was when his mother gave him a red setter pup. Because of his soft silky coat of red, "Red" became his name. A new world of responsibility was opened up in Charley's life, as this close companion and friend became a part of it. Walks in the woods had a new interest. While Charley was too young to carry a gun, he was able to train Red in anticipation of the time they would both be old enough to hunt. His favorite walk was along the water's edge that led to his cousin Carry D'Wolf's, who lived on Pappoosesquaw Point on a farm just beyond the Aunt's and he often dropped in on them if Carry was not at home. Carry lived with her grandmother, her father having married again after her mother's death. She too wished she saw her father more often, making a mutual bond of sympathy, which they talked of freely to each other but to no one else. Carry's father lived where she could see him every day, but with a new wife. That might be even worse, Charley thought. Carry was fun—she made him laugh; being two years older than Charley, she helped him with his lessons.

* * * * *

The summer of 1853 was the scene of much gaiety on Bristol Neck, for all the grandchildren were to meet. Annie was given a small house by her father on Gooding lane, just back of Longfield, so as to make room for William Frederick and Margaret and their eight children who were coming to spend the summer at the Farm. Of their family, Annie Eliza was sixteen, Charlotte was fourteen, William twelve, Mary Arnold ten, Henry nine, Maria Rogers was seven, Edward Padeford five, and Telie was three.

Annie Middleton's children were nine, six, and four; the baby boy not quite two. And Charley and Maitland were nine and seven. The time was spent between Longfield and the Farm, exhausting all the wonders the country held for the children from Chicago,

making a new interest for the ones already familiar with such wonders.

Many cousins came every day from the village. Among them were the Howe boys, Herbert and Reggy, and the James D'Wolf Perry boys, Raymond, James, and Calbraith. Cousin Juliana Cutting was staying with her uncle at the Mount; and her four children were familiar playmates. Also cousin Dode Lovett's five children from Boston, their ages ranging from Charlie, who was sixteen, down to baby Harriett who was three. And there was always Carry D'Wolf, Charley Gibson's favorite cousin. Her father Francis D'Wolf had been left a widower with one little daughter, Caroline. He had married again, Eliza West, and continued to live in the beautiful home James D'Wolf had built for his oldest son Mark Anthony (father of Francis). His mother had moved to a much more modest home on the same property, taking little Carry with her.

With so many of the new generation growing up, it was not surprising that the older members of the family were passing on, and it was felt deeply when Dode's brother William Henry D'Wolf died, being only fifty-one years of age. His home "Linden Place" had long been the center of gaiety in Bristol. His five beautiful daughters had been a great attraction. He had built a small theater, like a wing, on one side of the house, and had invited actors to come from New York to entertain his friends. Gentlemen minstrels were much in vogue. And it so happened that three of his daughters ran off with three of his minstrel entertainers. He never recovered from the shock and disappointment. The oldest daughter Rosalie, eloped with John Hopper, the son of a Quaker philanthropist, and after seventeen years they had a son named William D'Wolf, better known in much later years as "DeWolf Hopper" the Actor.

Another daughter, Merrian, eloped with Doctor John Wheeler, M.D. and had a happy life until in later years, having outlived her generation, she was left without family or money. Madeline, the youngest daughter, eloped with Benjamin Smith, but after some years took back her maiden name. She had an interesting life with her daughter in Paris, who had married Sir. Austin Lee, Secretary of the British Legation. There were two other daughters, Mrs. David Budd and Mrs. George Gardner, whose daughter Nellie became DeWolf Hopper's first wife.

There are much greater tragedies in life, however, than marriages that are thought unsuitable by one's parents. Such a one

struck very close to the hearts of all who lived on the "Neck" for after one of the happiest summers that could be remembered, when all the grandchildren and cousins learned to know each other, it happened. The day of parting had arrived. William Frederick and Margaret, leaving on the Bay State Steamer with their eight children, met with such an accident as rocked the sympathy of all who learned of it. The starboard chimney gave way off Point Judith and four of their older daughters were scalded and died one after the other, within ten days, at a hospital in New York. Only the presence of mind of Margaret, who threw herself on top of her baby Telie to cover her from breathing the steam, saved the child from the same dreadful death.

Many weeks passed before the fearful shock and grief were out of the minds of the family for a moment. While the children were saddened, still play was soon resumed as Chicago seemed almost as remote as Heaven to most of the young ones, but summers after the tragedy were never quite the same.

Henry D'Wolf never recovered from the tragic deaths of his grandchildren. He was ill some months, and Nancy seldom left his bedside. He died at the age of seventy-two, loved by his family and respected by all who knew him. Nancy's back was not bent and the beauty of her face told of the happy life she had spent with a devoted husband. She saw to everything about the funeral just as she knew Henry would have expected her to. Carriages filled the road to the Cemetery, a distance of almost three miles.

* * * * *

Years have a way of slipping by and at thirteen, Charley Gibson was sent to school in Boston. He made good headway in his lessons, for he was an earnest student. He met many life-long friends, but his cousin Jim Lovett (Dode Lovett's son) came first in his affection and lasted a life time.

Jim Lovett was the acknowledged leading all-round amateur athlete of his day. His famous catch without gloves when pitching for the Lowells against Harvard, of a hot ball from the bat of James Barr Ames, will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see it. He was a member of the Oneida Football Club, the first organized football in the United States. It was strictly a school game long before it was taken up by colleges and universities, both here and in England, and was played for many years on Boston Common, where stands a monument today, which bears his name with other members of the team.

CHAPTER 11

Rumors of War

ANNIE Middleton, having come North with all her children for her father's funeral, decided to stay, although it was earlier than usual. She moved into the little house on Gooding Lane; this she named "Hayfield." It gave her time to start a garden and with the help of John Dempster, the gardener lent to her from Longfield, and what Aunt Louisa gave her from Grandpa Marston's things, made Hayfield liveable and attractive.

There were rumors of war between the States, but Rhode Island seemed remote. Annie brought disturbing stories from Charleston. Although all her early associations had been in New England, her sympathies were decidedly with the South, so much so that any conversation on the subject brought disunity, and ended in Abby bursting into tears and Cecilia declaring "that Annie had been tainted by her life in a part of the country only fit to be lived in by blacks." While Annie revelled in the facts that "although she lived more simply in the North than her sisters, she at least had *trained* butlers, gardeners, and maids in the South."

The Farm was now only a name. It needed repairs which were costly and Nancy saw no way to meet the expenses. The cattle were sold and accounts were confusing as Nancy had never handled them. FitzHenry was traveling in the West, and her sister Louisa was staying on to comfort her, but without Henry, she was lost and she longed "for the day when her time would come and she could rest in her Saviour's arms, and her spirit would be near Henry."

It was *now* necessary for Abby to turn Longfield into a real farm. More cow-barns were built, and more corn-cribs and pigstys. There had always been enough eggs and chickens for the family but now there had to be enough to provide the other families. Mr. Gibson was glad to be of help and was only sorry that Longfield was not large enough to take them all in. He was about to express this to Nancy one day, as he sat beside her on the Farm piazza, but when he brought his foot down with some force to emphasize his sincerity, the floor gave way.

"That settles it," he said. "The least I can do is to build you a new piazza."

Mr. Gibson did not stop there. He built on behind the old house, another complete house with modern comforts, large enough to take care of Nancy and her sister and Mary Spooner, whose faithful care will never be forgotten. FitzHenry, attracted by the promise of the West and partly in a spirit of adventure, was one of a number who crossed the plains en route for the Pacific Slope. He remained there as long as the attraction held good. Mr. Gibson offered him the trip to see to some property and mine interests he had. It was the first and nearest thing to work FitzHenry had ever attempted and he was so filled with the importance of his commission it necessitated his ordering an entire new outfit before accepting the offer. It was understood that all his expenses would be paid, and so with five hundred dollars in his pocket, he set out to see what the rest of the world looked like. This left a peaceful home for Nancy and she was deeply grateful. She asked to have Julia stay with her at the Farm where she knew the child was happy, doing little favors for the two old ladies. Julia had grown into a lovely young girl and while her room was at Longfield, she felt more at home at the Farm where she spent most of her time. Nancy knew too that her room would soon be wanted, as Abby was already making plans to turn it into a nursery.

Mr. Gibson and Abby walked down the lane to the water's edge. There they watched the fish-hawks dive for their evening meal. Narragansett Bay was dancing in the sunlight as a light breeze played over its surface. It grew less and less as the evening calm spread a pink glow across the blue water. It was a peaceful sight and the mood crept into Abby's heart as she felt a flutter there:

"Please, God," she whispered, "give me a little girl for my husband."

On the ninth day of May, 1858, a baby girl was born at Longfield. She was named Louisa Marston, after her great-aunt and called "Lulu." She was a perfect little blue-eyed, brown haired, infant, the pet of the entire family. So much attention was given her that her father felt like an outsider on his visits. He was told of her remarkable traits and accomplishments before she was a week old. Abby's life was completely filled with this new interest and her husband's visits were more or less an interruption in her daily routine, all of which she was quite unconscious of, but her husband felt deeply. His visits to Bristol became less frequent, and

he felt at times that they were almost upsetting to Abby. He arranged his trips when the boys could be there, as both were now in school in Boston. Julia was often on his conscience, as he felt he had not given her the advantages he had planned, and regretted his feeling of resentment toward Abby for doing so little in making it possible. "Abby is a good mother to her own children and I must think only of that," he said to himself.

Mr. Gibson's love for his mother-in-law, his grateful appreciation of her understanding, was the strongest emotion he had. Nancy had felt the gap growing and realized that it was Abby's fault. At times she questioned her daughter, but the conversations usually ended in a misunderstanding. Abby had what she wanted; she had given her husband two beautiful sons, and a perfect little girl. She kept an immaculate home for him to return to at any time, but "if he preferred to stay with the Lenoxs in Brooklyn, was that her fault?" Abby could always reason it *her* way. She was always there "if he wanted to see her."

Longfield was the center of social life in Bristol; perhaps not as rich turnouts stood before the door as at the Mount, but nowhere was the welcome warmer or the table more generous than at Longfield, for Abby had inherited her mother's ability to entertain simply but well, and every meal was served with dignity and order.

* * * * *

Charley was given his first gun and was carefully instructed how to use it, or more accurately, how *not* to use it. He was able to come home more often, as it was now possible to travel from Providence to Warren by train, making Bristol more accessible. He and his dog "Red" were never separated at such times. His mother, being equally fond of Red, permitted him to sleep on the foot of Charley's bed, much to the discomfort of Maitland, who shared but a small portion after Charley, who was larger, with Red now a full-grown setter. As words of protest had no effect, Maitland settled the argument by taking a pet hen to bed one night. Because of lack of room and the lice from the hen, which Maitland insisted were fleas from the dog, Red was given a comfortable bed in the hall at the head of the stairs where he could watch for his master coming and going.

The boys spent much time on the water and their boat was launched in the bay each summer, and in the winter it was kept under the library window. Charley enjoyed his horse but made more of a pet of it than a means of transportation, while Mait-

land gave more time to the farm. He spent his holidays with the live-stock, collecting eggs, named all the cows, and began outgrowing his pony, he called Frank. So with the promise of a horse of his own, Frank was finally given to his little cousin, Russell Middleton. Annie decided to stay at Hayfield through the winter; since her husband had been made president of the College of Charleston, he would be given a generous holiday.

Hayfield was but a short walk from Longfield, across the meadow, and the trip was made many times a day by both families. Charley was returning home one afternoon with Red close beside him, when they met Julia just leaving the south gate.

"Have you heard about my trip West, Charley?"

The news was exciting, but the reason for her going brought a confused picture to Charley's mind.

"Father is taking me to visit some friends of his in Texas."

"We'll miss you," Charley responded in all sincerity. "How long will you be gone?"

"Forever, I guess. There is no place for me here, and father thinks I'll be happier out there."

The thought of Julia unhappy was unthinkable to Charley. He had never thought of her like this.

"Why aren't you happy?" he asked. "Has anyone been rude to you? Just tell me and I'll fix them pretty quick."

Julia put her arm about Charley's shoulder. "There's no one to 'fix' but thanks, nevertheless. I'll be sorry to leave you and Maity." She looked down at the bundle in her hand. "Your mother packed all my things and I'm meeting father tomorrow in New York so as to say good-bye to the Lenox family. Then I'm off to the wild and woolly West."

Julia tried to sound gay, but her voice had a note of sadness which Charley was quick to sense:

"Don't go, Julia. We want you here. Please don't go. Come in and talk to mama. She'll talk to papa and you won't have to go, unless, of course you want to."

"No, Charley dear, your mother doesn't want me. She never has wanted me, but I've been happy with grandma, and I'm sorry to leave her, for I think she'll miss me."

These last words struck deep into Charley's heart. There *MUST* be a big misunderstanding here. Julia *MUST* be wrong. His mother couldn't be unkind to anyone, and *certainly* not to Julia. He put his thoughts into words with a touch of resentment in his voice.

"You're making a big mistake, Julia, and if I were you I'd have a better understanding before you go."

Julia smiled sadly and said she would see him again, but Charley was not sure he wanted to say goodbye if that was the way she felt toward his mother. He walked slowly into the house, and went directly to the library where he knew he would find his mother at that time of day, sitting at the window waiting for him to come in.

For the moment his concern about Julia left his mind, as he greeted his mother, her sweet face wreathed in smiles; he asked: "Is there any danger in a dog's scratch?"

His mother looked concerned: "Why, has Red scratched you? It should be well cleaned."

"No, but I just returned from over at Hayfield, and Red was so glad to see Russell that he pounced all over him and scratched his leg. Aunt Annie made such a fuss over it that I came home."

Red, out of breath after his run, threw himself down on the carpet in front of the open fire. Charley stood with one foot on the fire rail as he leaned on the mantle, gazing into the hot coals.

"Julia tells me she's going away."

His mother made no comment, so he continued. "Aren't you sorry to have her go?"

"It's your father's decision. You know she's *his* child and now that she's a young lady, he thinks she will have more advantages in Texas than she could receive here in Bristol."

Charley couldn't quite believe it even yet, and his next words were intended to embarrass his mother, a thing he could not remember ever doing before. "When will father be here again?"

His mother folded up the napkin she was hemming and answered with a touch of annoyance in her voice:

"I can never tell you that. He comes when he wishes and I am always ready for him, waiting, happy to have him anytime."

As Charley left the room he said:

"I'm glad I'm not a step-child."

He was on his way upstairs when he saw Aunt Annie's carriage draw up at the door, and having had about all he could stand of hearing his friend and companion, Red called "a savage beast" he continued on his way.

Annie entered the house and without so much as a word to Abby, thrust a large piece of meat on the carpet in front of Red, saying:

"The dog must die."

A shriek from Abby brought Charley downstairs, who was not able to imagine what had caused it. He saw his aunt walking out of the house and his mother on the floor bending over Red.

"Quick!" she said. "Go to the milk room and bring a pound of butter. Red has been poisoned."

All night Charley and his mother worked over Red. They forced the butter down his throat, but he had swallowed the meat whole, and there was little hope of saving his life.

Abby left the room for a few moments just before dawn, and when she returned, Charley was holding the limp body of Red in his arms, tears streaming down his cheeks. He sobbed:

"He's dead, mama. He's dead."

CHAPTER 12

Growing Up

CHARLEY would be fifteen in a few days. His birthday had never before made much impression on him. He could say he was a year older, and he remembered that after being twelve for what seemed a long time, it was nice to say thirteen, but there was not much difference in the sound between fourteen and fifteen. Yet the difference between the boy who went to bed that early October morning after the death of his friend and companion, Red, and the boy whose birthday was on the thirtieth of November, 1859, only a period of a few weeks, was a life-time in experience. All the passion of manhood was now racing through a once calm mind. In a heart where there had been only love and tenderness, there was hatred and desire for revenge. A nature that had only known trust was now filled with doubt and suspicion.

There was no one to go to, no one to help him. He must suffer this dreadful life alone. How long could it last? Would it not be better to die? He could not live with himself like this. He tried to find comfort in his book of prayer. He read the verses that in the past he loved so much. But they were not for a tortured, unhappy soul as his.

He had witnessed a wicked deed done to him, against him, by one he had loved and respected but an hour before. His life-time love for his wonderful aunt, who he had believed to be as good as she was beautiful, had turned to hate, such bitter hate that it was frightening to be alone with it. True, he had lost his pet, the first dog he had ever owned, trained, and loved, but this was quite a different pain, one he could have found comfort in remembering the happy times they had had together. But now there was nothing to remember without a wave of dreadful passion that swept away all reason and left only pain and anger in his heart.

On hearing that his little cousin Russell's foot was swollen from the scratch Red had given him, Charley's first wish was that his foot would never recover—that it might even drop off and dangle, thus reminding his aunt of what she had done, not to his dog, but to her nephew who had loved her so much.

That morning Charley read his morning Psalm.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my crying come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me in the time of my trouble; incline thine ear unto me when I call; O hear me, and that right soon. For my bones are burnt up as it were a firebrand. My heart is smitten down, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.

"Forgive me, O Lord, forgive me."

* * * * *

On Thanksgiving day, Abby asked her Mother and Aunt Louisa for dinner, but found an excuse not to ask Annie, and as Cecilia was having the Misses Swett from Boston (sisters of John) the meal lacked its usual gaiety. Or was it just Charley who was different?

After dinner, which lasted long into the afternoon, Charley found his father quite ready to talk with him. Maitland had said he was going skating and Abby was upstairs with Lulu. Mr. Gibson took his heavy coat from the stand in the hall and said:

"Come, Charley, let's have a walk around the place. My sides fairly ache with all that food. When your mother takes upon herself to give a dinner, she certainly does it up proud."

He turned to the old ladies who were comfortably settled in front of the library fire, excused himself and Charley, and they went out the front door.

There was so much on Charley's mind that he wanted to speak of to his father that he did not know how to begin. Surprised and troubled to find his usually light-hearted son acting so depressed over what he supposed was the loss of the dog, his father finally broke the silence, saying:

"I wrote you, Charley, how sorry I was to learn how you lost your dog. You must miss him."

"It's not just the dog, papa, it's the awful hate I feel for Aunt Annie, who I always loved right up to that moment. I hate her with all my heart."

They walked along in silence, the father eyeing his earnest son. "This," he thought, "is more serious than I had any idea of, but I should have kept in closer touch with this sensitive boy of mine; I should have known without being told that it was *not* just the loss of his pet." He asked God for guidance and then spoke again.

"Your Aunt Annie is only human, Charley, and when something hurts her young, she reverts to the savage and strikes back, no matter where or at whom. You can't possibly understand this



"CHARLEY" AND HIS DOG "RED"



feeling until you experience it yourself. Aunt Annie may never have experienced it before, and, therefore, didn't know what she would do. She acted under impulse. She was only thinking of her child. She didn't mean to hurt you, and I have no doubt she is very sorry, for she has lost a loyal nephew's love. That is why it is always well to examine an impulse before putting it into action. Don't you think you will, in time, find it in your heart to forgive her? You would be much happier if you could."

Charley looked up into his father's face, and wondered whether he could tell him of all the other things that were bothering him.

"Don't ask me, papa, to forgive her. It's too late now anyway, for Mama has told her never to come into this place again and they are sending back the pony. So far as I can see, it will *never* be the same again."

He paused, then added abruptly:

"What about Julia? Is it true that Mama never wanted her?"

Here was a subject close to his father's heart, and great care had to be taken not to spoil another ideal. He began slowly, while his son tried to read the answer in his father's face.

"Julia is not your mother's child, and it is perhaps natural to resent another woman's child, especially if your husband loved the mother of that child, which I most certainly did, or I shouldn't have married her. I hoped when I married your mother that she would take the place of Julia's mother for both of us."

"And didn't she?" Charley asked.

"Your mother is the best possible person in the world, and you don't need me to tell you that. She has given you boys her undivided attention and care. She has given you strong bodies and healthy minds. That is something to be very thankful for. Some children inherit weak lungs or heart trouble. These are things you children are free from on both sides, but your mother is troubled with a thing called jealousy. It hurts no one except herself, but it is very painful at times and we must do all we can to make her forget there is anything or anyone to be jealous of. She will very likely be jealous of the girl you marry, but as long as you know this you can avoid making it hurt any more than necessary. Your mother has always been a little jealous of your Aunt Annie. She knows how you admire her, or did, and she might welcome this chance to separate you from that feeling with the hope it would add to your affection for her. That is sometimes the way jealousy works. I don't say this is so, but you don't want it to happen, do you, so try

to do what you can to clear up this quarrel. You will find it will help you, too."

The boy hesitated, then decided to express all his troubles. Better, he thought, to get all my worries straightened out.

"What about this Lenox family you live with in New York? Do you think that makes Mama happy? It doesn't. I have seen her cry after receiving one of your letters saying you weren't coming, after she worked all week to get ready for you. I didn't understand then, but I think I do now."

"It's a long story, son, and one that you might not understand. But believe me when I say that Mrs. Lenox is one of the finest women I have known, and her husband is my best friend. They gave me and my motherless daughter a home and saw me through some pretty dark days, and I can never forget it. If it were not for them, I would have to live in a hotel. My life is lonely enough without having to do that, unless I have to. My one thought, since I married your mother was to make her happy and this, I believe, I have done. If you can add to this, then you are helping me, for that is all the happiness I can hope to get out of life, not being in a position to retire, and at the same time support this expensive home. Your mother would not understand that. Also, I am placed in rather an embarrassing position in connection with this affair with your Aunt, as Mr. Middleton has asked me to lend him quite a sum of money for an Art Association that he is interested in. It seems he has over-extended his authority in buying pictures and they have no money to pay for them. He came to my office the last time he was in New York and I understand is expecting to see me while I am here."

"The quarrel need not include the entire family, need it?" and Charley looked concerned.

"You will be surprised how a feeling of that kind spreads, and Aunt Annie is not one to keep it a secret. But rest assured, nothing very serious will come of it until they have what they want from me."

Father and son, during this exchange of confidences, had walked along the lane back of Longfield, over the brook and up the other side of the ridge. They turned and looked back at the house. Its great chimneys rose high and the steep roof shone in the glow of a setting sun.

"This is historic land, son. My ancestors fought here. They might even have camped on this very spot, for wherever fresh run-

ning water flowed, there was sure to be a camping ground."

"Uncle Alex used to tell us about the Indians living here and I fully expected to meet one in these woods, when I was little." Charley shivered, remembering the fear he felt when he found himself on the other side of, what to a small boy, seemed like a Forest.

His father continued: "John Gibson was a private with Lieutenant Edward Oaks' troops in 1675, and fought here and in Swansea in King Phillip's war. He was afterwards a scout with Captain Daniel Henchman. They did their fighting on foot and it took them from May 27th to June 14th to reach Hadley. He was with Captain Joshua Scottow's men at Black Point near Saco, Maine, where the garrison was captured by Mogg Megone, the celebrated Indian Chief. He died of smallpox when only a young man."

"Was he your grandfather?" Charley asked.

"No, he was a long way back. His father settled in Cambridge in 1631, which was then called Newtowne. He came from England and lived to be ninety-three. This country was young then, and just think, his name was the nineteenth on a list of one hundred and seven inhabitants and land-owners. It was his son John that fought in the Indian wars. They were both named John. His son was Timothy, a Deacon who had five sons known as 'The Gibson Boys.' They were of much size and strength that there are a number of anecdotes related to their personal prowess, strength, and courage. The old homestead was in Stow on the southern slope of Pomciticut hill. It stayed in the family for almost a century. It was sold to strangers in 1823. The Maynard family bought it in 1826 and still own it as far as I know. They call it 'Summer Hill Farm.' Timothy's oldest son was Abraham—but perhaps this is not interesting."

"Oh, but it is! Please go on. I know so much about the D'Wolfs from mother, I want to hear more about the Gibsons."

Mr. Gibson was both pleased to find his son so interested and to see how easily his mind could be taken off worries, which but a short time before seemed important to him. He continued. "Well, as I was saying, the oldest son of Timothy was Abraham, whose mother was Rebecca Gates. He was born about 1701 and married Mary Wheeler, daughter of a great Indian fighter. Their fifth child was also Abraham, who lived in Concord. He was my grandfather, and had quite extensive land in Massachusetts. About

1768 he moved to Fitchburg; his home was named 'Pearlhill Farm.' There was a school on the place and for a short time he taught there. He fought in the French and Indian wars, and was also a revolutionary soldier, a private at first, but later a lieutenant. He was a Minute Man and marched from Fitchburg to Lexington."

Charley interrupted his father:

"I wish I had known this when I was studying about it in school."

"There are many interesting things I could tell you of these times. The most exciting moments of my young life were when I could get my grandfather Gibson to tell about his father's experiences. His father lived to be seventy-eight. I only just remember him. His wife died before I was born. My grandfather (their oldest child) and my grandmother, Lucy Marten, were early settlers in Ipswich. They lived on the estate in Fitchburg, building their own house on the other side of the road leading down to the old Spofford garrison that was used in 1748. My father was born there in 1791, and grew up there and loved that country-side just as you love this place. My mother was a descendant of Richard Dana, the French Huguenot. Her mother was Lydia Dana, hence my name."

They were walking down the hill toward Longfield by now. Smoke was curling up out of the chimney pots and as he watched it, a warm feeling of contentment crept into Charley's heart.

"I love this place, Papa," he said.

"I'm glad you do, son, but God knows what you can find to do here unless you are interested in farming. It's a beautiful farm land."

"I know," said Charley, "but Uncle Fitz has told me that the future of Bristol lies in her waterfront. Hundreds of ships come in from all over the world. More than twenty-five ships came in only last week. I heard them talking about it when I went to town for the kerosene."

"You can't depend on anything your Uncle Fitz says, Charley."

"By the way, where is Uncle Fitz, father?"

"I don't know. I only hope he is not in too much trouble for your Grandmother's sake. No matter what you do in your mature life, don't pattern it in any way on anything your Uncle Fitz has ever done or ever told you."

Charley now changed the subject and it reflected the things his father had talked of.

"I would like to go to West Point, Papa. There is talk of war, and if it comes I want to know something about it."

"West Point will give you a splendid education, but your mother would hardly approve. What put that idea in your head?"

"I don't know, exactly. All the members of your family seem to have been soldiers, and I can't be happy around here with so many changes. Tell me about Julia. Is she happy and will she write to us?"

"I'm sure she will. She seems to like the place and the people very much. I have only heard once myself. I will give you her address so that you can write her."

Charley's voice sounded anxious as he asked:

"Will you be coming soon again, Papa?"

"Yes, son. Let's see, aren't you having a birthday very soon? I will want to be here for that, and what do you say we plant some more trees? I will order them by mail from the nearest nursery, and we will see the trees planted."

Charley smiled for the first time that day. He felt much better after talking with his father and was a little ashamed to think he had ever doubted him. Perhaps the world was not such a bad place after all.

"Desolation is a delicate thing;

It walks not on the earth, it moves not on the air;

But treads with silent footstep and fans with silent wings

The tender hopes, which in their hearts, the best and gentlest
bear."

That night Charley read in his book of prayer as he knelt by his bedside:

"Deliver me from evil passions, and heal my heart of all inordinate affections; that being healed within, I may be made fit to love, strong to suffer, and constant to persevere.

Visit me therefore often, and instruct me with thy holy discipline."

CHAPTER 13

Charley Has a Birthday

CHARLEY and his father walked back to the house, discussing the kind of trees they thought would look best around the grounds. A row of elms stood across the front along the roadside, and an avenue of pines lined the driveway leading from the south gate to the wide steps of the piazza and followed the driveway to the north entrance.

Entering the house, they found Grandmother Nancy dozing in the big wing chair while Aunt Louisa played the music box.

Pointing to Nancy, Aunt Louisa placed a finger on her lips to indicate silence. Mr. Gibson entered noiselessly and was about to sit down when Nancy spoke, "I'm not asleep. You'd better go upstairs, Charley. Your brother has shot himself!"

Mr. Gibson, as well as his son, started toward the door, but Nancy motioned him to be seated, letting Charley go upstairs alone.

"No harm has been done, Charles. Maity took Charley's gun without his knowledge and, in some way, the gun exploded. He has a little powder burn, enough to scare him and his mother to death. I thought it might lessen Charley's anger if he thought his brother was hurt. He thinks the world of that gun, and he's been upset lately. This business about his dog being killed has gone deeper than it should. Try and have a talk with him. He must have an outlet some place. I tried to make him talk about it to me, but he clearly doesn't want to bother me and that bothers me even more."

"We had a talk this very afternoon. It's not the death of the dog alone that has troubled him so. He has lost faith in human nature and has been badly hurt, but he will get over it in time. I'm afraid he has placed haloes on too many heads. That is the trouble with a sensitive nature like Charley's. You hate to tell them that all is not gold that glitters, but it hurts when they find it out by themselves."

"I suppose you refer to my daughter, but be not disturbed. Annie has ridden over all our hearts rough-shod, yet she always comes out on top, and so, needs no sympathy. I was sorry about

the dog, but I'm much more sorry that Charley had to lose his ideals that way. It's not good at his age, and I'd find something to take it off his mind. School isn't enough. He is alone there with his thoughts, and no one to whom he can confide. He should be straightened out, and soon. I've watched the lad grow up, always cheerful, more gay than my sons used to be, filled with interest for everything around him, and always willing to listen to reason. But not any longer. He has a big problem to solve, and he needs help."

"You're always right, Mother Nancy. What do you suggest?"

"Now I have put my two cents worth of opinion on the table, Charles, and the rest is for you to take it or leave it. I trust you won't leave it. The boy needs a change."

Nancy gathered up her skirts and walked to the door with Aunt Louisa, who was holding a shawl which Charles took and, as he placed it about his mother-in-law's shoulders, he gave her a hug.

"How did you become so wise?" he said. "I value your judgment above all others, and you may count on me to follow it."

Mr. Gibson put on his great coat and walked across the road with the two dear old ladies.

That night as Charley and Maity lay in bed, Charley asked, "Do the burns hurt, Maity?"

"Not nearly as much as the fact that I ruined your gun."

"That shouldn't hurt as much as the fact you stole it, and told a lie about going skating."

"If I hadn't got dirt in the barrel when I put it down to climb the wall, it never would have blown up, and you would never have known."

"That thought shouldn't give you any comfort. That's the reasoning of a sneak, and it's not honest. In fact, no part of what you did today is honest."

"I don't think Mama would like to know that you called me 'dishonest'."

"I don't think Mama would like to know she had a dishonest son."

With these words burning on his lips, Charley tried to sleep. He was sorry he had called his younger brother names. He wanted to wake him up and tell him so, and thoughts came rapidly into his mind. Suppose Maity had really shot and hurt himself? How would he feel? And yet he let him go to sleep thinking he was

dishonest. Not being able to stand it longer, Charley bent over his brother. "Maity, are you asleep?" He touched his arm, "Maity, I'm sorry, just sorry you hurt yourself, do you hear, do you hear? I say I'm sorry you hurt yourself."

His whisper was so loud that his mother heard it from her room, and coming in, asked what was wrong and how her dear Maity was and did he need anything, and were the bandages on all right. As Maity did not stir, Charley answered for him.

"He's asleep, Mama. I felt him move and thought he might be awake. I'll do anything he wants done in the night. You go to bed and don't you worry."

* * * * *

Ten days more at school and then back to Longfield for his birthday! How eagerly Charley had looked forward to this holiday in the past. His father was giving him a new gun, but no new gun could take the place of his old gun, his first gun, the gun with which he had learned to shoot. No, nothing could ever take its place, but no one must know this. He would try to remember how he felt and act the same as when he got his first gun.

The train from Boston kept time with these thoughts as he neared Providence, where one had to change trains for Warren. Charley was to have met his father in the station, but he was nowhere in sight. Maity had been able to leave a day earlier, so he would be at home. His desire to be with Charley had been noticeably less since the gun episode. Charley felt this more than Maity, who took the attitude that "most likely he was not welcome any more". There was certainly a rift between them.

Charley left the train at Warren and, seeing no carriage, started to walk toward home. He carried no books this time. His teacher, having noticed the change in him and not knowing the cause, thought perhaps he had spent too many hours in the study hall. "This must be a real holiday on your birthday, Charley. No books this weekend."

Charley had thanked him and was glad as he swung his arms and walked along the roadway, in the cold twilight of the late afternoon. He thought he felt a drop of rain but, on looking up in the sky, saw that it was beginning to snow. The road was a familiar one and often he had walked it, but tonight was different. It was his birthday, and they were sure to be expecting him. Why hadn't his father met him? It was the last thing they talked about when parting. "I'll see you Saturday. Look for me in the Provi-

dence station," his father had said. Which would be worse, Charley thought, to find something unexpected had happened, or to find they had just forgotten him?

The snow was wet and the flakes were large. He turned up his collar, and put his hand in his pockets after pulling his cap over his ears. There were few houses along the roadside, but here and there lighted windows were familiar landmarks.

At Longfield in the meantime, his father was waiting, seated in front of the open grate in the library. He noticed the beginning of the snowstorm as he thumbed a prayer book that he had been reading before the room became too dark. He lighted the candles on the mantle with a taper, pulled the bell-cord by the side of the chimney and waited. As no one answered he walked into the hall, headed for the kitchen, but on his way, stepped into the dining room, where he found the table arranged to seat eight persons. Many small packages had been placed beside Charley's plate, and on a table behind his seat lay a new shotgun and other gifts. He stopped at the kitchen door, and asked Hanna, the cook, whether there was anyone who might be sent to the stable, explaining that he was concerned because Mr. Charley was so late. He wanted to know whether the carriage had gone to meet the train.

He was told: "Tilly's upstairs turning down the beds but the minute she comes down, I'll send her to the stable."

"It started to snow a few moments ago," Mr. Gibson explained, "and I haven't seen a trap go out the north gate within the past twenty minutes."

Hanna was the well-trained daughter of old Hanna, the cook on The Farm. After Henry's death, Nancy had found it too expensive to keep and feed all the slaves on the place and had given most of them away. She had declared that, if she had to, she could run the whole Farm, but with Henry gone, her heart wasn't in it. The day of selling slaves was past and, as she said, she loved them all and could enter into no bargain except that they find good homes and be treated kindly.

Mr. Gibson returned to the library and paced up and down. He heard the back door close. Some one was going to the stable and he would have word in a moment. Ten minutes passed, fifteen minutes passed. He rang the bell again impatiently. No reply. Grabbing his hat and coat from the hall rack, he started for the back door and got there in time to find Tilly returning from the stable where she had gone with the message.

"Now, now, Tilly, what kind of a message have you for me? Has a carriage been sent to Warren to fetch Mr. Charley?"

"It's gone now, Sir. Bob said as how he thought Mr. Maitland fetched him at the same time you all come. Nothing was told about him going no mo and he done put up the horse."

Disturbed by this information, Mr. Gibson walked up the back stairs and tapped on the nursery door. There sat Abby with Lulu on a small stool beside her. What a warm, pretty picture they made, he thought.

"Do I interrupt you?" he questioned.

"No, of course not. Come in and you will hear the last chapter of a most interesting story I'm reading to Lulu."

"Do you know, Abby, that Charley has not been sent for, at least not until this moment? The cart has just left the stable."

She closed her book and Abby's face showed anxious concern as she arose and went to the door. "Oh, my poor, dear boy, out in all this snow. Oh, my dear, dear boy. Stay with Lulu, Charles. She can tell you where I was from the pictures. You will find her *very* intelligent. You don't spend enough time with her, my dear. She is sitting up so as to see her brother on his birthday."

Abby hurried from the room just as the front door opened and Charley came in, brushing the snow from his hat and boots.

"Happy birthday, my poor, poor boy out in all that snow. Come take your things off."

As she embraced him, Charley warned her that she would get wet from his snow covered coat.

"What a shame you were forgotten and on your birthday, too." Abby gave a nervous laugh and rattled on. "I remember your father once forgot our wedding day, and I sat home wondering what I should do if he didn't come home. I thought I'd kill myself, but he came home and I didn't have to do anything, and now you're home safe, dear. Your father is in the nursery reading to Lulu. She is staying up to see you. Tea will be ready soon."

"I'll just change my shoes, wash up, and be ready in a moment. I'm not wet, and to tell the truth, I enjoyed the walk."

As Charley dipped his face in cold water, the thought came, 'could Maity have purposely failed to tell them?' But the thought was gone as quickly as it had come. There seemed to be more difference in the brothers' ages at this time than at any other in their lives. Maity had only recently become 13, and today, Charley

was 15. While Maity was small for his age, Charley was large and more strongly built.

Finding no lights in the nursery, Charley went direct to the dining room. The table was lit by a large cake which held 15 candles around its edge and one in the center "to grow on". A chorus of voices greeted him with "Happy Birthday". He kissed his little sister as she handed him a small gift, with the words "I made it all myself". It was a piece of paper with something painted in the center. Charley accepted the gift with all the enthusiasm expected of him by that young lady of three tender years and declared to her, "You will one day be an artist." Then looking at the table he said:

"Am I supposed to look at all these wonderful packages now, or wait until after Tea?" Taking note of a new gun among the other gifts on the table behind his seat, "I see where I go shooting in the morning. Thanks to some one."

Mary Spooner had come from the Farm to help out and now took Lulu by the hand and led her off to bed. After asking grace, Mr. Gibson served the soup from a large tureen.

The evening was a happy one, perhaps one of the happiest Charley could remember. He and Maitland played a game of cards with their little cousin Lilly Swett, who being but six years old, had to go home early with her mother, leaving Aunt Louisa and Grandma Nancy to entertain them with stories of bygone days.

Maitland was at the time studying the life of Oliver Cromwell in his school work; on hearing that his grandfather, Miles Greenwood, had been a chaplain in Oliver Cromwell's army, he asked his grandmother to tell him more about it. She consented by explaining the relationship thus:

"Miles Greenwood's granddaughter, Elizabeth Greenwood, married my grandfather, John Marston. You have seen their portraits, painted by Copley, in my father's home in Quincy. You will study about how the inhabitants were allowed to have guns to protect themselves in Boston in 1776. My grandfather was chairman of the committee to purchase muskets with the money allowed by the Province for broken guns left by the British, and he did purchase a number of small arms which were distributed among the people. He was one of the 'Sons of Liberty' and dined at 'Liberty Tree', Dorchester. His name is on the silver punch bowl, a lovely piece of work by Paul Revere. It was signed by all the members of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay who voted 'Not to Rescind'."

Maitland asked, "Who was in charge of things at that time, Grandma?"

"That was in the days of Samuel Adams who wrote that celebrated circular letter as far back as 1767, nearly a hundred years ago, but still remembered as one of the strongest state papers ever written."

"What was the letter about, grandma?" asked Maitland.

"Did you ever hear of the 'stamp act'? his grandmother asked.

Charley answered readily: "Yes, grandma, I know. It had a lot to do with the British putting a 'tax' on the American people."

"Yes, Charley. The British Parliament passed the famous Stamp Act, whereby a tax was laid upon the American Colonies for every piece of paper on which anything should be written or printed. When the news arrived from England that the 'Stamp Act' had become a law the Society of the Sons of Liberty was formed."

Nancy stopped for breath but the boys begged her to tell again about the "Boston Tea Party." Nancy looked amused but suggested that there was a part of this story of her grandfather, not good for young ears. This was pooh-poohed, and so she began.

"It's late, and we should be on our way, but since it's Charley's birthday, I'll stay a moment longer."

Seating herself again, she began, "When my father was a little boy, there used to be on the sideboard in the dining room of his home, a small box of tea which was always kept locked. It was often the custom to keep tea under lock and key, as I have always done. But, while other tea was used, this particular tea was only taken out and looked at on occasions. Well, my father, who was just a young boy at the time, became very curious, and one day he asked his father about the tea in the box that was looked at but never touched. The story then came out. It seems his father had been one of the men to assist in dumping tea into Boston Harbor, and he said that some of it got into his shoes. You understand it was an accident, of course, and so the tea was carried home."

The young people laughed a little at this explanation, but Nancy, looking very stern, gave her hand to Charley, who was at her side, and said, "Avoid accidents of that kind, boys, unless you want to be written into history." Then smiling, she lifted her straight figure to its full height and stood there a moment.

"I have to get myself in position to walk these days before I start my limbs moving."

Charley long remembered how she looked that night with her little lace cap, her sweet wrinkled face so full of kind understanding, her gentle eyes and firm mouth. Although she was eighty-four and without teeth, she was still beautiful.

Charley opened the front door and discovered that quite a blizzard was now in progress. He suggested hitching up a carriage to take them home, but his grandmother protested.

"Fetch me, as the colored wenches say, my overshoes. Mary is here to see that we get safely home. Return to your fireside, and Charley, I wish you many happy returns of this day, my dear, my very dear, grandson."

Charley kissed her soft cheek warmly. Here was someone who had proved to him that goodness could last in a person. Nothing would ever shake his faith in his grandmother. As Charley returned from the front door, his father called him into the library.

"Son, I have a little gift for you. It is not new, so I thought it didn't belong with your other presents. I have here two Prayer books, given to me by my father when I was about your age. I value them above all things, as they have been friends and of much comfort to me these many years. I want you to have them and to read them. My name is on the covers and I sometimes wish you had my full name, but your mother was anxious to carry on the D'Wolf name, and, perhaps, it's just as well, as juniors are often confusing. Here is the Common Prayer, and here is the Proper Lesson."

Charley looked at them carefully. "They are beautiful books, Papa, and I like them better than anything I received for my birthday. Are you sure you want to part with them?"

"Your pleasure makes me *very sure*. I know better now where they belong than I did a few moments ago. I have no doubt that I want you to have them, for I think you will value them and find comfort in the pages. Give them one day to a child of yours, and experience the extent of pleasure you are giving me at this moment."

That night Charley opened the Prayer book to the lesson on his birthday and read.

"Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hand to war, and my fingers to fight;

My hope and my fortress, my castle and deliverer, my defender in whom I trust who subdueth my people that is under me.

Lord, what is man, that thou hast such respect unto him! or the son of man, that thou so regardest him!

Man is like a thing of naught! his time passeth away like a shadow.

Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down; touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

Cast forth thy lightning and tear them: shoot out thine arrows, and consume them.

Send down thine hand from above; deliver me, and take me out of the great waters, from the hand of strange children;

Whose mouth talketh of vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of wickedness.

I will sing a new song unto thee, O Lord; and sing praise unto thee upon a ten-string lute."

Charley closed the book as his candle had burned low, and he was very sleepy. Maity's eyes were closed, but Charley leaned across the bed and whispered,

"Tomorrow, I'll show you how to carry a gun when you climb a wall."

CHAPTER 14

A Visit To the President

WITH his head resting on his pillow, and the words of war and fighting ringing in his ears, Charley watched the snow piling up against the window panes until he fell asleep. He dreamed that he was loading shells for his new gun and, upon waking in the morning, felt that the dream must have lasted all night, for he could think of nothing else.

The storm had been too heavy to permit any tree planting that weekend and, therefore, the young trees were wrapped in burlap and placed in the shed. Since, however, there was little frost in the earth as yet, the following weekend Charley staked out the places where he thought the trees should be placed. This plan having met with his father's approval, holes were dug, and the trees set in the ground. Three tulip-poplars were evenly planted across the front of the lawn between the south and north driveway. Near the road, close to the stone wall, there were planted two European-lindens, two horse-chestnuts, three maples, and four spruce trees, and to the north, a selection of pines, spruces, and hemlock interspersed with sugar-maples. South of the house, there were planted a small copper-beech and two beautiful little European-lindens which were so symmetrical that they were given the place of honor opposite the parlor window where they would be most often seen.

Having completed the planting, which was accomplished during the week by the men on the place, Charley and his father viewed their work with satisfaction, the latter remarking:

"If these all grow, son, we will have a garden of trees."

"Speaking of gardens, Papa, why hasn't Mama ever started a flower garden at Longfield?"

"I expect she still enjoys the one at the Farm. It would be difficult to compete with that. I want it kept in order as long as your grandmother lives. She and her sister Louisa belong in a garden. The fragrance of their characters will last long after they are gone."

The feud between Aunt Annie and her sister had in the meantime not been ignored by the young members of the family, and the name "Yankee" was hurled by the Middleton children at Maitland, but Alicia Middleton, having been born in Bristol, avoided the taunt, and told her little sister, Charlotte, that it was not a 'nice word'.

Annie Middleton had lived so long in the South that she had forgotten how cold a winter in Rhode Island could be. She finally announced that she was closing Hayfield and taking her family South. The rumors of war between the States made Annie poor company, for she could talk of nothing else. Even her mother found it difficult to have a quiet conversation with her oldest daughter. She said to Abby:

"It is better that Annie go South, for there she will be among people that think exactly as she does, and she will have no difficulty in persuading them that she's right. And that's all she wants."

When Aunt Louisa heard that the Middletons were leaving, she gave a sigh of relief. She had been conducting school for Annie's children. The task had not been an easy one. The fact that she regarded them with some affection did not, she felt, excuse their thoughtless behavior, which at times was so extreme, that it caused her to wish that they had never been born. More than once she had dismissed class with a slam of her book, and the request that the children remain at home until they could behave in her presence. Whenever this happened, Annie would come to her with words of sympathy and regret that her children should so annoy their great-aunt, and that the distressing details would be written to their father in Charleston.

The Middletons' departure was more than just the usual moving home to the South. Annie's letters to her mother sounded cold and on the defensive as she stressed "these stirring times".

Mr. Gibson had much on his mind of late regarding the future of his oldest son. He saw the necessity of a more active life for the boy with more interests other than school. Charley's wish to go to West Point had occupied the father's thoughts. He spent more time at Longfield and talked over plans for Charley to go to Washington. A Presidential appointment was discussed before Abby, only to be immediately discouraged, amid tears, protestations, and accusations such as:

"You wish to throw your son in the way of being killed by a lot of hot headed Southerners for a cause such as freeing slaves

who are enjoying comforts they can never find by themselves? Just look what they did to John Brown!"

So, the subject was dropped for the time being. But Charley did not give up the idea and, on the occasion when Lieutenant Burnside dined at Longfield, he was earnestly questioned by Charley regarding this.

Burnside, a fine vigorous man whose home was in Bristol, had graduated from West Point in 1847, but had stayed in the Army only five years. He declared, however, that he would volunteer should war come.

In 1858 when Lincoln was actively campaigning in Illinois for the United States Senate, Mr. Gibson became interested in the debates of this self-made young man and often spoke of him admiringly. "Lincoln," he said, "in every way seems to have the best of the debates with his opponent, Douglas. His simple, philosophic way of expressing himself and his sincerity of manner have caught my fancy."

In 1860, Lincoln, in a brilliant oration in New York, demonstrated that the founders of the Republic desired the restriction of slavery. In May of that year Mr. Gibson attended the Republican convention in Chicago and there heard Lincoln make several addresses. On the third ballot Lincoln was nominated for President.

The Democrats held their convention in Charleston and Annie Middleton, as the wife of a prominent member of the party, found herself in the thick of a whirl of social activities. The convention, however, was unable to agree on a single candidate, Douglas being nominated by one wing of the Democrats, Breckenridge by another, and John Bell by still another. Following an exciting campaign, Lincoln received the largest popular vote given any candidate. However, he found himself faced by a divided country. Including California admitted to the Union in 1850, thirteen states were already "free states" and twelve states, principally in the South, were "slave states". Lincoln's one hope was to save the Union, with or without freeing the slaves in states where slavery existed. But, during the period between his election and inauguration, many Southern states seceded from the Union and formed a Confederation of States; and about one month after his inauguration Fort Sumter was fired on and soon thereafter, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers.

Charley told his father that he felt the time had come for him to enlist, whether or not his mother gave her consent. However,

as a compromise, his mother approved the trip to Washington, as she thought four years in West Point would see all differences settled between the North and the South. So plans were made for Charley to go to Washington to see President Lincoln and ask for an appointment to West Point. He was armed with letters from important men of the town, one from the Governor of the State, from the principal of his school, and a most friendly letter from Burnside, who on entering the service again, had been made a Colonel.

Charley was to meet his father in New York. It was his first long train ride within his memory, and it proved an experience he never forgot.

On his return to Longfield he was earnestly questioned by his mother, who was anxious to hear every detail of his audience with the President. She started him off by commencing, "You were met in New York by your father, now go on from there," she urged.

Charley continued, "We left the station and went, by horse car, downtown to father's office. I waited around there and met some of father's business friends, read the paper till closing time, and then took a ferryboat to Brooklyn and spent a very pleasant evening with the Lenoxes."

Abby closed her eyes, as if to shut out the last picture, and urged that he skip the details of things that were of no interest.

Charley asked, "Why don't you like the Lenoxes, Mama? They are awfully nice people and have a lovely home. They're all so good to papa. They treat him just like one of the family, and they were very kind to me."

Abby's voice was cold as she replied, "No doubt, no doubt, but please go on with your trip to Washington."

Charley continued with less enthusiasm in his voice. "Early the next morning we took a ferry from New York to Jersey City, and there caught a train. Father saw me off and Mrs. Lenox put me up a good lunch. The trip was interesting, and already the trees had a look of Spring. The color of the earth was most interesting—a rich, brick red. I never saw anything like it before. As you know, I went to the Willard Hotel as father told me to do, left my valise, made myself tidy and walked to the White House. It was only a short distance, but the streets were so muddy, my boots were caked with dirt. I'm afraid I made rather a poor appearance by the time the colored servant let me into a large dark hallway, where one of the Lincoln boys was driving around in a goat cart

on a wooden floor covered with dirt. I talked to him until the President came out of a door across the hall near the entrance. He looked just like his pictures. I had sort of planned what I would say when I met the President, but he didn't give me a chance. He was with a gentleman and, as they finished their conversation, he rested his hand on my shoulder. I had sent him, by the servant, my letters, but those he returned to me unopened. Said he knew just what they said without reading them. He started the conversation by saying, 'So you want to go to West Point?' Then he asked me if I didn't think that it should be the privilege of boys whose fathers were West Pointers to come first, and what could I say? So, of course, I agreed. He then told me he needed boys like me in the army, and if you and father gave your consent, I might enlist."

His mother interrupted, "You're glad you went, Charley, I suppose, and hope you're not, disappointed?"

"It was a long way to go for the few minutes it took, but I don't think I could have said anything to change the President's mind."

Abby's hands trembled nervously as she pictured her boy talking to the President. She felt that more might have been accomplished had she gone with him, and she expressed herself so.

"I think you should have asked him at least to read your letters."

"Mama, he said he knew just what was in the letters. He even quoted from them. He said he was sure they described how earnest I was and eager to be of help. That was when he told me I could enlist. It was awfully cold where we were standing. I was just as anxious to get out in the air as I feel sure he was to get back in a heated room. He made me keep my hat on, as he was also wearing one, and he was wrapped in a big shawl. He gave me the necessary papers to fill out, but they must be signed by you. Papa has already signed them."

Abby turned her head away from Charley's earnest gaze, saying, "*That I will never do.*"

Charley placed his hand on his mother's arm and turned her face to his. "Look at me, Mama. I don't want to hurt you *ever*, but this is something I intend to do and I don't want to go without your blessing."

Abby finally realized that she was helpless to prevent the inevitable, and, although doing so with bad grace, she signed the necessary papers for Charley's enlistment.

Now came months of preparation and drudgery at training camps before Charley received his commission. Few letters were received from him, and these were written on bits of paper from his note book. Abby kissed and cherished them. Maitland and the cousins listened to them with interest, but Grandma Nancy and Cecilia were fearful of what might happen to Abby if any harm should come to Charley, for he was now her whole life and pride, and they knew that she blamed her husband for exposing him to the dangers of war.

Days passed drearily at Longfield. Mails were slow. Abby wrote Charley every day about the little news she could gather—who came to call, what they said, and what she said. And so the weeks of an anxious and unusually severe winter passed. At the first sign of Spring Abby felt a glad anticipation that Charley might be coming home on leave.

All during the time of gathering war-clouds, letters were being received from Annie in Charleston, one of which began:

“Dear Mamah,

I suppose that you personally can be little affected by the conditions of the country, yet you must feel deeply for the great misfortunes which we hear have fallen upon so many of the poor who are comparatively blameless. I hope the foolish ones who are trying to be wise about what is written, will learn at last that the service of God is the only perfect freedom. The aspect of affairs here is, of course, interesting beyond expression. Both the Legislature and the State Convention are in session here in Charleston, and we feel that events of each day are so many moral births. I wish I could convey to you an idea of the perfect order and quiet which pervades our city and the expression of serious but cheerful earnestness upon every face.”

Nancy read Annie's letter aloud to Abby as they sat before the open grate in the library at Longfield. Both realized that the personal separation was going to be as stormy as those about to take place between the States. Nancy continued to read Annie's letter.

“There is no truth in the report in the Northern papers of the distress in Charleston. There is really none. I know, for I live here. The young men as well as the old, have turned soldier, and we seldom go out without meeting a company of troops, but, as they are only actuated by the spirit of defense, not aggression, there is a feeling of respect and sympathy drawn from every human heart toward them. The idea of such men yielding an inch of what they think is right can only be accounted for on the score of great ignorance.”

Nancy looked up at her daughter. How was Annie's letter being received?

"Poor Annie!" In those two words Abby's voice could express much misery.

She asked, "Have you sent Annie any accounts from the Boston papers?"

"Yes, and she answered that they are 'laughable misstatements of the press'. I only hope the dear child is right and that a peaceful settlement can be reached, but I fear she is too close to the forest to see the trees. Alex sent me Senator Benjamin's speech, and I have read Cushing's two addresses delivered at Newburyport. Doctor Vandyke preached a sermon at Brooklyn which Charles sent me. So I feel I am keeping in touch with both sides."

Again, returning to Annie's letter, Nancy read on.

"I believe that the moral emancipation of the colored race and the physical emancipation of the white race will be furthered by the present movement of the South. The South will soon be the only place for free white people and the only effectual Mission Station for the African.

God's word will not be unfulfilled though the people do imagine a vain thing."

"Why then," asked Abby, "Did the South fire on the Star-of-the-West?"

"Annie wrote they did that only to let them know she must come no closer."

South Carolina had been the first state to secede from the Union. Thereafter Annie's letters became less frequent. The older members of the family showed more anxiety while the young members, consisting of Lulu and Lily Swett, formed the opinion that the break in the family relations had something to do with the war and that their Aunt Annie was now fighting single-handed in the South against the family in the North. Her letters were listened to, not only at Longfield, but by all the neighbors who gathered whenever it was learned that a letter had been received from Charleston.

Summer arrived according to the calendar, and the windows at Longfield were thrown open to welcome the fragrant odor of the fruit blossoms that were just starting on the trees in the orchard. Maitland had gone for the mail and Abby waited anxiously for his return. Word of a battle had already reached Bristol and Nancy's brother, John Marston, who was in command of one of the sloops of war, had left his station at Norfolk and taken the fleet

South. A letter from Annie postmarked April 12, 1861, addressed to Aunt Louisa caused more excitement than usual and was eagerly listened to when she read it aloud.

“Dear Aunt,

I cannot let this momentous day close without some communication with you, though it is perhaps uncertain when I may be able to send a letter, as I fear the mail may be interrupted. We have been so often alarmed this winter by the prospect of collision with the old government, and as often relieved, that yesterday I could hardly give credence to the assertion that there would indeed be a battle that evening. At about six o'clock, however, the usual hour for dressing and promenading upon the Battery, there was unmistakable evidence of there being work on foot, and indeed assurance from the most responsible persons left us no room for doubt. The East end of our beautiful Battery ground was already covered with tents of the cadets who were stationed there to tend the guns mounted upon the Battery in case they were needed, which, however, was not apprehended, the main body of the troops being stationed at their several forts commanding the harbor.

Fort Sumter, you know, rises in the center, as if it were from the ocean.

A message from General Beauregard had been carried to Major Anderson at 10 o'clock demanding the surrender of the Fort, which he refused and was then told he would be attacked at 8 o'clock, giving him until 1 a.m. He, however, continued firm, which we think deeply to be regretted, and at half-past four this morning, we were aroused by the terrible sound of cannonading. You can imagine how quickly I was sufficiently dressed to go upon the piazza which looks directly out on the scene of action, and could a sadder sight be witnessed than those fortifications raised for the defense of the city turned against each other. General Beauregard and Major Anderson are intimate personal friends, and yesterday, when Anderson sent up his papers to his wife, he requested that if it was thought necessary to open them, it might be done by his friend General Beauregard. Many of our gentlemen have, all winter, extended the most friendly attentions to Major Anderson, supplying him with fresh provisions and every luxury he needed. His own wish has seemed to be to give up the Fort. Only he demanded an order to do so from the Government at Washington, which they have failed to give; and, thereby, I fear, brought this great affliction upon the whole country besides sacrificing the garrison of Fort Sumter.

All day the cannonading has continued, every shot shaking this house. The Battery, and all the wharves have been lined with people, many from the country, gazing with anxious eyes upon the spots where many a beloved one's life is periled.

In yesterday's paper I saw that Uncle John's ship, The Cumberland, was off the Bar. Several boats have come up from Morris Island bearing the news that no one is hurt there, but that the 'Harriet Lane' has been sent back crippled. You may be sure if anything happened to The Cumberland, Uncle John will be well cared for.

I have been utterly unable to do anything through the day. The guns are now silent and I involuntarily turn to write to you."

Aunt Louisa was breathless as she paused for a moment in her reading. She was urged to go on. "Don't stop there, I pray," cried Cecilia, "just think of watching a battle from your window!"

Aunt Louisa continued, "This next page is marked 'Saturday morning'—

"The flag of Fort Sumter is down. At first it was supposed that no one was there, but it has since been raised again, proving that living men are still there. How they exist in the smoke and flames which envelop the fort is a mystery to all. Now a white flag is raised, and a boat dispatched to Morris Island. Mr. Drayton has just come in to dine with us, and the last news is that the white flag is only temporary."

"Here Annie stops writing for the day and continues on Monday."

"I was obliged to cease writing on Saturday. Since then everything has transpired so that we know all.

It seems that the flagstaff was shot down and raised again showing that Major Anderson and his men were still in the fort; that Mr. Wigfall, renowned chiefly for his indomitable bravery, turned to the General on Morris Island and said, 'I think Anderson is a fool, but I still don't like to stand by and see him burn up. Give me a boat and I will go to him and tell him that his honor is vindicated and he may surrender without disgrace.' Another gentleman, Gourdin Young, immediately said he would go with him, and taking a boat with two oarsmen, they pushed off, with the shot and shells, one of which burst so near them that large fragments fell into the boat, shaking it so violently that the oarsmen said they could go no further, but Wigfall, with threats and promises, urged them on to the devoted fort. They were obliged to wade through water up to their necks, holding their swords over their heads, clambered up the rocks to a porthole where he asked for Major Anderson. He came and asked their mission. Having given it, Anderson asked, 'Do you think I am vindicated before the world?' 'Yes', said Wigfall. Anderson then asked 'Why, then, do they fire upon my white flag?'

In a moment the flag was down, and Wigfall placed his own white handkerchief on the point of his sword, waved it

from the ramparts and the firing ceased. Then came the blessed news that not a life was lost on either side."

And so the letter ended only to be read and reread over and over again. It was like an exciting story to the family in Bristol. But the war was brought close to their door when news came that brother William Frederick's son, William, had been killed. But the South was rejoicing over the news that they had a hundred thousand men in the field and that eleven states were now under Confederate control.

CHAPTER 15

The Civil War

WAR news was not good for the North. General Lee was as far north as Maryland. General McClellan was losing his stand, and General Burnside was to replace him. News like this brought the war very close to home. And weeks had now passed with no letter from Charley.

The South had started the war, had fired the first shot. That was the only blame the North felt against the South. Why not let the Southern States secede if they want to? This was the opinion of many. Hundreds of slaves found their way North and were taken into Northern homes. But the importance of keeping the states united forced President Lincoln to announce that "if the Confederate States did not come back into the Union before January 1, 1863, he would proclaim the slaves within those states forever free." This only abolished slavery in the states that were waging war against the United States.

Annie Middleton was sure that all slaves would be returned to their owners after the war. There were rumors that Napoleon III was sending aid to the South. England refused to help in any way, although guns and munitions were smuggled in, for that country felt the effects of the war most, having largely depended on the cotton grown in the Southern States.

Many Northerners were in sympathy with the South. Others asked for peace at any price, and thus we had two reasons why it was difficult to raise men or money.

* * * * *

Charley for a short time had been stationed on Prudence, a small island in Narragansett Bay, only a short distance from Bristol. He and Lieutenant Hazard, were in charge of a company of colored recruits and had had no leave, although they were only a few minutes' boat ride from the shore in front of Longfield. At the end of their assignment on Prudence Island, Charley was allowed to spend one night at home, and young Hazard, his commanding officer, was his guest. The luxury of a hot bath in a large copper tub was

never more appreciated, and with clean shirts under their old uniforms, they were ready for a hearty meal.

Charley was more like his old self, and his first homecoming was a happy occasion for the entire family. About the time the dessert was served, Charley announced he had news for them.

"I am now a sergeant, and when next you see me, I'll be wearing a sergeant's stripe."

Charley's love of horses influenced his request to be with heavy artillery, and he was assigned to the Rhode Island 14th Division under Captain Jeffrey Hazard, who was in command of the Battery, and early promoted him to be sergeant, the highest position within his authority.

On hearing of Charley's promotion, Abby placed her hand on her son's arm.

"But you look so young, dear. I thought a sergeant had to be tough."

Maitland asked, "When will they make you an officer?"

His father answered, "That takes time. You don't jump from a private to become a general, you know. Besides, it's pretty difficult to get a commission for a man who has seen no service."

Charley looked to his commanding officer for approval.

"Is it all right to tell them the kind of service I have seen," he asked.

Young Hazard smiled. "It's a pretty gory story for the dinner table, don't you think?"

But all present insisted it be told *at once*. Charley finished his last spoonful of blanc mange and wiped his mouth.

"I was on duty one night," he began, "It was necessary for one of us to be always on duty. We had some trouble keeping the men in order, as there were a few agitators among a lot of frightened blacks, and this night I couldn't get them in their tents. As soon as I left them, they would gather again in little groups. Much as I hated to, I was obliged to report this to Hazard. He had been on duty all day and needed his sleep. I will never forget how he sprang from his cot, strapped on his sword, and ran out of the tent. In a moment he was among a group without being seen, his sword flashing from right to left. It wasn't long, I can tell you, before there was not one man to be seen except the one who lay on the ground with his head literally severed in two. That fellow was then buried by the three men who had given us the most trouble, and there was no more disturbance after that."

All eyes were turned on Lieut. Hazard, who modestly added, "We were afraid of mutiny. Charley and I would have been no match for those men if they had once started, as we were the only whites on the Island, and they knew all they needed was to take the boats. I'm not proud of my first killing, but I felt it was the only thing I could do."

"You undoubtedly saved our son's life, and his father thanks you. It was an act of courage and leadership and I predict you will go far in whatever field you choose to pursue."

That he had saved Charley's life placed young Hazard in quite a different light in Abby's eyes, from the bloodthirsty killer she had thought him. She picked up the serving spoon and asked:

"Won't you have some more blanc mange?"

* * * * *

President Lincoln was reelected in 1864. But the news that reached Bristol was not encouraging to the North. General Burnside was being replaced by General Hooper and had been beaten back by General Lee at Chancellorsville.

Uncle John Marston, Nancy's brother, was in command of Hampton Roads. The Merrimac, or Virginia, as she was renamed after being rebuilt by the Confederates into an iron clad ram, had been so successful in sinking our wooden war ships that she was ready now for active hostilities along the coast. Admiral Marston received a dispatch from Washington ordering him "to send the Monitor," an iron boat the North commissioned John Ericsson to design and build, which was lying at anchor in the Roads, "to Washington in defense of the Capitol." It was supposed "that the Merrimac would immediately attack, and if the Capitol was destroyed, then there was little doubt that the leading European powers would recognize the Confederacy and it was impossible to estimate the moral effect of such an event."

It was always an interesting story how Uncle John disobeyed his orders. Instead of sending the Monitor to Washington, he ordered Captain Worden to attack the enemy where she lay in Hampton Roads. This proved to be the most remarkable and possibly decisive battle of the war. It would never have been fought but for his deliberate disregard of instructions. Yet oddly enough, his most brilliant service was one of disobedience.

This story was always followed with good advice, stressing the point that, "there were few men like Uncle John with wisdom enough to lay their hand upon such a desperate chance and steer it into victory."

Abby sat in the library by the front window where she could see both the south and north entrances, and where, in the late afternoon she could watch the changing lights in the sky as the sun was setting. Never having been fond of sewing, although it was one of her accomplishments, she sat with her hands folded in her lap and her feet on a foot-stool. Her hair was neatly dressed and covered with a cap of white lace so often worn in those days, even by comparatively young women.

Abby was not pretty, although her brow was smooth and her eyes retained their luster. She had a freshness of youth about her movements, her cheeks were smooth and her light brown hair was not streaked with grey. Her life had not turned out to be just as she would have liked it. She had never felt quite at ease with her husband, and now her oldest son had been sent away from her.

Charley's post was outside of Washington and his father had been able to visit him there several times and sent a full report to Abby on each occasion.

A surrey from Bristol turned in at the south gate and, as it came to a stop opposite the hitching-post just beyond the piazza steps, two young girls leaped out. They were Caroline D'Wolf, better known as "Carry", who lived on Papposqua Point and her cousin Bessie Lovett, who was spending the summer at "The Mount" with her uncle. These girls were devoted friends and spent much time together every summer. They were daily callers on Abby and asked, as on every other occasion:

"Have you heard from Charley?"

Abby enjoyed these visits and always reported them in her letters to Charley, who was very fond of his cousin Carry. During the years he had studied in Boston there had been little time to visit his cousins the Lovett's and all his holidays had been spent in Bristol, so that he hardly knew his cousin Bessie, but her brother Jim was a lifelong playmate.

After ordering tea and orange cake for her callers, Abby told them it had been some time since she had news of Charley. With tears in her voice she went on to say:

"Think of that sweet boy having to experience all the discomfort of war because of a few brutal slave owners? It would have been much better to make laws to punish those cruel men and let the good ones keep their slaves."

Turning to Bessie, she asked:

"Has your uncle let any of the slaves go at The Mount?"

"No, cousin Abby, we still have them all and, as for Polydore and Agiway, they consider themselves members of the family. You just couldn't get them to leave. I don't think uncle Brad could run the place without them. A man came to the house, not long ago to find out how many slaves uncle Brad had, but he didn't get very far. Polydore closed the door in his face after telling him there were no slaves at The Mount. "We's all D'Wolf's here," he said. Grandfather, you know, brought them from Cuba when they were so young they can't remember any other life."

"You don't have colored help in Boston, do you?" Abby asked.

"No, Mary-Ann is Irish, so is Ellen."

"And, are they good cooks?"

"We think so. You know how father loves good food. Mary-Ann's cooking is well known among our friends. Only the other day she took a donation to the 'War Cause', and when they asked her name in order to print it in the Transcript, as they did all who contributed, she answered, in her good Irish brogue, 'God-all-Mighty knows my name,' and walked out of the office. But one of the men in there recognized her and told father. It was a generous gift of a hundred dollars."

"How well you take off the Irish, Bessie. I wish Charley could hear you."

"When is he expected home, cousin Abby?" asked Carry.

They were interrupted by the entrance of Maitland who brought in the mail bag and handed his mother a letter. Hoping to find it was from Charley, Abby grasped it eagerly, but upon noting the hand writing, laid it on the table at her side, and said:

"It's from Mr. Gibson, I can read it later, don't hurry off, my dears, here is Maity to join you in having tea."

"Come," said Carry, "we must let cousin Abby read her mail."

The two girls arose and took their leave, but while still in the hall, they heard an anguished cry from the library. Abby had broken the seal on the letter and the words "dreaded disease" were the first her eyes noted. As Carry hurried back to the library, Maitland picked up the letter that had fallen to the carpet, and glancing quickly over the page handed it to Carry.

"Don't cry, mama," he implored, "Father is going to meet the train Charley is on. Then we will have more satisfactory news."

"How can I wait," she cried. "How can I wait?"

Carry knelt by Abby's side and held her hands. Maitland, turned to Bessie who stood by the door; she felt the importance of their grief but didn't know what it was.

"It's Charley," he explained. "He's being sent to a small-pox hospital in New York. It will about kill Mama if anything happens to him."

Bessie felt great pity for these three grief stricken relatives but, knowing Charley mostly through Carry's devotion to him, she could only hope that his life would be spared. Carry was doing all she could to comfort Abby's uncontrolled emotions:

"Nothing can spoil his beautiful face, cousin Abby, nothing."

Apparently, given strength by Carry's words, Abby answered:

"You're right, dear child, but let us pray it does not take his life."

And again they both burst into tears.

Grandmother Nancy and aunt Louisa spent the evening with Abby and Cecilia was with her all the next day. Maitland made many trips to town to make sure no letter had arrived. Waiting was intolerable. But when his father's letter did arrive, the news was so good that more tears were shed. His letter began:

"My news is good, Abby dear,

I was at the station when the train pulled in. There were some agonizing moments before I was able to find Charley as there was a very strict quarantine. Each boy, and there were many, had to be examined by the doctor. I was afterwards told that when they reached Charley, he insisted that he did not feel sick, and on close examination they found he had a bad case of chicken-pox, coupled with measles, which had been enough to cause the mistake being made at camp. But since he has been exposed to the most dreaded of all diseases, we must pray that the dear boy will escape. He has now been separated from the small-pox patients, but must remain in the hospital until the period of possible contagion has passed.

These will be anxious days for all of us, and to carry you through them I count on the courage you have shown through this whole experience of Charley's absence from home. I was told that Charley was in splendid physical condition, which is to his advantage.

I will keep you posted each day. Should a letter not arrive, you may blame the mails, for I will have written.

I am thinking of you constantly during this time, and understand your anxiety as that of my own.

Love to my dear children and to you,

Always your devoted husband. Charles Dana."

Needless to say, letters were anxiously watched for. The neighbors came to inquire and every day Carry and Bessie drove over from Pappoosequaw to learn the latest news. Happy was the day

when Abby received word, from her husband, that Charley was on his way home. It was then fully explained how the mistake was made, and Charley admitted that he had gone through an anxious period, for when the train reached New York, he heard a doctor say: 'My God, how did this boy get in here? He has chicken-pox.' And it was not until he reached the hospital he was told that, in addition to chicken-pox, he also had measles, which accounted for the unusually high fever. All these conditions caused the mistaken diagnosis.

It was wonderful to be home again where every one was so kind. Carry brought him cakes of her own making. One day as she sat by his side on the piazza, he asked:

"Carry, where is Bessie Lovett? Mama wrote that she came with you every day to ask about me."

"She was visiting me, but returned to The Mount last week. She will be over again, when she learns you're home. Her uncle Bradford is very ill. They don't expect him to live."

Charley expressed his sympathy, but his leave was too short to allow any time in which to make visits and he returned to his regiment. Friends and relations continued to call at Longfield to inquire about him, some not having heard the good news of his recovery, others still under the impression that small-pox had disfigured his handsome face. The importance of having a "hero" son was dimmed by the many reports from friends and neighbors that their sons would never return.

Abby sat with a prayer book always beside her, praying frequently and earnestly. She worked with the women in the village, rolling bandages, and packing boxes of food to be sent to the boys in the field. Her life became active in the battle at home for the men at the front.

For Grandmother Nancy D'Wolf, the outbreak of war between the Northern and Southern states was naturally the source of great anxiety. Although her daughter, Annie Middleton, had, with her children, left Charleston for Summerville, which was thought to be a safer place, they were still well within the danger zone. On the other hand, her brother, John Marston, was in command of the Northern fleet which was at the very front of the naval warfare. Her oldest grandson, William, a Northern soldier, had been killed in one of the early battles. And now, as she put it, "Charley was away from home, among such ruffians as had never walked the streets of Bristol". All this and the constant need of money aged this sweet old lady beyond her eighty years.

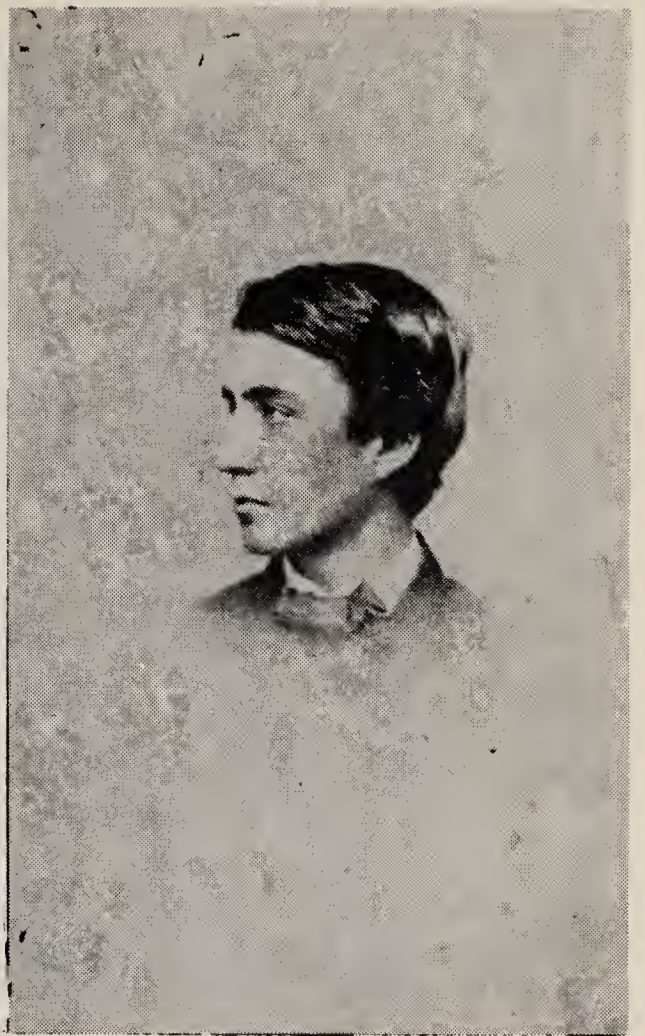
LIEUT. WILLIAM DeWOLF

"Lieut. William DeWolf, who fell in the battle of Williamsburg, Virginia, May 4th, 1862, and died on the 2nd of June following, was one of the noble young men the North gave to the Republic. His father, William Frederick D'Wolf, was a well-known citizen of Chicago. William enlisted May, 1861, in Co. B, 1st Regiment, Illinois Light Artillery, better known both North and South as 'Taylor's Battery.' Early in the field, he shared the fortunes and perils of his battery in the hot fight of Fredericksburg, Belmont, and Donelson. In the last he was wounded. He served with his battery nearly a year, when, for gallant and meritorious conduct, he was promoted in the regular army, in the 3rd Regiment of Artillery. Gen. McClellan addressed a letter to the Secretary of War requesting his promotion. On the 4th of April, 1862, he joined his regiment. In the battle of Williamsburg he manifested the utmost bravery. A shell exploded under his horse, killing it and wounding the lieutenant in the thigh. He caught a loose horse, and went forward with his battery. He was again wounded, this time in the knee. He was conveyed to Fortress Monroe, and thence to Washington City, where in the home of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, he received every attention but sank under his wounds and, with his mother beside him, expired on the 2nd day of June, 1862.

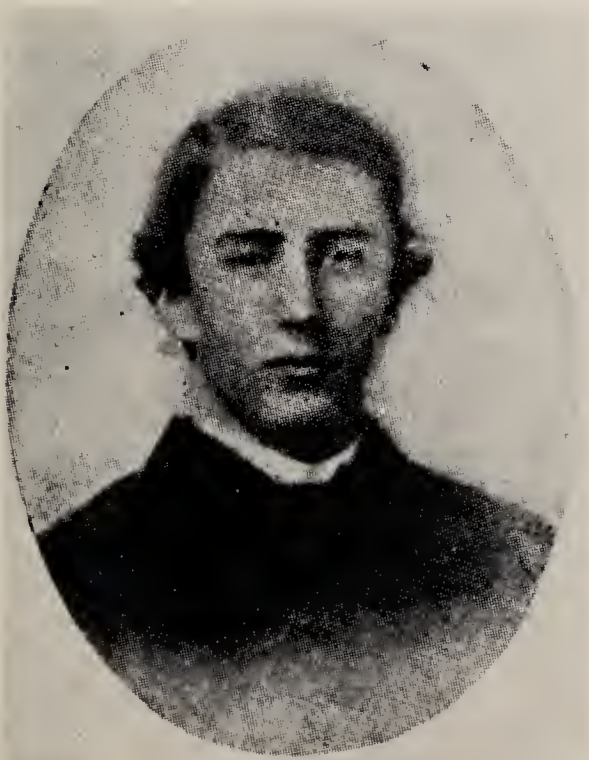
The fort at Shepherdsville has been named DeWolf, in honor of Lieut. William DeWolf of the 3rd U. S. Artillery, as a deserved compliment to a gallant officer."



LULU GIBSON



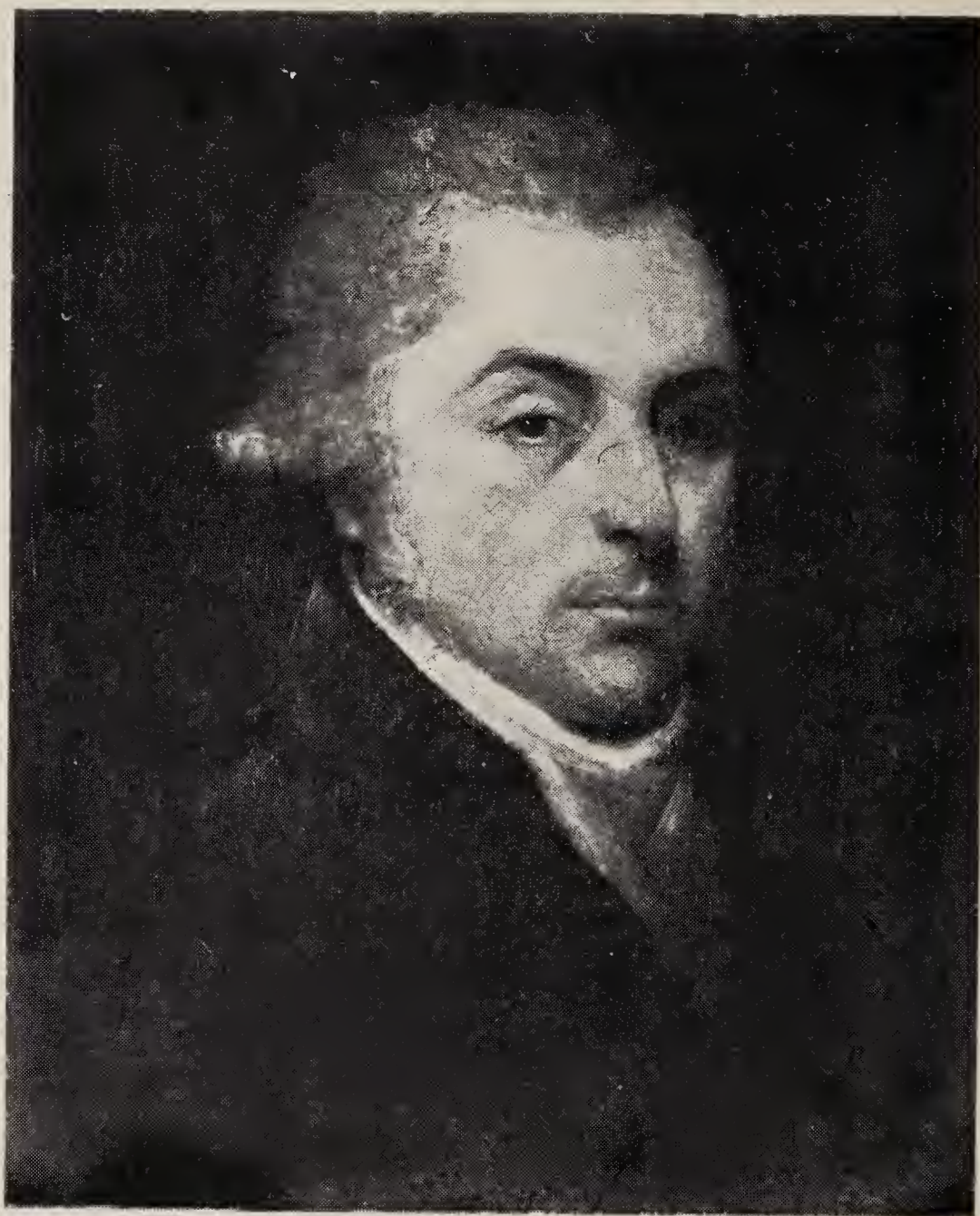
CHARLEY GIBSON, his last year at
M.I.T.



LIEUT. CHARLES D'WOLF GIBSON
age sixteen

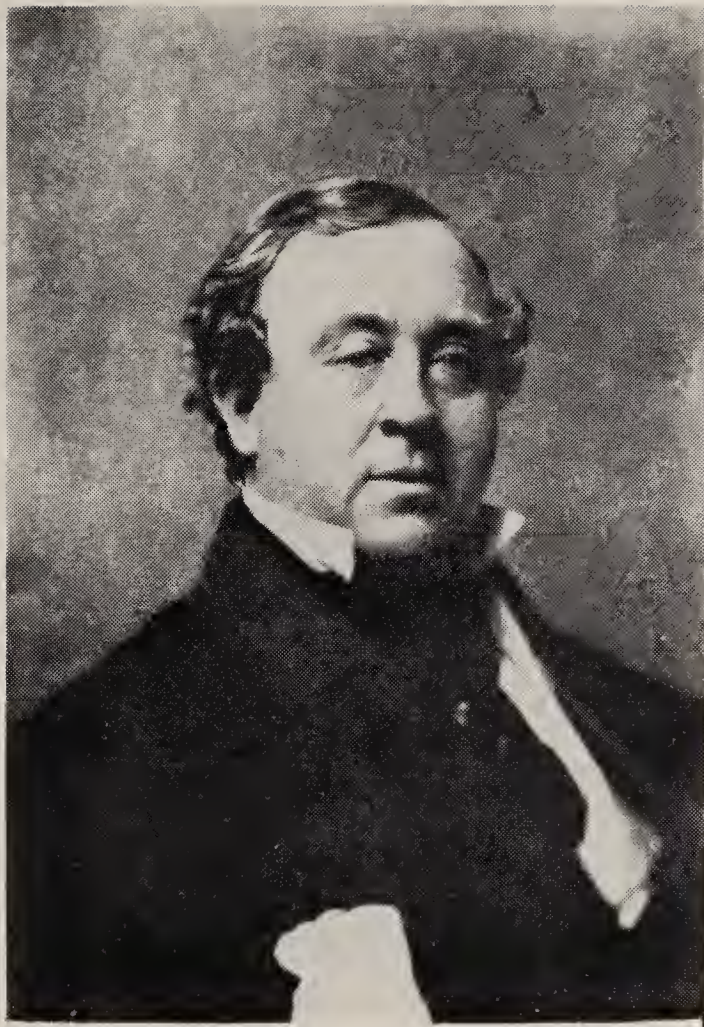


LIEUT. WILLIAM D'WOLF
Son of William Frederick D'Wolf



WILLIAM LOVETT
Artist Self Portrait

William Lovett, b. 1773, married Elizabeth Langdon, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 22nd. 1795, at West Church, Boston, Mass. He was a miniature painter, well known at the age of 22 years and planning to go to England to study. His merit is shown in this self portrait which was an early painting of his. He was well launched on a profession which might have adorned had he lived. At the age of twenty-eight on June 29th, 1801, he died suddenly after drinking too freely of ice water, after a hot day's training with his company, the "Ancient and Honorable" Artillery Company. His death occurred before the birth of his son Charles Walley.



CHARLES WALLEY LOVETT
Son of William Lovett, and Elizabeth (Langdon)
of Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Charles Walley Lovett, b. 1801, married Josephine Maria D'Wolf, Nov. 5th, 1873 in St. Michael's Church, Bristol, R. I. They made their home in Boston where he held the post of Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth for forty-five consecutive years, serving under nine Secretaries and fifteen Governors.

He stood over six feet, perfectly proportioned, of great strength and fine presence. He was blessed with a beautiful tenor voice of great range which made him famous throughout New England. He was vice-President of the Handel and Hayden Society, in 1832-3 and president in 1834-5. Here he sung many solo parts. He was an ardent lover of "out doors" and when possible he spent his vacation with rod, gun and dog and reveled in the free air and physical exercise. A devoted husband, and father.



CHARLES D'WOLF LOVETT



HARRIETT HALL LOVETT
"Hattie"



JOSEPHINE MARIA D'WOLF
LOVETT
Wife of Charles Walley Lovett
"Dode"



JAMES D'WOLF LOVETT
"Jim"



"BESSIE" and "ANNIE" LOVETT

At the height of their anxiety about Annie and the news that Charleston was to be burned, they received a letter from her saying, "We are about to give Maria her debut." The house on the South Battery was to be opened. "Beauregard is in command and there is an English Man-of-War in the harbor, and the British officers are vying with the Confederates in their attentions and devotion. Maria is eighteen and there will not be a better time."

The letters that followed were of a very different note.

"There was great danger in Sherman's reckless and fast-approaching army. The hospital was the first to be moved, one man being left to die and was buried by the servants under a cathedral of pine trees. The silver had been sent to Columbia, where they hoped it would be safe. All horses had been taken to prevent their falling into enemy hands. This being the greatest loss."

Again Annie wrote.

"We watched Mr. Pettigrew's pair of carriage horses led away, and we knew our turn would come next, but the boys turned out to be our friends and allowed us to keep one horse in trade for a turkey they had, but could not cook. So, it was the main dish for a feast, but the boys left us with the knowledge that our horse would not be safe long, and only too true. We had been allowed to keep the pony, and on an occasion of mercy, Russell was dispossessed of his mount twenty miles from home."

It was difficult for the peaceful town folk of Bristol to picture their Northern boys as being the "lawless and brutal soldiers" that Annie so often called them. Her last letter ended with the news that they had been deprived of their slaves and were again to occupy their home in Charleston.

"It needs much repair, but friends and neighbors are more than kind, and the treatment shown them was far from that of conquered enemies."

In time Annie and her family were given free transportation on a government ship to Philadelphia and there they were welcomed by Marston relations, as Cousin John Marston made his home there.

Letters from Bristol urged them to return, and all signs of any feeling, on their part, regarding the past, were gone and forgotten. But Annie wrote that "the children's education had been neglected and decided to spend the winter in Cambridge". It was not until June that signs of life were seen at Hayfield and once more Annie made a spectacular homecoming. The first week was

spent at the Farm with her mother and Aunt Louisa, and to prove the promise, that "all was forgiven and forgotten", Abby gave a reception in Annie's honor.

Longfield was decorated with its best china and silver, the table fairly overflowed with good things to eat. All Bristol was invited and arrived in their best, newest clothes to welcome the "heroine" of the war, for as such Annie was regarded, for her letters had been relayed at length, and no doubt enlarged upon, within the radius of Newport, Bristol, Warren, Barrington, and Providence.

Exhausted from handshaking, Grandma Nancy sat herself down in the library to await the gathering of her own family after the last guest should go. Slowly, one by one, they joined her. She spoke feelingly.

"It was good of cousin Dode to send her two daughters. I understand that she has not been going out at all since her brother Bradford's death. Her daughter Annie is to study painting next winter. You know her Grandfather, William Lovett, was a painter of note. Had he not died of drinking ice water after being overheated he would have been famous."

"Tell me about it, Grandmother," urged Lilly. "Did he just drink the water and drop dead?"

"Some other time, dear. I don't know the particulars, but I always understood he would have been great, had he lived."

"Why, then, is his work not better known?" asked Cecilia.

"It was all burned in the gallery where he was having an exhibition in Boston. Dode told me once, in speaking of Annie's talent, that her grandfather was only 28 when he died." Her father was a posthumous child."

"What's that?" asked Lilly.

"Never mind," her mother answered.

"Nonsense, Cecilia. Tell the child. A posthumous child, Lilly, means the father died before his child was born."

Grandma Nancy continued. "What a handsome girl Bessie is, not as much real beauty perhaps, as her sister Annie, but so healthy and fresh looking and full of animation. She is like, both her mother and father, and quite a young lady. She must be all of seventeen. Abby you should ask her for a visit when Charley has leave."

Abby, having seen the last of her guests, joined the family group in the library.

"Get up, Lilly, and give Aunt Abby your seat. She must be tired of standing."

They all agreed the party was a "great success." Abby looked extremely sweet in a new mauve colored silk, with white lace across her shoulders. The slight touch of grey in her hair made the darkness of her eyebrows and lashes seem more pronounced.

"Really," she began, "I can't begin to understand how Annie could have come to meet all these old friends she has not seen in so long a time, in that old dress. Did you notice the brass safety pin that was holding her kerchief? Really, I don't know what to think, and those poor little girls. Did you notice how they were dressed? Poor Maria, in that old dress of her mother's. I remember it years back. Annie made so much of her beauty in her letters, why, she is not even pretty, and surely in those clothes she was not attractive."

"Poor little Annie isn't much like her mother, is she?" said Cecilia. "Remember how lovely Annie was when Aunt Charlotte and Aunt Maria used to take her to Boston?"

"But you must admit," said Nancy, "that those two younger children are beautiful. Even in those dreadful old dresses, their faces are lovely."

"You mean Alicia and Charlotte?" asked Cecilia, who added nothing to her mother's remark, but to Abby she said, "Your reception was brilliant, dear, and I hope Annie appreciated it."

At this moment, Abby, with her face in her hands, burst into tears.

"Mercy me, Abby, what is it, dear?"

Her mother was at her side. "Come, come, this is no way to feel after giving every one such a lovely time. What's wrong?"

Both Cecilia and her mother stood over her while Lulu, who had just come in the room, looked on in astonishment. It took some moments for Abby to recover sufficiently to answer, but finally she found voice to say,

"Guess what she said to me before she left."

"Who, my dear?" asked her mother.

Cecilia answered for Abby who was sobbing anew.

"You mean Annie, don't you?"

Abby nodded her head in assent.

"What could she have said to make you feel like this? I declare, Annie is beyond herself."

Her mother, more calm in her manner, soothed Abby's hurt feelings by saying,

"No matter what Annie said you have no reason to cry, my dear. Now tell us so that we may share your feelings and understand your reason for feeling so upset. No doubt you're tired, and as always, too sensitive."

Abby lifted up her head, and looking at her mother, said,

"She called my reception—mind you, I gave it for her,"

"Yes, yes I know, go on. She called it, what?"

"She called it 'a vulgar display'!"

Burying her face in her hands again, Abby wept. Cecilia looked at her mother. Enraged by what she heard, she took her daughter by the hand.

"Come, Lilly, *we* have something to do."

Left alone with her mother, Abby now gave a still more graphic picture of Annie's remarks. Her mother, in her gentle, understanding way, tried to comfort Abby's hurt feelings.

"Your sister is losing a war, and she is going to try to make everyone feel there is more honor in a lost battle than in victory. She will have a hard time here in the North, but she will try, and those who let it bother them will be doing just what she wishes. I have seen signs of it ever since her return, but this is her first real chance to display it. I am sorry you had to be the one to be the target. Now go and bathe your eyes, dear, and don't let it spoil this lovely day. Everyone else enjoyed it. Take my advice and don't let Annie know that she hurt you."

This warning should have been given before Cecilia left the house, for no sooner had she taken Lilly home, than she went straight over to Hayfield and expressed forcibly the effect Annie's remark had left on the family.

CHAPTER 16

Charley Has One Day Leave

THE death of Bradford DeWolf early in June, brought sorrow to a devoted family. His sons, William and Mark, drove in the first coach with their mother. His daughters, Posy and Harriet, with the latter's husband, Lloyd Aspinwall, and their small son, William, drove in the second coach with his sister Dode Lovett. His brother James' daughter, Juliana, with her husband, Robert Livingston Cutting, and their three sons, were in the carriage with his sister Harriet Hall from Newport. While his nieces, Josephine and Isabella Homer (their mother having died some years before) drove in the coach with Charles Lovett and his son Charlie and two daughters, Annie and Bessie. Carrie DeWolf and her grandmother were with Abby and Aunt Louisa. And grandmother Nancy went with Annie Middleton, who only took her two oldest daughters, Maria and Annie. The family thus represented was followed by long lines of coaches filled with grief stricken friends and relations, among the closest were James and Alexander Perry, with their children. The service was impressively read by cousin Mark Anthony DeWolfe Howe, who had lately arrived from Philadelphia where he was rector of St. Luke's Church.

* * * * *

Although Bradford's wife, a sweet, gentle woman, the daughter of Hon. John Soley of Charlestown, Mass., did what she could to keep up The Mount, it was never quite the same. Dode Lovett felt the loss of her brother deeply and knew he had left his family but poorly off. Her fortune had also disappeared. Their father's eight million dollars had been divided among the twelve children, leaving but a small share to carry on so large an establishment without using the principal. Bradford had been used to living in luxury and knew no other way of life. Dode, while devoted to her sister-in-law, realized that her yearly visits to The Mount must be given up. She and her children had known no other summer home.

The Lovetts returned to Boston leaving Bessie behind. She had been invited to visit her cousin Abby Gibson at Longfield.

It was a warm afternoon. Maitland Gibson called at The Mount with his horse and trap to drive Bessie to Longfield. Her box having been strapped on behind the cart, they were off at such speed that Bessie had all she could do to keep her balance while holding her hat. Hardly a word was spoken as they dashed through the village streets. Bessie took little interest in the fact that the horse had been a gift to Maitland from his mother on his fifteenth birthday. She had heard much about the Gibson boys from her cousin Carry D'Wolf, and was now beginning to wonder if there was any similarity in the brothers.

As they turned in at the drive on two wheels, Maitland gave out a whoop and pulled up at the front steps of the piazza. Hanna was there to take her box and with some effort, Bessie managed to straighten her bonnet and greet her cousin Abby.

Longfield had a rich smell all its own. Honeysuckle was in bloom on both sides of the long piazza, and bees were singing about it.

"How strange," thought Bessie, "to be in Bristol and not going back to The Mount."

She was shown to her room and told that Charley had not yet arrived, but was expected before tea time, that she was to make herself entirely at home and the maid would bring her anything she wanted.

Bessie found herself in the large North chamber, which occupied one wing of the house. A dressing room adjoined with washstand and commode. She changed her black dress, putting on a white one, and then sat by the west window and waited. She could see Narragansett Bay in the distance and the summer-house in the garden across the road. Twice she went to the mirror to see if her hair was in order and fixed the net that held it in place at the back of her neck. The sound of wheels on the drive made her look once more at herself before she left the room. At the head of the long flight of stairs she could hear Charley's voice as he greeted his mother and little sister. She descended the stairs slowly in order not to interrupt their greeting. She was halfway down when Charley, seeing her, took two long steps and was at her side.

"So this is Bessie," he said as he took both her hands in his, and pulled her down on the step beside him. His face was tanned and his eyes matched the blue Army shirt. There they sat and talked until supper was announced, when Charley jumped up:

"I won't be long, but I must get out of this uniform and have a wash. I expected to have all that done before I let you see me.

Forgive my appearance, won't you?" and he was off, upstairs two at a time.

Bessie never forgot the way he looked that moment, of how becoming the blue shirt-cuff was to his suntanned hands. Nor did Charley forget the many white ruffles on Bessie's skirt or the turn of her head, framed, as it was, with a dainty lace collar.

Grandmother Nancy and Aunt Louisa were there to welcome him, and as he was late in entering the dining room where they were all seated, he announced himself:

"2nd Lieutenant Gibson, 14th Rhode Island, Heavy Artillery, U.S.A., reporting."

A shout of welcome went up from all. Charley kissed the family, but when he came to Bessie by whose side he was to sit, he hesitated.

"She's your cousin, you know, Charley," said grandma. "Her grandfather, James D'Wolf, and your great-grandfather, William, were brothers."

She continued in order to distract the others from noticing the brilliant color in Bessie's cheeks.

"They were the best of friends these brothers always, and were partners in many enterprises but they differed largely in politics. William was a Federalist, but his brother James was of the Jeffersonian Party. He was a close friend of Lafayette who was entrusted with the defense of Warren, Bristol, and the Eastern Shore. His headquarters was just a few doors down the road from here in the Reynolds' house."

Bessie, having regained her composure, ventured to exonerate her grandfather's point of view by announcing that he had suffered much at the hands of the British when very young, which had a lot to do with his feelings toward them. She then added:

"He spent weeks in gloomy prison ships and saw many of his friends ill-treated during the Revolution. He, too, was a prisoner for many months in Bermuda."

Nancy agreed, "He was his uncle Simeon Potter's favorite, and was made one of his captains before he was twenty."

At the sound of Potter's name Charley spoke up:

"There now, is an uncle to be proud of. I never tire of hearing about the time the British offered him a larger ship. He belongs to both Bessie and me."

Charley urged his grandmother to tell them about the incident he had in mind, adding:

"Perhaps Bessie hasn't heard it."

His grandmother answered, "I couldn't now, dear, but if Abby has the letter written by the priest describing this distant uncle, I will be glad to read it after tea. He was a very colorful character but his nephews so outshone him in later life that little count was kept of his doings."

Charley protested, "No, grandma, I mean the time when the British officer visited the Prince Charles of Lorrain." Charley turned to Bessie and explained, "That was the name of his ship. They were so impressed by its seamanly appearance that one of them asked uncle Sime 'Whye don't you apply to His Majesty for a commission? He would be glad to give you a larger ship.' They were speaking of King George the 2nd, of whom uncle Sime had very little respect. And not liking their tone of condescension, he answered, 'When I wish for a better ship, I'll not ask His Majesty for one; I'll build one myself.' That's the way I like to think of him. The letter from the priest is also very interesting, although I don't remember it very well. I hope you have it, Mama?" Then with a perplexed look on his face, he asked, "How is it that Bessie is of an older generation than I?"

His grandmother answered him, "That's very simple, Charley. Your great-great-grandfather, Mark Anthony D'Wolf, had eight sons. James was the youngest, and his *youngest* daughter was Bessie's mother. William, a few years older, married first, and his son was your grandfather."

Here Abby spoke up, "You're not forgetting uncle Levi, are you, Mamah?"

"No, dear. I expect both Bessie and Charley remember their Uncle Levi. He didn't die until the summer of '48." Then added by way of explaining, "He was the baby brother of James and William."

Bessie spoke up, "I remember him well. He and Uncle Charles were my mother's favorite uncles."

"I expect Bessie knows many stories about the family from her mother, that we have never heard," said Charley.

"As a matter of fact," answered Bessie, "I know very little about that generation. You see, mother was so much younger than her sisters and grandfather's life was so interesting, it seemed to end there. Mother was only nine when the family moved to Washington, so I expect she missed out on family talk as more important things took their place. I like to hear about them very much and hope you will tell me more about the family. I never knew how the D'Wolfs

happened to settle in Guadaloupe. It seems a long ways off. I always think of them as being real Yankees."

"And so they are, my dear," Grandma Nancy said with convincing emphasis. "The first Balthazar D'Wolf settled in Lyme, Connecticut, in 1695, the starting point of many a New England family of note. With the spirit of enterprise characteristic of the family, his grandson Charles emigrated to Guadaloupe as a young man, established himself as a millwright, one of many at that time to be connected with the building and ownership of mills."

Abby put the top of the sugar bowl on, which was always a sign she was ready to have the meal come to an end. Rather glad to put emphasis on the fact that she was the same generation as Bessie, she addressed her:

"I expect your mother was able to remember George Washington when he was here? I should like to have seen him as he stood on the town bridge and talked to the people."

"I don't think mother did as she was not born until 1812, but she was told about it as he was staying with Grandfather Bradford while he was in Bristol."

Abby pushed back her seat and the family followed her into the parlor. The evening was interesting because the conversation concerned all present. Seated in the big arm chair, Nancy repeated the story, best known to the family, about that romantic Uncle Simeon Potter. But Bessie was hearing it for the first time. The letter, referred to, was found and produced, written by a Jesuit Priest, Father Fauque, which had been translated from the French original, telling how Potter, though captain of his ship, dressed like the other sailors. His description was that of a man tall and slender, and when first seen by the priest, was standing on deck, his arm in a sling, and two pistols in his belt. He was thought to be about thirty years of age, but in truth he was only twenty-four. He was chief of the "Corsana" with commissions from William Greene of "Rhodelan" (as Rhode Island was called by the British). The description goes on to say, and Nancy read,

"Potter was fiery, impetuous, adventurous, thrifty, often overbearing and impatient under contradiction, yet withall frank and in a way generous."

Here she paused to remark, "That is not harsh criticism as the writer was smarting under a fear of personal loss. I believe the Sacred Vessels of the Church formed part of the booty, for he goes on to say,"

‘Captain Potter offered to return his share which was considerable, but that he had no control over the other members of the crew as he was not able, as captain, to dispose of any but his own’.”

“Here he says”:

‘The crew were constantly drinking, but Captain Potter was entirely sober and on Sunday morning I saw him read from his prayer book although no religious service was held on board. He was free to express pain at the excess of his crew to whom, according to custom, he was obliged to allow an abundance of liberty. He was the only one wounded on either side.’

“A note on the bottom of the paper here, says”:

“Thus we see him democratic in dress and in relation to his subordinates, not shrinking from personal danger, foremost in the fight, not without generous impulse, and in the midst of rough life and rude companions, preserving religious habits and moral conduct.’

Nancy paused, “That’s about all there is here, but it was always said of him in connection with his character that he loved to fight and long after he gave up going to sea, he enjoyed personal quarrels and had many law suits. He was easily offended, yet certainly enterprising and most successful in money making. It was he who put the idea of *money* into the heads of both of your grandfathers. He was quoted as saying, ‘Make money, lads. Make money. Plow the ocean into oats porridge to make money’.”

“Three cheers for Uncle Sim,” said Maity and asked his grandmother if there wasn’t a story of his having a fight with a minister.

“Yes, he knocked down the Rector John Usher and it cost him 500 pounds. However, he continued to be vestryman, being a defender of the English Church and devotedly attached, enriching the Parish with many valuable gifts. He was a warm friend to the end of his life to the son of his old antagonist, Rev. John Usher Jr.”

“He doubtless gave the stolen Sacred Vessels to him,” chuckled Maitland. “He couldn’t have been very active at sea during that time of his life?”

“No,” said Nancy, “he gave up going to sea when his nephews took over. But he was very active in 1773. He was ordered by Captain John Brown of Providence to command a fleet of nine long-boats in the capture and burning of the ‘Gaspee’. The testimony of one of the crew of the ill-fated ship said, ‘Potter looked more like a shoreman than a seaman with his light colored long clothes and his hair tied back in a queue!’ That was the first British blood shed in the American Revolution. He was several years a member of the

Assembly of Rhode Island forces and in 1775, during the bombardment of Bristol by Sir James Wallace, he went in the hottest fire to the head of the wharf, hailed the British ship 'Rose' and arranged to treat with the enemy."

"He was certainly quite a fellow," said Charley, standing up to stretch his legs. "How old was he when he died, Grandma?"

"He lived to the ripe old age of eighty-six and wrote a doggerel just before he died. We have it somewhere in his own hand."

"I can recite it, Grandma," said Maity. "I once used it in school, but they didn't think so much of it. Want me to recite it?"

"I love with all my heart
the independent part.
To obey the parlement
my conscience won't content.
I never can abide to fight
on England's side.
I pray that God may bless
that great and grand Congress."

"I think I agree with your school," said his mother.

Charley and Bessie sat on the sofa giving all their attention to the tales of this colorful man, for Potter blood ran in their veins as well as did the D'Wolf blood.

"Were they ever called pirates in those days?" asked Maitland. "For that is what Uncle Sim certainly was."

"No, my dear," said Nancy. "The D'Wolf men were privateers, an honorable profession in those days. I'll read you a letter written by their father that will give you a better idea of their home life. It is here with the others and I hope they will be kept safely." Nancy turned up the lamp, then asked her daughter, "Have the lamps been attended to? This seems to be burning low."

"The date on this letter is 1788. It begins":

'Dear Levi,

This will be handed you by your brother William which hope will find you in good health as it leaves us at present through the blessing of God. Your brother James has purchased a schooner bout 40 tons.'

Here Nancy paused to explain, "That is your grandfather, Bessie, and the letter was delivered by Charley's great-grandfather, so this should be of interest to both of you young people." Nancy moved nearer the lamp that stood on the table and repeated the last paragraph.

'Your brother James has purchased a schooner about 40 tons and is gone upon a ways. The old sloop is sold to your

Uncle Potter for \$600. I likewise inform you of the death of Mrs. Potter who left this world the 14th. of this month.

I hope you are not forgetful of your own latter end as death pays no regard to age nor sex. Therefore, our great concern is to get ready against that hour and place our trust and reliance on Christ the Saviour of Man. I should be glad to hear from you. Times here are just as they were when you left us. I hope your dear brother John has enjoyed his health on the voyage. To whom send my kind love.

Remember my respects to Mr. Gorham.

Your mother sends you a small chief and remember her love to both of you.

I remain your father and well wisher.

Mark Anthony D'Wolf

"He was a good man," said Abby, "and I think my grandfather was like him. My father may have been more like Uncle Simeon."

"Nonsense!" retorted Nancy as she removed her eyeglasses, which she had lately acquired, and placed them in a velvet case. "It's late and I must be getting home. Charley, give me your arm."

Charley was at his grandmother's side, but Maity, sensing his desire to stay with Bessie, took his place, saying, "Allow me the honor, Grandma, of escorting you across the road."

There was a general move toward the door as one by one, the candles were taken from the hall table to light the way up the long flight of stairs. Charley and Bessie were left alone in the parlor.

"Shouldn't I also go upstairs?" she asked.

"This is my only evening, Bessie, and it seems as if we had a lot of time to make up. Won't you sit with me a little while?"

As they talked, they watched the moon disappear in the West, until a strange light appeared in the Eastern sky.

"Look, Charley," exclaimed Bessie, "is that a fire?"

"No, Bessie, my dear. I'm afraid it's the sun, and it's hours ahead of time."

"What will Cousin Abby think? I will never be allowed to come again."

Charley lighted a candle for Bessie and, as she took it from him, he bent his head and kissed her fingers. No word was spoken for fear of being overheard. After leaving Bessie at her door, Charley tiptoed down the hall to his own room where he paused a moment, then, on second thought, turned and went downstairs and into the library. He sat for a moment in darkness wide awake, and with new thoughts racing through his mind. He tried to hear Bessie's

footsteps in the room overhead, but all was still. He thought he heard his mother's door open and close. Lighting a lamp he unlocked the door of the bookcase where his father kept his favorite reading. He reached for a volume he had often seen in his father's hand. It was a handsome book, dark green with heavy gold edges. "Proverbial Philosophy and Poems" by Tupper.

Moving his chair nearer the table for better light he thumbed the pages. His father's book-plate was inside the cover and his name was written on the fly leaf with an enviable flourish. The signature of Martin S. Tupper was also written with a flourish under an engraving of that young man. The book had been published in Buffalo in 1849. Here he read that Tupper was a "A.M.F.R.S. of Christ Church, Oxford". This was a book of thoughts and arguments, originally treated. It also contained "A Thousand Lines" and other poems. The latest American edition under the word Buffalo was by Geo. H. Derby & Co., Publisher. His thoughts were far away until in reading through the contents his eyes came to one headed "Love". Here he turned to page 102, and read, making tiny pencil marks as he recognized and understood its meaning.

The night was gone and there was no place in his crowded thoughts for sleep. He read until the lamp light became dim in contrast with the rising sun.

He had no wish to waken Maity at this early hour by going to his room. Therefore he decided to walk to the shore for an early swim, and to think of Bessie. How many thoughts were mutual in those two youthful minds that night only history can reveal.

As Charley was to leave early, that morning it was one of confusion. There was little opportunity for more than a few words to be spoken to Bessie, but long after the carriage was out of sight, Charley's last goodbye rang in Bessie's ears.

"I'll be back for Christmas, and we must see each other often."

CHAPTER 17

Julia Makes a Visit At Longfield

A MIGHTY rush to California began in 1848, when the news went out to the world that gold had been discovered near Captain Sutter's sawmill in Sacramento Valley. Thousands caught the gold fever, among them FitzHenry, who had started out, at Mr. Gibson's suggestion to look after some of his interests in the West. Letters had been received by his mother from Colorado, and Mr. Gibson had heard last on June 24th, 1849. Since that date no word had been received. His letter sounded cheerful and hopeful, although not too successful. He was 50 miles from "Pikes Peak" headed for the Taos mines in New Mexico. He described himself as having recovered from the "cholera" and "hoped never to have it again. He weighed 175 lbs., his hair was long and he had a moustache and whiskers." The letter was affectionate and he said nothing about hardships, of which there must have been plenty. For in those days of the covered wagon travel, one had to be rugged. To quote from his letter it might have been written in the comfort of a steam train.

"Dear brother Charles:

I embrace one moment to say to you that I am well and envoke God's blessing on each of you and yours. We are headed for the Taos mines, where we hope to find Gold. If not, then we keep on to Sacramento. Our whole company are well, as are the mules and horses. We are now passing through one of the most desolate regions I have seen on the route but one guide tells that we will soon be repaid for it tenfold when we reach the beautiful vales of the mountain.

If you think proper you may send this to dear mother and father. I am writing in the hot sun and the train is already starting that will take this."

He then tells about his recovery from "cholera" and describes his appearance.

"There is plenty of game in sight on every side. The old gun does her share in killing.

"The return train consists of 20 wagons, containing about \$50,000 in furs. I must stop, dear brother. God bless you. Kiss all at home and believe me as ever.

your affectionate bro.

Fitz."

His mother could not decide at which time she worried most, when Fitz-Henry was at home or not knowing where he was. She prayed for his safety and often feared that she would never see him again. Several efforts were made by Mr. Gibson to locate him but all to no avail.

* * * * *

The afternoon sun sent rays of light through the Gothic window in the upper hall at Longfield where Abby, seated beside Lulu, cut out little flowers and pasted them on a small table to be part of a new decoration for that little girl's room. This pleasant pastime was interrupted by the arrival of Aunt Louisa who brought with her a letter to be read to Abby away from the curious keen ears of Lulu, who might ask embarrassing questions. A hint was sufficient to send that young lady off to her room in the good company of the "Bumble twins". These were two little girls, always available as they originated in the mind of Lulu and held such an important place in her life that every one in the family recognized them as members of the household.

"It's too bad Lulu hasn't any children her own age to play with," remarked Aunt Louisa, as she watched the child walk down the hall.

"Oh, but she has," replied Abby. "The 'Bumble twins' are always ready to play with her, and they make perfect companions."

"But, surely Abby, real children would be better company for her."

Abby refused to pursue the subject, knowing that her aunt had a letter to read of interest to them both.

"Is it from Charles?" she asked, as she recognized the writing on the envelope.

"Yes. To your mother. A most thoughtful, considerate letter, saying that he had located Fitz and that a carriage be sent to the station for him tonight. That no questions were to be asked that might embarrass him, as he is most reluctant to discuss the unsuccessful mission he had been sent on, and that he was far from well. Charles found him quite by accident so involved in debt in a hotel, that he was unable to leave. This information came from Willie D'Wolf, who was known to be from Bristol, and he notified your husband, which was kind of him, instead of upsetting your mother. Fitz was living in the lap of luxury and had impressed the landlord with his importance, a thing he knows so well how to do."



FRANK GIBBS



ANNIE D'WOLF LOVETT



MRS. FRANK GIBBS
Annie



JULIA, daughter of Annie D'Wolf
Lovett and Frank Gibbs



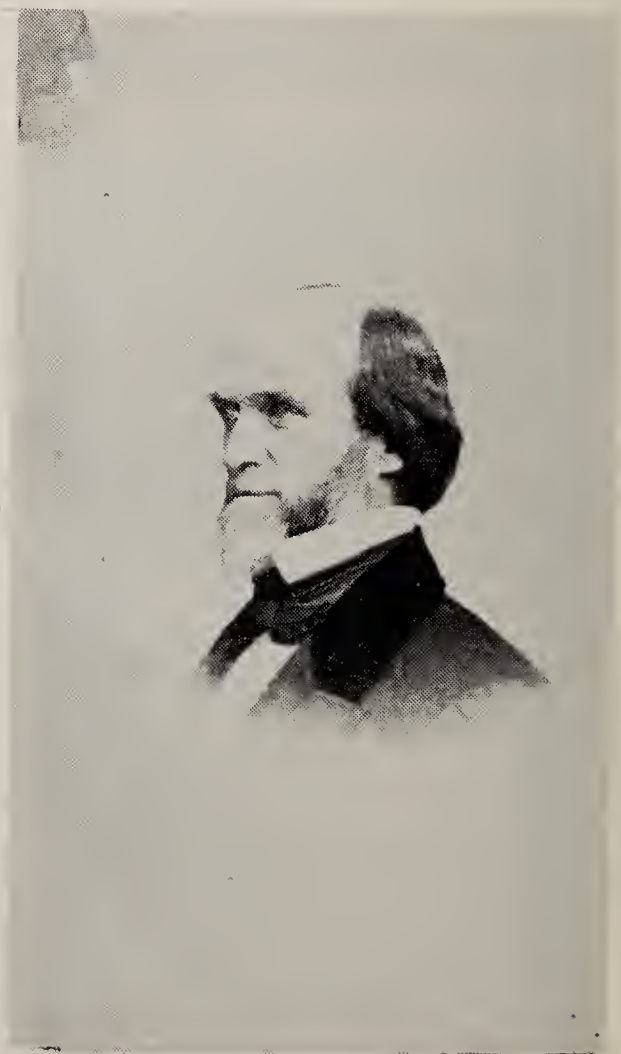
CHARLES D'WOLF GIBSON
"Charley"



JOSEPHINE ELIZABETH LOVETT
"BESSIE"



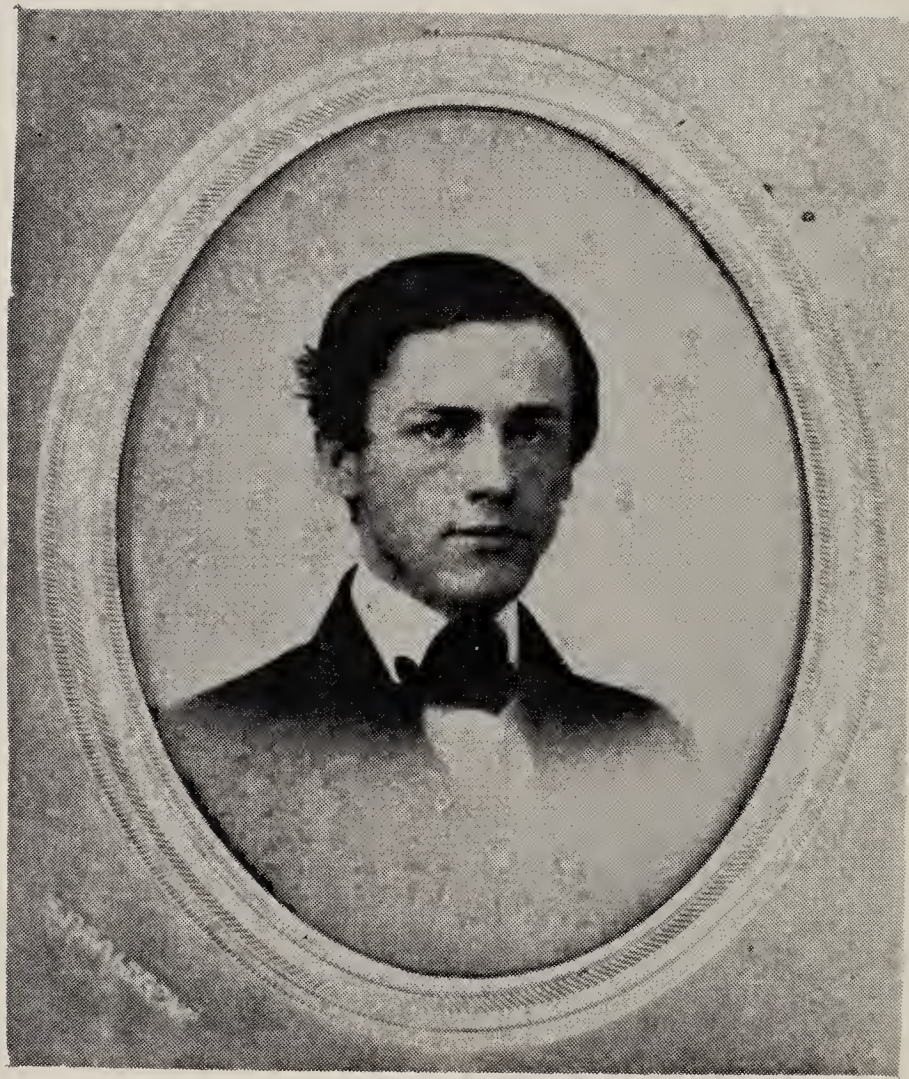
ABBY GIBSON



CHARLES DANA GIBSON



LOUISA MARSTON GIBSON
"Lulu"



HENRY MAITLAND GIBSON
"Maity"

Aunt Louisa looked disgusted. But Abby, trying to be loyal to her brother, expressed her remarks in the kindest way she knew.

"Yes, Fitz always knew how to enter a drawing room and impress all there by his charming manners even when he had been drinking."

"If you ask me," her aunt replied, "Fitz is a complete failure to my way of looking and hasn't a redeeming quality."

Abby sighed, "Poor Mamah, is she much upset?"

"She is more nearly heart broken but she will never show it. And Fitz is too old to change now, so the poor dear will carry that cross till she dies."

There was a silence of thoughtful respect for this dearly loved mother and sister. Then to change the subject Abby announced, "Julia is arriving today."

Letters had come from time to time from Julia, saying she had found congenial friends in Texas; that her life was very full and her interests many. Her father's last visit to Bristol had told Abby of an attachment she had formed for a young man and expressed his wish to have Julia come to Longfield and the "young man" in question invited to visit them. Abby's response to this was most gratifying.

Julia arrived by the afternoon train, a tall, good looking girl of twenty-four. She wore her hair caught at the back of her neck by a net, as was the style then. Her clothes were simple but extremely well made and she carried a small valise with necessary toilet articles, saying that her box would arrive later.

Always capable and willing to be of help, Julia devoted her time between the Farm and Longfield, doing little acts of kindness. Her father was delighted to see how well she looked and to hear of the happiness she had found, partly making amends for their long separation. He assured her, "I like all you have to say, Julia dear, about your young man, and now my desire is to meet him. Will you ask him to visit us here at Longfield. Would you think it possible for him to come?"

Julia was delighted at her father's interest and suggested that they might combine a visit, wedding, and honeymoon all in one with his approval. At this point in the conversation Abby expressed the importance of her being informed of their plans, announcing:

"It's not easy to receive strangers and prepare a wedding, if only told at the last moment. Please to remember that this is *my*

house and there is no one to run it but myself. A great deal is on my shoulders and I have no man to lift the burden as most married women have."

"My dear Abby," said her husband, "I will see that everything is taken care of and attend to all details if you will let me. I am sure Julia knows what she wants and can do most of the actual planning herself."

Abby's upper lip quivered and contracted as it was apt to do when her feelings were hurt or "trampled on" as she expressed it.

"Charles," she began, "if you were home more often you would know that to be mistress of one's home is to take all responsibility. *No one*—no one plans or directs anything in my home. I hope Julia will understand that fully and take no conflicting steps."

Julia came to her father's defense. "I only want to suggest that the wedding be very small, with a few guests, just members of the family that you think we must invite. Very few people here remember me or would be interested in my wedding. I will write the invitations myself. It would please me most to have just the family from the Farm, and Aunt Cecilia, of course."

So it was arranged with no further argument. Invitations were delivered by hand:

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON
request the pleasure of your
company at the marriage of
 MR. GIBSON'S daughter
 JULIA
to
 MR. JEREMIAH M. HAYES
at
 LONGFIELD FARM
twelve o'clock, noon
October nineteenth
Eighteen hundred and sixty-three

The day preceding the wedding, Jeremiah arrived. Being on an earlier train than he was expected, he took a carriage from Warren station and was met by Julia in the driveway, on her way to the stable to order a carriage in time for the evening train.

At first sight of her intended, she was so confused by his appearance that she expressed little delight at his unexpected, early arrival.

"Jeremiah!" she exclaimed. "What have you done to your hair?"

Young Hayes, full of his delight at seeing Julia, and quite unconscious of his appearance, explained how the barber in Boston had only time to curl one-half of his hair before it was time for him to catch his train.

"Come into the stable with me," Julia said. "No one must see you like this, and I will drive you to the village."

Abby, seated at the library window, had seen the station carriage pass in the driveway and leave by the South entrance, hurried out to welcome the stranger. On arriving at the barn, they met.

"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed. "I never did, I never did."

All Julia could say in way of an introduction was, "Please don't stop us now. We'll be right back."

Abby re-entered the house so convulsed with laughter she was unable to share her amusement with Maitland, who followed her into the parlor.

"Come, now, Mama. It can't be that funny. What's the joke?"

Abby held a handkerchief to her eyes and explained, "I can't, Maity, you'd have to see what I've just seen yourself to believe me."

Again she became convulsed in laughter as she tried to describe Jeremiah's appearance.

"His hair was long and blond to his shoulders on one side of his head," Abby gasped between bursts of laughter, "and a curly wig-looking effect was on the other side. He looks like a wild man. What your father will say, I can't imagine."

"Where is he now?" asked Maitland. "What happened to him?"

"Julia has taken him to town."

While this exchange was going on between Maitland and his mother, Julia and Jeremiah were on their way to the village. She whipped up the mare, who had already been twice to Bristol that morning, and by way of explanation she announced to him, "We are going to a barber to have all that hair cut off. And pray tell me who told you that curls were the style?"

Her tone was one of anger and her feelings were that of deep regret to think that he had been seen by Abby, of all people, the last to understand.

"You really look a sight," she said.

"I'm sorry, Julia, really sorry, dear. But you see, I was met in Boston, as you know, by young Charlie Lovett, a nice fellow,

but undoubtedly with a warped sense of humor. I told him I wanted to see a barber before taking the train for Bristol, and he seemed to think we had plenty of time. After I got into the chair he informed me that if I wanted to look 'truly dandy' I should have my hair curled, not cut. So I said 'go ahead'. Suddenly Lovett jumped up and paid my barber, and taking me by the arm, rushed me off, saying we had only enough time to catch the train. I had put myself in his hands and naturally thought he knew what he was doing. Do I really look such a fright?"

For the first time since his arrival Julia smiled. "I'm just mad to think Charlie Lovett could take advantage of you, dear. He has always loved to tease and I expect your appearance made it impossible for him to resist the temptation of sending you off that way. Can't you tuck the long side up under your hat? I don't want anyone else to see it like that."

Pulling up close to the door of the barber shop, Julia said, "Now have it *all* taken off. I'll wait for you here."

On emerging from the barber shop to join Julia, Jeremiah placed his broad brimmed hat on his head. The absence, now, of hair had caused a decided difference in the fit of this truly Western article of apparel, and as only his ears prevented his being snuffed out entirely by his hat, like a candle, both he and Julia burst out laughing.

"I guess we'll buy a new hat for the honeymoon, Julia," he drawled. "This one don't fit me any more."

So they returned to Longfield, and were met by the family, and no one laughed louder than Jeremiah at his appearance. He had not been able to appreciate it until seated before the barber's mirror in Bristol.

The impression Jeremiah made on Mr. Gibson was a good one, which he expressed in this way, "A fine, healthy, straight-forward, honest, sincere fellow with a true good nature that I feel will make an understanding husband."

The wedding took place in the parlor. Lulu stood as maid of honor, and Maitland was best man at Jeremiah's request, an honor which, at his age, he never forgot. The ceremony was soon over and so the couple were on their way back to their new home in Austin, Texas.

CHAPTER 18

The End of The War

CHRISTMAS, following Julia's marriage, was a quiet one at Longfield. To be sure, Charley was to come home on leave, and Lulu was at an age when that day means a great deal. But, there was less holiday spirit, which was quite noticeable to the older members of the family.

Cecilia's daughter, Lilly, was now a young lady of eleven years and a devoted companion of Lulu's. Hence, the gaiety centered around them, and everyone did his or her part to make it a day to be remembered by these two little girls.

Grandmother Nancy and Aunt Louisa were both in their seventies, and although there was seven years between these devoted sisters, they both seemed of an age and took part in all activities at Longfield. Uncle Fitz Henry put on a very convincing Santa act, and at the end of the day, was found sitting in the linen closet, still dressed in red coat trimmed with fur, a cap pulled over one eye, as he slept off the effects of too much cheer.

Mr. Gibson had been unable to arrive in time for the morning excitement, and the family were all at church except Charley who had remained at home in order to meet his father.

There had been a heavy snow storm a few days previously, and as they drove along the country road from the Warren station, in the single sleigh, the runners seemed to sing, as they passed over the well-packed snow, in harmony with the silver sleigh bells.

They drove for a while in silence. Their thoughts were far apart. Charles, the father, was wondering where he had made his mistakes in the past, while Charley, the son, was planning his future and looking forward to this opportunity of having his father's counsel.

The silence was broken by the elder. "What's on your mind, son? Are these visits home too far apart?"

Charley pulled in the reins and slowed his steed to a walk, looked at his father with all the happiness of the day in his face, and repeated his first greeting.

"Merry Christmas! Papa. Merry Christmas! Yes, to your question, and I'll be mighty glad when this country is straightened out and a fellow can plan his future."

They turned in at the North gate and drove to the stable where Charley unhitched the horse and covered him with a blanket.

"No one seems to work on Christmas day. I hope you don't mind walking to the house through the snow. I should have taken you to the steps, but I welcome this chance to talk to you, Papa, and here we may not be disturbed."

But the double sleigh entering the drive announced the return of the family from Church, and they were obliged to join them.

After dinner Mr. Gibson made a point of having the interrupted confidence with his son resumed. The subject was a serious one and concerned the devotion Charley felt for his cousin Bessie Lovett. His father listened patiently and with understanding sympathy to the plans that such a marriage would involve.

"Remember this, Charley," his father said kindly, "you are only just eighteen. You have a life of happiness ahead of you and it may be, as you say, Bessie Lovett is the only girl that could give you this happiness. The relationship is sufficiently remote, and I know no finer girl or one I would rather see you married to, but wait until you have something to offer her. A love such as yours, a pure, fine feeling that I admire in you, shows you have given it thought beyond your years. Still, in order to marry, one must know how he is to provide for the future emergencies of life. Develop these thoughts more fully before you go to Cousin Charles Lovett with your plans, for I want you to have an answer ready to the questions he will ask. My help will always be at your command, but that is not enough to offer. Come to me a year from now, and I feel sure you will know better how to tell me of your future plans. You have a job to finish. One thing at a time is best. God bless you, and make your dreams come true."

It is not easy to wait when words of love are burning on your lips for the one girl you know you must have. All that lay ahead for Charley, were hours of hard work, uncomfortable nights, and the thought of Bessie made him both miserable and happy.

* * * * *

It was a cold, hard winter for the armies, who were poorly housed and thinly clad. Few families had not felt the ravages of war. Pine boxes lined the streets in Boston, and scenes like these were spoken of in hushed voices before Abby, as she sat day after

day at the library window, her hands nervously picking her fingers and biting off the loose bits of skin.

News of peace was anxiously awaited. General Grant had taken over the command of the Army, which gave hope of an early victory for the North.

As the winter snows melted and sleighs were put away in the upper loft of the barn, and wheels once more took their place as transportation to and from town, more friends visited Longfield. They spoke of the great debt the country had, caused by the war, amounting to billions. This had little meaning for Abby, who could only express herself by an occasional "Oh! Oh!". But when told the North alone had lost more than three hundred thousand men, she burst into tears and sobbed:

"Including my dear brother William Frederick's son."

And she would pull the hangnail from her finger till it bled.

Spring brought sunny skies, and green fields and better news. Word finally reached Bristol that the conflict between the North and South had ended. Church bells rang loudly and long most of the day and night. They could be heard plainly by those happy hearts at Longfield. Rejoicing was in the air, but the elation that the war was over did not last for many days, as the news of the death, by an assassin, of President Lincoln, rocked the entire country.

To Abby, it first meant that her son would be returning to her. Her second thought was that the country had lost a great leader.

* * * * *

The summer was eagerly looked forward to by Charley as he had heard that Bessie Lovett would again visit "The Mount", and he would see her often. He had been elected by the Town Counsel of Bristol to be Chief Marshal of the Fourth of July parade, an honor seldom conferred on so young a man. Dressed in his lieutenant's uniform he looked very much a marshal. The parade was made up of soldiers, sailors, marines, policemen, and firemen, each group having its own band. Newport sent divisions as did the other nearby towns in Rhode Island. Open house was in order, and crowds lined the streets.

Bessie and her brother, Jim Lovett, spent the morning at their cousin Alexander Perry's home and viewed the parade from their front steps, a point of vantage as the march was planned to pass that corner of the street twice. Luncheon was served at all the

important homes in the village, and it was thought to be a friendly thing to visit each and all before calling it "a day".

As the shadows stretched across the lawn at Longfield, Charley pulled his horse to a standstill at the front steps and handed a young lady out on the piazza, saying:

"I've brought Bessie home for tea, Mama."

Abby greeted them at the door, and kissing Bessie, she said, "I'm always glad to see you, my dear. You are most welcome. Did you see what a splendid parade Charley led?"

"Indeed, yes," Bessie answered. "The entire world seemed to be in Bristol today. Charley was so surrounded by admirers that I had to come home with him in order to get in a word."

Charley looked at Bessie and laughed, saying, "I was wondering if you had much chance to watch the parade with all those young men about you. I saw you first when we passed Cousin Alex's house. Where did you go from there? I could hardly keep my mind on my job trying to find you."

The stable boy came for the horse, and as Charley handed over the reins to him, he spoke to Charley in his Southern drawl.

"I seen you, mast'a Charley. I cou'd jes ima'jin you headed the Army, ye sord a-flashin'."

Charley accepted the compliment and answered him.

"I assure you the war didn't look like the parade, Joe. I wish it had. Today is the first time I've felt important in this uniform."

Left alone with Bessie, Charley led her down the drive out of ear-shot from the piazza. Bessie thought she had never seen him look so handsome. His naturally high color was tanned by the sun, his slight boyish figure buttoned into a tight-fitting blue jacket. He pulled off his gloves and hat, throwing them on the grass, said:

"I'm glad to get those hot things off."

He unbuckled his belt and sword and laid them down, then taking Bessie's hand:

"Come, sit down here beside me in the shade of this old maple tree. It's one of the few trees that were here before Longfield was built. If you'll let me, I'll take off my coat for you to sit on, so the grass won't stain your dress. Girls certainly have the advantage over men in the matter of clothes. You look as cool as a cucumber. Look at me. I'm not fit to be seen."

Bessie was tempted to deny this last statement, but instead she reminded him of the long march he had taken in the hot sun while she had only stood still and watched in the cool shade.

Charley agreed, then said, "Mind if I make a personal remark?"

Bessie shook her head.

"You have the smallest pair of feet I've ever seen, and you're quite a large girl. I mean, you're tall."

Bessie drew her feet under her skirts, but said nothing.

Charley asked, "Have I said something wrong? Don't hide them. I think they're very pretty."

Bessie let the toe of one shoe peek out from under her skirt and answered him, "No, I don't mind. I just don't know what to say, I guess."

"Do you mind if I call you 'Bess'? So many people call you Bessie."

"No, of course not."

After a moment's silence, as if Charley was making up his mind to ask the next question he finally said, "Is there anything special about me you like, Bess? I know *my* feet aren't small, but you might have discovered something I would be quite unconscious of, and it would please me to know. I hope that's not——"

But Bessie interrupted him, "I've noticed your hands."

"What about my hands?"

"I don't know. I like the way they look, that's all."

"Anything else about me, Bess?"

"Of course," and Bessie's cheeks turned a deep shade and her eyes looked very blue, and her lips very red.

"Do you want to tell me what?"

And Charley moved a little closer to her.

"I like the way you look today. Your uniform's becoming."

"And when I take it off, there will be nothing left to like?" Charley seemed to be enjoying her embarrassment, and they both laughed.

"You're fishing for a compliment that I don't know how to make," said Bessie. "Let's change the subject."

"All right. Now you ask me 'what I like about you'."

"No, Charley. Let's talk about the parade and who all these girls are, my sister Hattie's age, that seem to have grown up over night."

"Sorry, not interested. Look at me, Bess. I want to talk about you, and I want you to listen."

He moved an inch closer.

"I think you are the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

Bessie moved as if to get up, but Charley put his hand on her arm. "Wait," he said, "I haven't begun yet. From the first moment I saw you, I felt that your eyes were intended just to look into mine, that your mouth smiles just to please me, that your hands flutter about just to fascinate me. In fact, Bess, I'm completely, hopelessly and incurably, in love with you, and I want to marry you."

Bessie's eyes were lowered, but a strange rush of blood was surging through her veins. Her impulse was to shout out loud that he had expressed her feelings exactly. She nodded her head, and her eyes were dancing as they met his.

"Can we go some place, Bess, where I can kiss you?"

Bessie got up quite willingly, but as they stood together the impulse was too great for Charley to resist—he took her in his arms for just a moment.

"No one saw us, Bess. The tree branches are low. Besides, there's no one on the piazza."

They walked slowly toward the house. Bessie held his arm, as her knees suddenly seemed to be very weak.

"When can we tell the family?" Charley asked.

Bessie begged that it be kept a secret. The reason for that seemed important to her, and she promised to tell him what it was in good time.

"Is there anyone else, Bess?" Charley asked with a look of agony on his face. Bessie held his arm a little tighter as she answered, "I love you, Charley, no one else, ever before, or ever again. I didn't know I could be so sure of love."

Charley choked back the sound of a sob in his throat, and tears were in his eyes as they looked into Bessie's.

"Oh, Bess, dear. I am so sure of my love for you, and so very sure I can make you happy."

CHAPTER 19

Summer of 1864

THAT summer was a happy one for Charley. It included so much that, during those weary days of war, he had wondered whether he would ever again be blessed with the comfort of home and dear ones, Hanna's jonny-cakes for breakfast and so many things he had taken for granted all his life.

One evening at Longfield when all were gathered around the piano in the parlor, Bessie was singing and her clear sweet soprano filled the room and reached the piazza where James Perry and his wife, Julia, who were making an evening call on Abby, were seated. Excusing himself, cousin James entered the house and joined the group of young people at the piano, which included his two sons, Jim and Calbraith, the Howe boys and Carry DeWolf. Bessie's song, an old one better known in her mother's day, was entitled "I Cannot Dance Tonight." James listened in rapt attention to the end of the last verse and then sat beside Bessie on the piano bench, explaining that he was greatly interested in the origin of her song which he had never before heard sung. He told her that long ago, when in his early twenties, he had invited a young lady to accompany him to a ball, but that she had declined, giving an excuse that didn't sound genuine and so had hurt his feelings. He said: "Having all the conceit that my age permitted and not believing her excuse, I asked your mother Bessie to ascertain the real cause. This she did, and sent me the answer in verse, headed 'I cannot dance tonight.' So your song carries me back many years to those days when your mother and I were playmates. Although she is my Aunt we are very nearly of an age and we had many happy times together. Her charm was more than any I have met since and I often refer to her quick wit which was hard to keep up with. It seemed the young lady in question was unable to go to the dance with me because she had caused a condition called an 'issue', used in those days to improve the complexion."

And what might an 'issue' be please," inquired Bessie?

"That, my dear, you will have to ask your mother," replied cousin James.

"I know," said Carry, "you make a sore on your leg and place a pea in it and bind it up until it festers."

A look of horror appeared on the faces of those standing near.

"That would be a good way to cause blood poisoning," said Herbert Howe with authority. He had only three more years at medical school before becoming a doctor.

"That's right, Herbert, but to return to the poem regarding the young girl with the 'issue'. Would you like to hear it?" The response was emphatic, "Yes! Yes!"

"Now keep in mind Carry's description of an 'issue' and see how clever the play on words are. As I said before, it was headed 'I cannot dance tonight', and, should I not recall it all, you will remember it was many years ago I memorized it:

"To heighten her beauty and sharpen love's dart,
Was once a young lady's design,
Who, though lovely by nature, still thought she'd try art
To make her complexion more fine.
In her wish to be beautiful all will agree.
To try to be such who can blame her?
Those who know what she tried will, I'm sure, think with me
This lady's attempt was a *lame* one.
Great *pains* she had taken more lovely to be,
That in this dull world she might shine.
Whatever the *issue* 'tis nothing to me,
I'm sure it's no *matter* of mine.
Her beauty may wound more than one manly heart,
And be gazed on by all, as a star.
But for *wounds she will make* she must share in the *smart*
And her conquests may leave but a *scar*.
Fair maiden! I'm sure she finds it poor fun,
No doubt she's repented full *sore*,
Provoked, she must feel that *her leg it will run!*
Though she cannot move from the door.
For more sharp than a sword such *rare* beauty be,
Then oh! let its *scab*-bard be love;
Love's *wounds*, though they're deep, very soon *healed*, we see,
'Tis so kindly ordered from above."

As cousin James finished his recital of the poem, midst generous response, one could feel that he was momentarily living over in his memory those very early days when he and his aunt Dode were boy and girl.

Bessie was not allowed to leave the piano until she had completed her repertoire, including Charley's favorite "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms".

At the end of the evening when the guests were saying good-night to Abby, Charley and Bessie slipped into the dining room for a quick embrace before joining the others in the front hall.

"Bess," Charley said, "I am driving Carry home, won't you go with us and after we leave her I can drive you to The Mount?"

"No, Charley. Willie will expect me to go back with him."

"I don't trust that fellow. He's too attractive. Did he really come to your room at six in the morning to ask you to go for a swim?"

"Of course not, Charley. He just said that to tease you." Bessie gave Charley's hand an understanding squeeze as he assisted her into the carriage in which six were already crowded. The air was filled with happy laughter and good-nights and as the strains of "Oh! Hosanna!", sung in harmony, floated back to Longfield where Charley stood in the driveway, he could hear only the clear sweet voice of Bessie above the others. Turning, he saw Carry and his mother standing at the door. He ran off to the stable to hitch up the single trap, saying, "I'll be back in a jiffy."

"I've lost him, cousin Abby, and I have no one but myself to blame. I spent hours telling Bessie how wonderful he was. I thought I was safe as she had someone she was engaged to in Boston."

Abby accepted this news with some surprise, but replied, "Charley has always been very fond of you, my dear."

But Carry was one more generation removed from The Mount than Bessie, and Boston gave a broader background than Pappoose-squaw Point.

As Charley and Carry left the main road to round the harbor they both exclaimed at the beauty of the moon as it followed them along the water's edge and Nelly slowed down to a walk. Carry reminded Charley how he used to confide in her, and Charley remembered well that once he shared all his problems with her.

"Yes, I expect I've told you things I never told to anyone else."

"Well," said Carry, "how about keeping it up? This is a perfect place to unload secrets, moon and everything."

Charley recalled those days when his problems seemed so big and now wondered why they had then loomed to such proportions.

"Let's have it, Charley."

"What will you have, Carry? My old problems seem pretty small to me now."

Carry's next question was unexpected: "How much do you love Bessie?"

Charley's answer was on his lips and so burst forth without reservation:

"With all my heart," he said. There was so much earnestness in his voice that there was no doubting his sincerity.

Carry covered her face with her hands and sobbed: "You might have told me differently.

"Carry, dear, I wouldn't hurt you for all the world. Why did you let me? I couldn't have answered in any other way. I thought you wanted to know. Please, I beg you—don't cry!"

Carry checked her tears and said: "I'm sorry. I didn't realize it until tonight. I saw you and Bessie go into the dining room and I remembered that day when you kissed me behind the barn. I expect I thought of you from that day as being mine, and I guess I helped to bring this on myself by talking about you to Bessie by the hour. Oh, Charley, how could I have been such a fool as to show it like this? Can you ever forgive me?"

"I ask you the same question, Carry. Can you forgive me? I had no business to kiss you. I never dreamed it would make you unhappy."

As they reached the gate of the farm house where Carry lived with her grandmother, Charley suggested they drive a little longer until she felt better: "I feel sorry to leave you like this, and want to see those tears all dried up, that I would give anything not to have caused."

But Carry insisted on going in, and assured Charley her grandmother would be asleep and no one would see her, adding, "No one but you must know what a little fool I am. Promise?"

Charley promised, but answered, "Don't talk that way about my favorite cousin. And Carry, I want you to know how much I value your feelings toward me and how earnestly I hope I can always have your friendship. Is that a stupid thing to say? I don't mean it to be and, if in the future we have problems to meet, let's feel free to tell each other."

Carry leaned toward Charley and kissed him on the cheek, saying:

"We'll be good friends always, Charley. Good night."

As Charley turned the wheels for Carry to get out, he explained how sorry he was not to help her. "Nell won't stand without someone at her head. Can you make it all right alone?"

Nell walked slowly out of the grounds. She seemed to understand her master's mood. Although she was headed home, she

sensed her master was in no hurry to get there tonight. On reaching the main road, Nell felt a slight pull on the rein toward the village, or was it all her own idea not to go home? Finding they were headed for the back road, Charley thought "why not pass The Mount and see if all the lights are out?" It was past midnight when they finally turned into the drive at Longfield. The moon had disappeared behind some clouds, it was no longer needed to light him on his way.

* * * * *

Vacation time came to an end. Bessie returned to Boston and Charley, anxious to complete his studies at Boston Tech, followed her as soon as he received his honorable discharge from the Army.

A Thanksgiving Day reunion was planned at Longfield and once again the table was set with eleven places. Mr. Gibson arrived early in the morning from New York, Grandma Nancy and aunt Louisa came with uncle Fitz, and aunt Cecilia brought Lilly to keep Lulu company. Maitland met Charley and Bessie at the Warren station and drove them to Longfield just in time to smell the turkey as it was lifted from the oven.

As the last spoonful of dessert was finished, Charley pushed back his chair and, standing, announced, "I think I shall burst with pride if I can't speak soon." He paused until he had everyone's attention. Then said, "Bessie has consented to marry me and I'm just about the luckiest fellow alive." He raised his glass of wine high and looking at Bessie added, "Here's to my Bess, God bless her."

His father was the first to embrace Bessie. "What happy news this is," he said. Charley answered his mother's question whether her mother had been told. "No, that is my next and not too difficult task. I think I can persuade Cousin Dode that I'm the right one for Bess and I have a good idea that Cousin Charles knows that it was not merely his good food that took me so often to number 60 Chestnut Street."

Later that evening Charley and his father met in the library; they closed the door and talked well into the night. The older man said:

"I see my good advice has been out-voted, Charley? I am pleased to see you so happy, my son."

Charley convinced his father of the wisdom in having an open engagement and showed he had given deep thought and careful

consideration to the future. "A wise head on young shoulders," thought his father. Charley stated:

"We will wait until I have a salary sufficient to live on. My education should warrant some kind of a job and Bessie is willing to wait for me, and what an incentive to work that will be. I know I can do it, father, and our pleasure will be in doing it together. Bessie feels as I do. We have talked freely of the future and the disappointments we may face but she is game. We plan to marry, if possible, next Spring, providing Cousin Dode approves, and I feel sure she will. As for Cousin Charles, I have already had his permission to speak to Bess, and he told me that her decision would be his answer also, so it's all clear sailing ahead, father, but I need your approval and blessing, of course."

"You have it, Charley, and my faith in your judgment grows every day."

"Thank you, father, I want to deserve that. We would have announced it sooner but Bess was engaged to Charlie Walker. I have met him several times at the house in Boston, a real fine fellow with much more to offer Bess than I have. Bess was only 18, and thought she loved him but after a few weeks the engagement was broken. Just before she came here this summer, he was taken ill and his mother persuaded her to again be engaged to him, thinking it would help him to get well, and Bess consented. Just about then I asked her to marry me and there has never been any doubt in her mind or heart since. I'm sure she loves me, father. Charley kissed his son. "I'm sure she does," he said. "I want you to consider Longfield always as a home to come to. I built it for my family and I expect it to house many more generations."

Charley thanked his father and added: "Longfield will always be a happy place to come to. I want Bess to know and love it as I do."

"Bessie is a fine girl, Charley, and I hope to know her better in the years ahead. See to it that I am told every time she is here for I will plan my visits accordingly. You have chosen well, my son, and I can see it pleases your mother which will make a great difference in your happiness."

"Mother did more to bring it about than she knows. When I was away she used to write me about Bessie. She wrote me about all the people that came to Longfield, but Bess came often with Carry and every time a letter mentioned Bessie's name I would ride off by myself to read it more carefully. I don't know why,

unless there was something in the way mother wrote about her that made the difference."

"Your mother has always been more or less impressed with the family at The Mount. All the D'Wolfs feel that way, I find, except your grandmother, bless her, and she has the Marstons to be proud of and they, in my mind, out-rank the D'Wolfs. But it's getting late and your mother will wish to know all we have said to each other. Sleep well, my boy, and God bless and keep you."

CHAPTER 20

The Engagement

BESSIE'S and Charley's engagement was formally announced at a reception given by her parents at 60 Chestnut Street, Boston, which was followed by a party at Longfield during the Christmas holiday. It was Bessie's first Christmas away from her family and she missed them. A toast to the "missing ones" brought tears to her eyes and in her voice as she answered Abby's comment that "Your family will be missing you at home." "I hope so," she said, "but there are plenty to help eat papa's turkey. Cousin Posy told me she had been invited and left for Boston yesterday, also Minnie Homer and her husband John Pegram are just back from their honeymoon. Sister Annie and Frank Gibbs will be there and of course, Jim, Hattie and Charlie. So they won't miss me too much, and *we* have promised to be with them *next Christmas*." Glancing at Charlie, Bessie smiled, as they had, that very day, mapped their future holidays and Charlie had planned to consult his father regarding a position that had been offered him in Boston. And as neither his father nor mother seemed unduly alarmed at the suggestion of his leaving his studies, it was decided that he enter the office of Cabot & Brother on the 20th of February.

After dinner Grandma Nancy suggested leaving early in order to give the young people a chance to be alone. But both protested, Charlie saying "You can't imagine under what difficulties Bessie and I have carried on our courtship in Boston. In order to be alone we have attended a Temperance Lecture twice a week, given free at the Athenaeum. We have become quite fond of the old place and often have the back seats all to ourselves."

"Well!" said Grandma Nancy, "I hope I may be able to interest you as much as a Temperance Lecture!"

"Indeed, yes" said Bessie. "I doubt if we ever listened to the lecture. That's not what we go there for."

Charlie then explained: "My simile was a poor one, Grandma, I only intended to point out how delightfully different this is, having Bessie here at Longfield, and my adored grandmother to tell us things we both are interested in and want to hear. We will sit on

the sofa and hold hands while you carry us back to early days in America, that you tell so well."

Abby suggested that her mother tell about her father's escape from the British. "That," said Nancy "was my grandfather. My grandfather had been a firm patriot all his life, and had fought as bravely for his King at Louisburg as he would have for the independence of America. He took such an interest in the affairs of the Revolution that he became a marked man to the British."

Here Maitland interrupted to ask what a "marked man" meant, to which Nancy responded:

"I think you will understand when I tell you that Grandfather was obliged to escape during the siege of Boston. A man came by night and informed him that a number of persons were on the look-out for him. He had brought a suit of his own clothes which he told grandfather to put on and to meet him the next morning before daylight at a place which he specified. This being done, the good man conducted him to his boat. They had to pass several British vessels, which never failed to hail any small craft, and it was not without some anxiety that they heard the words 'who goes there?'"

At this point, Bessie squeezed Charley's hand so tight that he urged his grandmother not to hesitate at such exciting places, else he'd surely lose the use of his right hand, adding with a smile: "This is a very strong girl I'm going to marry."

Bessie pooh-poohed his assumption and took her hand away, which Charley quickly recovered, saying: "Please don't stop, Grandma, I'm loving it."

Nancy continued: "Who-goes-there?" said the watch. Just then a strong gust of wind which seemed to come from a divine source, swept them to safety." There was a sigh of relief from the young people and Maitland asked:

"Where were they going?"

"There place of destination was Marblehead and they intended to pass from there overland to the small town of Woburn. When parting from his family, Grandpa advised them to obtain a pass and come to him as soon as possible. But this proved a difficult task. My father was nineteen at the time and the responsibility was his. After waiting for more than an hour at the place the passes were given out, a Major accosted him with 'Well, young man, what do you want?' He was directed to make out a schedule of the family, according to the rule of General Gage, and obtain a passport from Major Kane of the Army, who was empowered to perform that service."

Nancy paused for a moment, then smiled as she continued: "So great was the crowd of citizens eager to obtain passports that it was several hours before he was able to reach the door, and when it was opened, he lost his balance, which made him rush violently into the room."

Here there was a slight "snicker" from the listeners, but Nancy lifted her hand as though saying "Wait" and continued: "The Major jumped out of his chair and in broad Scotch said 'Hoot, hoot, man, have you come to murder me?' Of course my father was embarrassed but could say nothing to this exhibition of injustice. He walked to the window overlooking the courtyard, where hundreds of citizens with countenances bordering on despair were awaiting their opportunity of admission. There was another long wait before he was allowed to hand in his schedule of the family. The Major then examined a book which contained what the Tories called a 'black list' and, slowly raising his scowling face, he said with great asperity: 'Your father, young man, is a da—— rebel, and cannot be given a pass.' Father was not intimidated by this brutality but asserted with vehemence that his father was not a rebel and that he had fought for good King George the second, in 1745."

"What did they say to that?" asked Maitland.

"It seems that the Major had been a rebel in Scotland in '45 and thought my father was insinuating against his loyalty, which he was. When the Major could speak again, fuming with indignation, he ordered my father out of the room with most abusive language. The sentinel had an English appearance, and with apparent sympathy very civilly opened the door for his departure, which was made without turning his back on his adversary."

Mr. Gibson had listened in rapt attention and remarked: "This is something for you children to remember, for it will not be found in the history books. Pray go on now, for we are all eagerness to know what happened next."

"Yes, Charles, those were perilous times that my grandfather and his family were exposed to, but God provides a way that we know not and so it was at that time. When my father left Major Kane, he began to think that it would be impossible to gain a passport, and as he hurried on his way, wondering what he should do, he arrived at the door of his aunt. When informing her of what had taken place, they were seated at the window where they could see the bewildered faces of the people as they passed, which must have increased their gloomy apprehensions."

Nancy explained that her great-aunt was not a woman of weak character, but the news caused her to shed tears.

Again Mr. Gibson spoke: "There are very few of the present generation who have any idea of the hardships and humiliations to which our ancestors were subjected under the colonial government."

"Yes!" responded Nancy, "and from the insolence of officers, who in their own country were as servile as a spaniel but on their arrival here with a little authority became tyrannical and overbearing."

"That is often true" remarked Charley. "I noticed it in the Army."

Nancy interrupted:

"But they were not all unkind, for at the moment an officer of the British Army, Major Spendlope, happened to be passing by, and supposing that the alarming state of the town was the cause of my great aunt's emotion, returned to ask if he, as an officer of the British army, could be of any service to her. She politely asked him in, and informed him of the refusal of Major Kane to give her brother's family a passport, under the protection of which she had hoped to leave town. 'But what, madam' he said, 'will become of your lovely house and furniture? You are perfectly safe here, and I will be able to protect your property.' 'Oh!' said my aunt, 'I care nothing for that, only that we be safely out of town. I fear the Americans may throw shells into it.' 'Shells!' he said, 'My dear madam! what do *they* know about shells? However if you are determined to go, leave the house in my care and I will do the best I can to protect it.'" Then turning to my father he said, 'You, young man, call here tomorrow, and you will find a pass.'

"Of course the offer was accepted; the pass was obtained, and after a few hours' preparation, the whole family found themselves on the way to Woburn, exactly one week before the battle of Bunker Hill."

"I wonder what happened to the house?" asked Charley, "did they ever go back?"

"Yes, on the 17th of March '76. The British evacuated Boston and the family returned to their home, where they found that everything had been used by the British and much destroyed. They learned that Major Spendlope was one of the first to be killed on that memorable day, and in all probability he was buried from the house of my great aunt."

"What a very interesting story that is," said Mr. Gibson. "I pray you write it down so it will not be lost or forgotten." Charley asked: "Was it hard to get a commission in those days, grandma?"

"No, my father had joined the army at Cambridge before the family left Woburn. My Uncle Nathaniel, a mere lad of sixteen, received a commission in the American navy from the Colony of South Carolina and remained in the service until peace, in '83."

"Was there any real danger in the streets?" asked Maitland. "Were the people afraid of being hurt by the British?"

"My father used to tell of one evening when he attended a mantua-maker's home who had been employed by his mother. They met several parties of soldiers going very rapidly to the south part of town. After seeing the dress-maker safely home, he met a young man who told him that about one thousand soldiers had gone into the Common. He instantly ordered the black boy who attended him with a lantern to put out the light. Then he proceeded to the Common, where there were about one hundred citizens returning home after having seen the soldiers embark in boats to cross over to Cambridge."

"What were they going over there for?" asked Maitland, as his grandmother stopped to recall what happened next.

"He didn't know, but he told his father about it that evening, just what he had seen. His father seemed to understand and said 'Lord North will be convinced tomorrow that he cannot subjugate Americans.' My father hardly slept that night and he could hear his father anxiously walking back and forth in his chamber."

"Did anything happen, grandma?" asked Maitland, "I mean, that night?"

"Yes, all this took place before they left the town. My father was a clerk then to Samuel Ellicott, who was half Tory, not that he approved of the British measures, but feared an interruption to a profitable business." Then she continued, "When my father went to the store in the morning, he found Mr. Ellicott had red swollen eyes with tears. The citizens, however, were almost universally in good spirits, and my father said he would never forget the joy that he experienced in the afternoon when the defeat was finally known."

"Do you know when that was?" asked Charley.

"It was April the 19th, '75. I remember very well as it was the day Aunt Martha was to have been christened, but they had to turn back, and I have heard her tell how they had decided to call her 'Patience' but on meeting Mr. Adams, some years later, they both decided to call their children after the Washington family. But to go back to my father's experience on April 19th, they had been distracted by various reports in the course of the day. About 9 a.m., he saw Lord Perce's division marching through Tremont Street. The whole

party seemed downhearted and evidently dreaded the contest. At 4 p.m., after passing a day of unspeakable anxiety, they were told by the intelligence that our people had driven back the British troops."

"How excited he must have been," said Bessie.

"About 5 o'clock one of his fellow clerks and he were standing at the store door and saw a number of citizens coming up the street. They were exhibiting every demonstration of joy and gratification. They were returning from Charlestown ferry, where they had learned the outcome of the battle."

"Without knowing the particulars my father and the other clerk loudly expressed their joy by clapping their hands. At this moment a soldier of the Tenth Regiment came down the street. His attention was first drawn to the people who were coming up the street, but hearing my father's expression of congratulations, he turned on them filled with rage and revenge, placed his hand on his bayonet, which he drew from its scabbard and made toward the boys with rapid strides and horrid oaths."

There was a moment's pause as Nancy enjoyed the eager faces that waited for the news of what happened next. "We know he wasn't killed," said Maitland, "or we wouldn't be here now."

"No," said his grandmother, "they had just time to shut and bolt the door before he could reach them, or it might have been fatal to one or both of them. So you see, to answer your question, Maity, it was not always safe on the street."

"That has been most interesting," said Mr. Gibson, "but I fear we overtax our grandmother." To Nancy he said, "You must save some to tell us another time. I will give myself the pleasure of a little walk with you across the road, and I will bother you with all the questions I know the children, here, are anxious to ask."

And so giving Grandmother Nancy his arm he led her off into the cool, still night, while the others said good-night to Abby.

Abby had sat in silence during her mother's account of those early troubled days and realized how much she had to be thankful for, living as she did, in this peaceful time. All wars were at an end she told herself, and she and her children would never have to go through such times as those. Her husband's interest in past history had been contagious, for, although she had heard it all before, she found herself more interested tonight.

Abby was in her forty-second year and the warm blood of girlhood still ran in her veins. Having gone to her room, she sat before

her mirror. She reasoned that her husband would be obliged to sleep this night with her as Bessie was occupying the north chamber. She liked to remember how handsome he looked as he took her mother's arm and the warm look of affection that shone in his eyes. "Yes" thought Abby, "Charles will spend this night with me."

Abby watched the tricks the firelight made of her reflection as she brushed her long strands of hair, first on one side and then on the other before making it into braids. She stopped to listen for the step of her husband on the stairs. It seemed a long time before a light tap at the door made her heart leap and she called out "Come in."

"Is my valise in here, Abby?" he asked.

"Yes," Abby answered, "you know Bessie is in the north chamber."

"I know, my dear. And where am I to sleep?"

Because of long training in maidenly modesty Abby could not bring herself to suggest that she was expecting her husband to share her bed. The very fact that he asked the question announced to her understanding that he did not expect to sleep with her. Her answer was the only proper approach for a modest woman to make:

"There is a cot in this dressing room that Lulu sometimes occupies, but do you think you would be comfortable there?" Abby's voice was meek and seemed to tremble more than usual, which her husband interpreted quite differently from its real cause, and he answered with crisp good nature: "Anywhere you say, my dear." He was happy that night, he had much to make him so. A life was starting for his oldest son that gave promise for a bright future and he was looking forward to seeing it come to pass and prosper. He took his valise and went down the hall to bathe and change into night clothes.

Abby buttoned her flannel night dress at the neck before removing her warm wrapper. She had tied two small pink bows on the end of her braids. Charles had noticed them once and spoken of them. She placed two logs of wood on the fire, and then mounted the steps beside the high four-poster, where she knelt and said her prayers. The room was lighted by the flaming logs, as Abby lay on her pillow and waited. Waited for what? Charles returned and softly closed the bedroom so as not to disturb his wife.

"I'm not asleep, Charles," Abby announced, "no need to tip-toe."

"I found the hot water very slow to run. That's what took me so long. I see I have an extra blanket, and as I know you don't like

the night air, Abby, I'll close this door. Good-night, my dear, we have much to make us very thankful this night. Sleep well." So saying, Charles closed the dressing room door.

For a while Abby watched the firelight as it danced on the ceiling. She felt so alone, yet her husband was but a few steps away. The distance between them had grown so wide there seemed to be no way back for Abby. She noiselessly got out of bed and walked to the door that separated the two rooms, there she listened to his breathing. The cold air chilled her, as it reached her feet from beneath the door. As she passed the fireplace she took no trouble to handle the irons with care while arranging the logs. She stood for a moment and let the warm air from the blaze penetrate her gown. By what miracle, she thought, could the door beside her open and her husband come forth to take her in his arms. In a burst of self pity Abby returned to her bed, for she knew that never again would she lay her head on the pillow with her husband.

CHAPTER 21

The Wedding

IT may be doubted that Cabot and Brothers knew, when Charley Gibson went to work for them, what an earnest hard-working young man they had employed, or they most certainly would have paid him sufficient wages to have made possible the wedding he and Bessie had planned for the Spring. But, by July 22nd, they must have recognized his worth. For he was to have a two-weeks' holiday with pay, this to be followed by a two-weeks' business trip, on which his bride was to accompany him.

At the first announcement of the day set for the wedding, July 22nd, a dressmaker was employed to work at Longfield. Yards of gray silk were fashioned into a proper garment to be worn by the mother of the groom, and a white dress was made for Lulu, in keeping with the style for a young lady of six.

In Boston, no doubt, there was also a feeling of excitement, and we do know that brother Jim Lovett painted the letters "C.D'W.G." on Bessie's trunk.

On the day before the wedding Longfield was deserted. Taking Mr. Douglas along to care for the horses, Maitland drove his mother and Lulu to Boston, where Mr. Gibson was to meet them at Young's Hotel. Grandmother Nancy decided to stay at home and have the details related by Abby on her return.

It was a cool summer day in Bristol. The blinds at Longfield were closed. A tramp knocked uselessly at the side door. All servants had taken the day off. Even the dogs were shut in the barn. Bees buzzed around the honeysuckle and humming birds took their fill from the trumpet vine on the woodshed. A few guinea-hens walked in the lane by the stable and picked up bits along the grassy sides. To all outward appearance, Longfield was forgotten; and yet, at this very moment, twelve o'clock, noon, the most important event in its history was taking place in Boston. The oldest son of the house, Charles D'Wolf Gibson, was being married to Josephine Elizabeth Lovett by the Reverend Mr. John P. Robinson, rector of the Church of the Advent.

Longfield was young in years; its timbers were still green, no doubt, but on this day it could settle down and let the vines grow on its walls. It was to be given a chance to fulfill its mission. The

trees could grow till they reached the heavens and birds could be sure of finding their last year's nesting place on their return from the South in the spring.

Longfield was here to stay. Yet, on this day, was anyone thinking of Longfield? Yes, Grandmother Nancy took her shawl from the back of a chair, on which she was sitting, and placing it around her shoulders walked across the road and up the drive between the avenue of spruce trees. The air was filled with the evening song of the birds. As this sweet lady stood in front of the house and looked up at its tall chimneys against the blue sky, she uttered a prayer out of the sincerity of her heart that this union that was solemnized today might bring forth rich fruit, that her daughter's faults might be forgiven and her son-in-law's goodness be rewarded.

She spoke her thoughts aloud: "I shan't be here to see it but I feel sure I'll know." She glanced across at the Farm and again said aloud: "You and I won't last much longer, and it is better so, but what will become of my garden?"

She stopped in the summer house on her way back to the Farm, and sat for a while thinking of the many happy hours she had spent there with her beloved husband. Again she spoke to herself: "That I can miss you, Henry, with such loving thoughts makes possible these many years that I have had alone."

* * * * *

How soon a house comes to life, when once again the front door opens—gay voices and laughter drown the stillness, and the ticking of a clock or a woodpecker at work on the topmost eaves, is no longer heard.

To Lulu, the wedding was a great romance, and the Bumble twins were told every detail. Abby recounted two versions of the wedding, depending on who her listener was. To her mother she described Charley; his poise; what a man he looked; how he spoke up when his answers were made in the service. But to the curious, and there were many, she dwelt on the beauty of Bessie, the good taste with which everything was done, the delicious things they had at the breakfast, and last but not least, the wedding trip to Niagara Falls, given them by her husband.

Cecilia had been unable to go to the wedding, as her husband, John, was far from well, so that she and Lilly came in for their share and the latter had a bit of wedding cake, given her to dream on.

It seemed but a few weeks before summer passed and Lulu was making plans for Christmas. Sundry articles were made for each

member of the household, but the most secret of all was a small blanket, knit only in the presence of the Bumble twins, for her new sister, Bessie. Yes, she had been told by her mother that she was to become an aunt, and that such a gift would be most useful. The twins had never grown any older since the day they originated in Lulu's mind at about the age of four, and were almost too young to be taken into her confidence in a matter of such nature. But they had promised not to mention it to anyone, and Lulu dearly loved a secret.

Charley and Bessie spent Christmas at 60 Chestnut Street with the Lovetts—but Longfield was not neglected, for on New Year's the double sleigh brought Bessie, dressed in her new blue velvet, trimmed with chinchilla, and Charley in a warm new overcoat, from the Warren station.

All kinds of winter sports were enjoyed in the country, but the sound of silver bells and the crunch of snow under the runners decided Charley that they would spend their day behind Nell making visits and wishing New Year greetings to the many relations in the town.

In the afternoon Charley hitched up the "single", and he and Bessie seated themselves comfortably with hot bricks wrapped in cotton at their feet and a heated muff for her hands. The velvet coat was left behind, as the bison rug had just about spoiled her chinchilla.

As they drove out the north gate they met Uncle Fitz on his way to Warren. They both stopped and exchanged New Year greetings. Bessie's health was asked after and the delight he felt at the thought of becoming a great uncle which quite embarrassed the young lady, then detaining them longer he added: "Charley, my dear," then paused—

"Yes, Uncle Fitz," Charley answered.

He repeated, "Charley, my dear. You know the corn is green and the sun is on the rye."

At this confused sentence Charley whipped up Nell and muttered beneath his breath, "Poor old fool, he's on his way to Warren and God knows in what condition he'll be when he gets back."

Bessie exclaimed, "Isn't it dangerous for him to drive? He might be run away with."

Charley, with a sorry laugh, said: "That's the least of his danger. That horse has more sense than he has at this moment. He'll bring him home safe enough. My only regret is that he doesn't know

enough not to take him to Warren; he's always worse after a trip up there."

"Should we do something about him now, Charley?" asked Bessie.

"No, my dear, this is our holiday and I'm not going to spend it trying to get Uncle Fitz out of a barroom. I have to go back tomorrow, but you can stay and enjoy this wonderful snow. Take mother to drive, but promise me you won't go skating, even if they clean off the ponds."

"Charley!" laughed Bessie, "perhaps you don't realize how I would look on skates right now?"

"I can never be sure what my Bess will do when my back is turned. Let's see if I can think of any other don'ts."

That evening before retiring Charley and Maitland were called upon to locate Uncle Fitz, as he had not returned home. The side of the road was banked high with snow and walking was difficult as the wind had blown great drifts across their path. It was late when returning Charley gave Bessie an account of the venture.

"He had driven off the road, unhitched the horse and turned its head facing the sleigh between the shafts, covered him with the fur robe, and himself had crawled under the sleigh, where he would have frozen before morning."

"What a way to start the New Year?" said Bessie, with real sympathy.

"What a way!" repeated Charley.

To be in Bristol without Charley always meant a lonely time for Bessie. She enjoyed visiting the Farm but the fear of meeting Uncle Fitz decided her to go up the road to Cousin Cecilia's who was to teach her how to make the shell stitch around the edge of an afghan. She picked up her work bag from a table in her bedroom and started down the front stairs, but encountered Uncle Fitz on his way up; Bessie was frightened at his appearance and, turning quickly, ran to the back stairs which were steep, narrow, and without a banister. The heel of her boot caught in her hoop-skirt, causing her to grab the side walls, her feet swung out in front as she fell the entire length of the flight of stairs, landing on the end of her spine in the lower hall. Although in great pain, she continued on her way out the back door, along the driveway and a good half mile up the road to Cecilia's house, where she was put to bed and Charley sent for.

It was several days before Bessie could be moved to her mother's home in Boston, where on the 14th of January she gave birth to a

tiny baby, long before its time, weighing only four pounds, but with a will to live.

Little Langdon, as he was named, after Bessie's grandmother, Elizabeth Langdon, gained steadily, but it was well into the summer before the trip was made to Bristol. The north chamber was made ready, Lulu's crib was brought downstairs from the attic, fresh white curtains were hung at the three large windows and plenty of firewood placed beside the chimney.

The baby was so small at the start of his life that Bessie's wedding ring could be passed over his arm to the elbow, but his steady gain had been so remarkable that his parents failed to consider how small he would still appear to strangers. That he was the most exquisite little fellow they had no doubt, but when Abby first saw him and could find no word to express her feelings than by saying: "Oh", Bessie's heart sank, for she knew how Charley had longed to have his mother see her first grandchild. Mr. Gibson had traveled to Boston the day after Langdon was born, and now expressed his delight at the tremendous improvement and the strength in the little fellow's hands that gripped his finger.

On one memorable occasion, a caller asked to see "the baby". It so happened that the cook, an Irish girl, had a child nearing a year in age. Abby left the room and returned with this pretty red-faced little girl and planted her in the caller's lap.

"Oh," said that lady to Bessie, "I thought your baby was a boy?"

Bessie's anger, at this point, turned to pity, as she answered:

"That's not my baby."

"Whose baby is it?"

Abby was obliged to admit that it was the cook's. The caller looked amazed and said: "What interest do you think I have in seeing the cook's child. Then in a less arrogant tone: "That's a very healthy looking child, but I would like to see Bessie's baby. May I?"

Bessie was glad to bring Langdon downstairs and have him admired; for, although he was small for seven months, he was bright and responsive. She explained that her baby was premature, but omitted the cause, to save Abby from more embarrassment. "For many weeks," she said, "he was wrapped in warm cotton, soaked in oil. But I was able to feed him from the start and he has gained steadily."

Little Langdon thrived that month in Bristol. Bessie took him to the shore every day, and the soft sea breeze from across the Bay acted as a tonic.

At one year, little Langdon was normal in weight, and continued to thrive on mother's milk. When he was twenty months old Bessie was to present him with a baby brother.

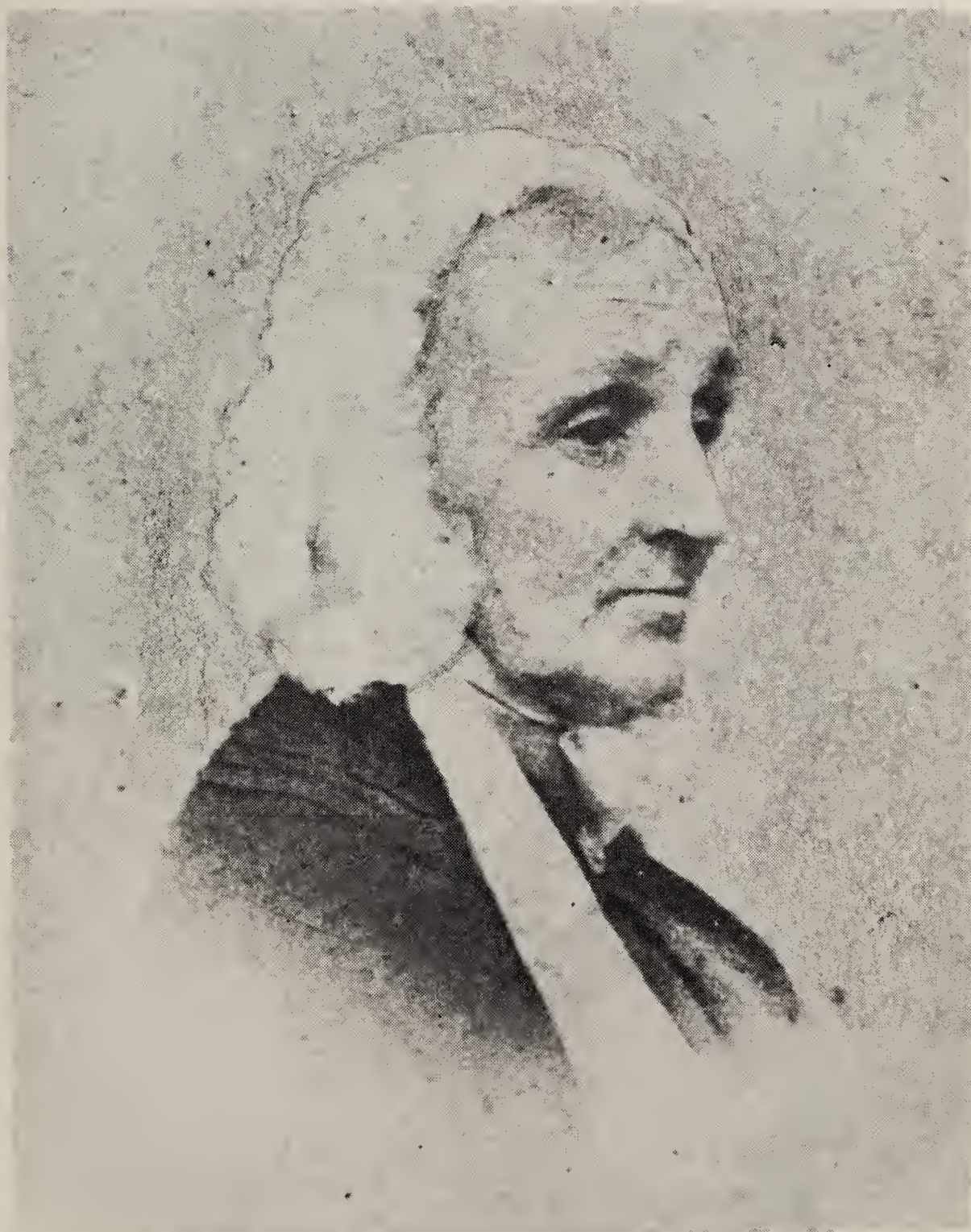
Charley and Bessie had spent most of that first winter with Bessie's parents in Boston, where sister Hattie helped care for Langdon, but in the spring they moved into their own little house in Roxbury. Charley wrote his mother "Our home is in the country with only one other house on the street. We have a nurse for Langdon and sister Annie Gibbs comes every afternoon to take Bessie to drive."

Mr. Gibson wrote Abby that he had not been feeling well lately and that he would make his next visit when Charley was able to be there. These long separations from the two men in her life, who meant most to her, caused Abby many a heartache, which she kept to herself. She tried to make her letters sound cheerful, but they often carried a note of self pity that was difficult to hide.

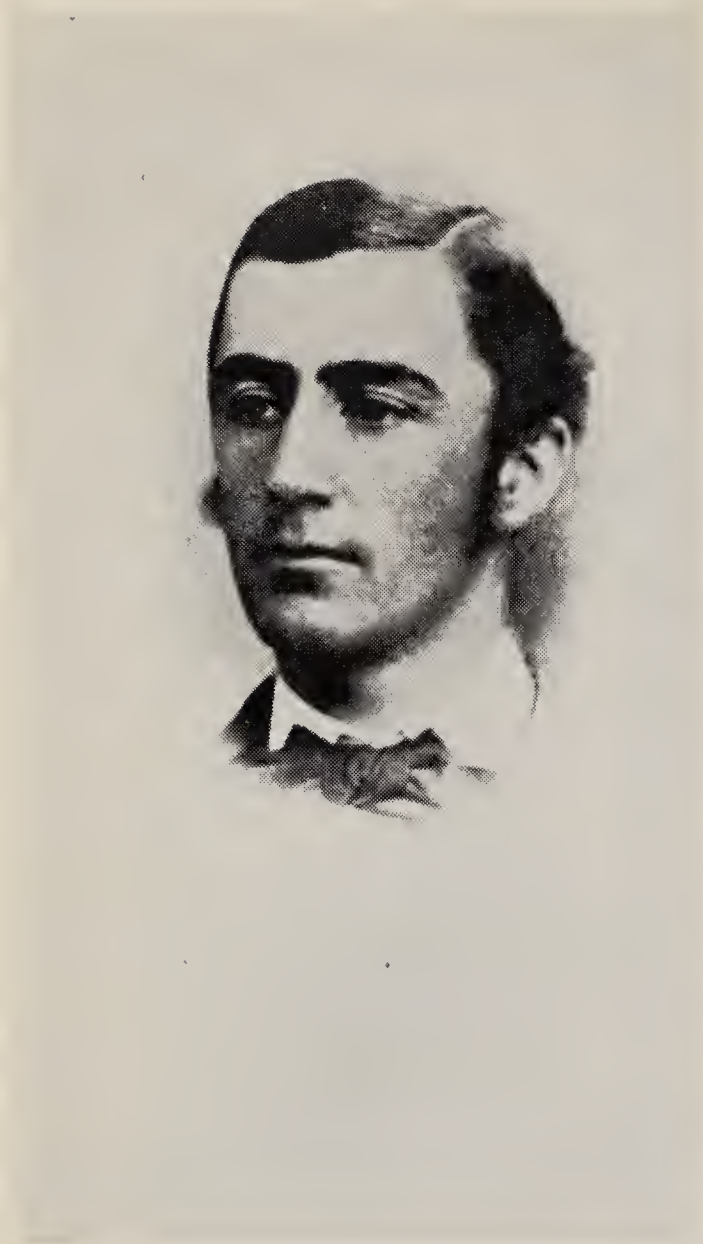
It was natural for Abby to resent her husband's long absences, but when he used "*poor health*" as an excuse, it brought forth a fit of anger that could be appeased only by extravagant spending. She wrote him that she was having a large kennel built some distance from the house; that she was interested in raising English Mastiffs; that the young dogs could be sold for a large sum as they were a most fashionable breed; that they would also be a protection to the place, Mr. Douglas being too far away to be of help if they were attacked in the night by the many foot-tramps about, who she heard getting water from the well, nightly.

Abby's sympathy for tramps was well known. She greeted each as "You poor dear". No one of them was ever sent away without a meal and usually some wearing apparel. One cold winter day, so it is said, a tramp, having partaken of a good meal, was warming himself by the kitchen fire when Abby happened to see him. She shed a few tears over his sad story of being homeless and far away from friends. He doubtless lived in the next town, but Abby was not one to question a tramp's honesty, and taking a coat from the back hall rack, draped it around his shoulders, saying: "This doesn't appear to be a very good coat but it will help to keep you warm. Take it, my poor dear man, and may God bless you."

The man accepted, with thanks, his own coat which he had hung there on entering, and Abby was none the wiser but happy to think she had helped a poor friendless tramp. This tramp, she described later as "very handsome, if he had only been clean", to which Maity responded: "I hope you never attempt to give any of your stray tramps a bath, mama. They might not like it."



MRS. HENRY D'WOLF
"Grandma Nancy"



CHARLES D'WOLF GIBSON
"Charley"



JOSEPHINE ELIZABETH LOVETT
"Bessie"

At the time of their wedding



A SLEIGH RIDE

THE MAZZARD-CHERRY TREES

One of the most beautiful sights in Bristol in the very early days was the Avenue of Mazzard-Cherry trees when they were in bloom that extended for more than a half mile along the waters edge between the Stephen Church home and the Herreshoff estate on Pappoosesquaw Point. It was called "The Cherry Walk". The entire Point of land, at that time belonged to a family named Byfield. Mr. Byfield had the trees brought across the ocean in half hogheads—that is hogheads cut in half—each part being filled with soil and the little trees deeply imbedded therein.

A story is told about a Mr. Vassall who once owned the Herreshoff home, that stood beyond the William D'Wolf estate. Mr. Vassall was a Tory and before the hostilities broke out which led to the Revolution, Mr. John Adams was paying him a visit and after dinner as they walked along the waters edge beneath the trees Mr. Vassall announced that he was thinking of cutting down the trees. To which Mr. Adams remarked with amazement, "If you do, it will be well to keep just one." His host asked him "Why?" Mr. Adams replied. "To hang yourself on." Needless to say Mr. Vassalls property was confiscated later and he left the country.

During William D'Wolf's life the trees had nearly all died but he saved one out of which he had a beautiful little sewing table made for his wife.

A small grave was found on the place marked only by a wooden stake with "Priscilla By'y" carved on it. She was thought to be the daughter of Nathaniel Byfield's. Aunt Charlotte had a proper stone place beside it and planted a small tree to protect the spot. The grave and the tree still stand.



RES. OF THE LATE HON WILLI D



VIEW OF TOMB



STUMP OF THE MAZZARD CHERRY TREE. H



LIAM DEWOLF BRISTOL R.I.



IN THE ESTATE OF THE LATE HON. W. DEWOLF.



ROGERS FREE LIBRARY



LANGDON GIBSON
Oldest son of Bessie and Charley Gibson



ALEXANDER GRISWALD D'WOLF
 "Uncle Alex"
 "Uncle"

To whom it may concern.
 We the undersigned do hereby certify, that Alexander
 D. S. D'Wolf, son of Henry D'Wolf Esq. is a young gentleman
 of unexceptionable moral character, of an amiable
 disposition, well educated and well bred, and, we
 think, of much promise; and we take pleasure in
 recommending him to the confidence of those with
 whom he may become associated.
 Bristol R. I. Nov 21. 1840.

John Forster -

Byr. n. Diman
 N. Bulluck
 Jos. M. Blake



Oil Stocks owned by Charles Dana Gibson in which most of his money was invested. These were large, beautifully engraved and represented many thousands of dollars. There were enough to paper a good size room.

CHAPTER 22

Langdon's Second Visit To Longfield

IT was July 4th again and Abby was in a frenzy to have the household ready to leave for the village by nine o'clock in order to have the horses out of the street before the music and parade began. Charley, Bessie, and the baby had arrived the day before and Mr. Gibson had come on the night train from New York, arriving in time for breakfast. He insisted that "he was too old and Langdon too young to go" and begged off. Bessie, feeling the day would be a long one standing about, decided to stay home also. So Charley, Maity and Lulu accompanied their mother and were gone all day.

Mr. Gibson sat on the piazza, while Langdon and his nurse walked around the grounds.

"Come sit with me, Bessie, I want to talk to you."

Bessie took a chair beside Mr. Gibson, glad of the chance to know her father-in-law better. He began:

"You know, Bessie, I want you and Charley to think of this place as your own and come here as often as you can. I built with the idea of finding the happiness I seem to have been looking for all my life, but know now, I will never find. I hope my wife and children have found it a good home, but I feel it holds much more happiness for the right people and I hope my grandchildren will find it tucked away in these walls. The town will grow. Who knows but that it could become an important shipping port like Boston. This country is very young and a great many changes will take place before that little boy of yours grows up. I want my grandchildren to know and love this place. There are so many things I want to talk over with Charley before I leave—things that may not be of interest to him now, but someday he will want to tell his children."

Bessie assured him that their interest was already very keen. "Charley loves to read," she said, "and we spend our evenings reading to each other. We have quite a nice library started, and how I wish you could see our little home. You will come, won't you? It has been such fun fixing it. The curtains are red and I always light a lamp in the afternoon so Charley can see it when he gets off the street car. He says it looks so cheerful. We have four bedrooms,

but they are hardly furnished yet and our parlor looks more like a nursery, right now, but after the baby comes we are going to fix that."

Mr. Gibson listened and watched, quite fascinated by the enthusiasm of this wonderful looking girl his son had married. "No wonder" he thought. Then aloud he said, "Tell me more about this home of yours. Have you any conveniences?"

Bessie laughed. "You'd be surprised to see how easy we get along without them. There is no water on that street but there is a pump just a short distance from the house. We use rain water, too. Grandmother Nancy got along that way for many years, so I guess we will survive. We have a splendid stove and heat all the water we need. We burn wood and have two fireplaces, but haven't had to use them yet. Charley cuts the wood and we have a good stack."

"Your maid seems to be a nice little girl. Does she know how to cook?"

"No, she helps me with Langdon, and that is more important. She speaks so little English that I can't send her to the store. She is afraid of meeting her step-father, who must have ill-treated her. Every time I suggest her taking a written order for me she says, "I want to see mans not neather." So she cleans and washes dishes and is really company for me as Charley is away all day."

"About that furniture you're going to buy. I want you to order just the right things for your parlor as a gift from Charley. He will want to give you a present, I know, and an extra bed for me. I might be coming your way most any time, so don't delay, will you?"

Bessie squeezed his hand in thanks. "We'll both enjoy doing that," she said, "And you can't come too soon to please us."

Mr. Gibson returned the understanding pressure of Bessie's hand and said, "That feels good, Bessie. My circulation has been poor of late and my fingers get stiff. Never happened to me before."

Bessie asked to be allowed to rub them. But just then the carriage returned from the village, and Mr. Gibson and Bessie got up to greet its occupants. Abby was the first to alight and, with hardly a word, entered the house, letting the door slam behind her. Mr. Gibson asked:

"Did anything happen in town to upset your mother?" Charley answered, "No, certainly not, we had a whirl of a time. Why do you ask?"

"Your mother seldom lets a door slam, and I thought she seemed upset."

Charley followed his mother into the house, and finding her in the pantry, he enquired, "Anything wrong, mama? Papa said he thought you acted upset."

"I'll not sit out on the piazza where passers-by can see your wife and my husband holding hands."

"Why," said Charley, "that is absurd. Bessie was rubbing papa's hand. I saw at once that she was doing something he was enjoying."

"Absurd, am I? Perhaps I've been absurd all my life." Charley put his arm around his mother and said:

"Come, don't act that way—father is here so seldom, make his visit a happy one."

"Bessie seems to be doing that—old men like young girls to hold their hands, no doubt—and your father is no exception." Charley stopped his mother in the hall, and held her shoulders, saying:

"I can't let you talk that way about father and Bessie, mama. I hope he loves her like a daughter and what she is doing is perfectly correct. Now come out on the piazza with me." Charley led his mother to the door, but Abby pulled away, saying:

"Young women didn't behave that way in my day and I have no wish to witness such boldness in my home."

Charley returned to the piazza. Bessie had moved her seat and was rubbing his other hand. Both his father and Bessie seemed to have forgotten the incident of Abby's conduct, so it was not referred to. Charley sat down beside his father, who was saying:

"My circulation is so poor, Charley, my hands go to sleep often. Your Bessie makes a good little masseuse—nice strong hands."

Charley tried to hide his upset feelings and answered:

"Yes, hasn't she! I often put her to work on my back and she gives me a massage better than any Turkish bath."

But Abby was not entirely forgotten and her husband asked:

"Is your mother coming out again, Charley? Was there anything wrong?" Charley looked at Bessie and said:

"No, the wind must have caught the door. I guess she has something she wants to do for Maity. You know he starts his trip West tomorrow."

"Yes, I'm sorry not to stay and see him off, but I have important meetings at the office in the morning. I am glad to give him this trip, for I understand he has done well in his studies. I hope he will continue to like farming. It's a good healthy life and he has everything here to do it with. I feel sure his mother will encourage him along those lines."

Bessie felt that this was the right time to leave Charley and his father together, so excused herself, saying:

"It's time for me to give Langdon his supper, but we'll have another rub later." As she entered the house Mr. Gibson followed her with his eyes. "That's a lovely wife you have, my dear, and I predict a very bright future for you with Bessie at your side. I want you to have a few things I keep in my safe in New York. For one thing the Cotton porringer. You know who John Cotton was?" Charley had to think a minute before answering:

"Why yes, I should know. He was some relation, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but that is not what he was noted for."

They both laughed. "Of course not, but tell me, wasn't he the first minister in this country?"

"Yes, he came to this country from Boston, England, at the age of twenty-eight. He was born in 1584 and had a very fine education, for those days, at Trinity College in Cambridge. He afterwards taught there and quite naturally turned his thoughts to oratory and religion. In letters he speaks of leaving Boston (England) and going 'into the wilderness of New England'. To teach the word of God in those days, was difficult, I guess. He married Sarah Story, a widow, and had a son born at sea who he named 'Seaborn', who was also a preacher. He died at the age of 68, but left behind him a name to be proud of. He was your grandfather nine generations back. He had a son, John, born 1640, whose son, Roland, married Elizabeth Saltonstall and settled in Sandwich. Their son, John, married Mary Gibbs in 1718 and lived in Newton. Their daughter, Elizabeth Cotton, born 1722, married Johnathan Hastings. Now these names should begin to sound familiar to you; for their son, John, was my grandfather and, as you know, he married Lidia Dana. My mother was their daughter. And the porringer I spoke of, has come down all the way, also a few spoons of interesting shapes. These, I want you to have and to know their value. The porringer I spoke of is the most beautiful I ever saw, crude in its carving but perfect in design. There will be things of value for Maity and Lulu to inherit from the Marstons and D'Wolfs. I feel that you and Bessie should have the Cotton silver. Having been a restless man I have accumulated very little. Julia has all her mother's things and doesn't seem to be very much interested in possessions. You will find in this library some things of value. The Mundel collection, consisting of the portfolio and the ones I have had framed are rare, as there were not many subscribers. The

list of names is with them. My library is a useful one but small compared to what I would wish it to be. But every book in it I have read. Bring your children up to understand that books are not merely things to look at but to *read*. A great deal of trash is written. Try to keep it out of your home. Your mother is not a reader. Therefore you can choose from my books the ones you would like to have."

"But, father, I couldn't take books from your library no matter how much I wanted them."

Leaving the piazza, they walked into the library together. "Take what you want, son, I will be needing them less as time goes on. There are books there on 'wisdom' that have done me little good. All my mistakes have been made. Try to make fewer in your life, and take care of your brother. He lacks the character necessary to apply himself to useful things."

Charley turned the key in the big doors of the bookcase and said:

"They will remain there where I know I can find them and give you a chance to mark some things you feel I should read. And don't worry about Maity. He's a good boy, only a bit restless right now and this trip is going to make a big difference in his life. You'll see."

"I hope you're right. When you can fit it in with your plans, I wish you would come to New York. There are things there I should like to go over with you. When is Bessie expecting her baby? Perhaps you can't leave before that? I am anxious to have you understand my affairs. This country is coming along fast, Charley, I wish I might live to see the final development. Territories are growing into States overnight. People from other countries are immigrating. I fear the Indians haven't a chance of holding their lands and will be driven out just as they once were from this State. Nevada's admission to the Union made enough States to ensure ratification of the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery. I have invested large sums of money, Charley, in gold and silver mines which I hope some day will amount to something."

"Has the war made us a poor country, father?"

"No, son. Wars are necessary, it seems, to wake people up and make true the old saying 'necessity is the mother of invention.' Because of war much has been learned, such, for example, as how to furnish promptly many thousands of men 'in the field' with food, clothing and shelter. Vast quantities of ammunition and military equipment had to be quickly manufactured and for this, many new

factories had to be built. Before the war more families depended on farming than is now the case, with many mills and factories offering employment. We now buy goods of all kinds made in this country. The government has brought this about by placing a high tariff on foreign goods. We are improving our methods. The discovery of the Bessemer process of making steel is interesting. And think what a blessing it is to be able to light one's home with kerosene lamps. I am not impressed with the thought of gas piped into homes. It is too dangerous, and I see no way to avoid accidents. Perhaps some day it can be made safer."

Charley assured his father he would meet him in New York the following week-end. They walked toward the door together.

"Your mother will be calling us for tea soon and I want a bath before dressing. The trip last night was the worst I have experienced in a long time. It was so very hot, I was obliged to keep the window open and in the morning my nostrils were black from breathing the coal dust."

That evening Charley embraced his father as he saw him off at the Warren station on the last train from Fall River. Both had enjoyed their visit together and it seemed that their talks had covered more ground than usual. But Charley was concerned about his father's health. There were dark lines beneath his eyes and his step was not as brisk as when he visited camp during the war. But Charley told himself that his father was still a young man of only fifty-one years and certainly mentally alert. He recalled how he had liked to have the other officers see what an active father he had and how proud he had been when his Captain spoke of his good looks. Perhaps he only imagined the change? But in the quiet of the north chamber he spoke of it to Bessie.

"I don't think father looks as well this summer. Have you noticed any change?"

"Your father," Bessie replied, "needs a home to rest in when he's not working. That's all, dear. These long train trips must be tiresome. When you and I are his age, we may not be so spry."

"Yes," said Charley, "but grandma is eighty-one and just as active today as I can remember her."

"I know, my dear, but you remember your father when he was a young man while you remember your grandmother only after she seemed like an older person."

"I hope you're right, Bess. It worries me."

Mr. Gibson lived to see his son Charley again, but not at Longfield. He had been ailing for the past month and felt he would add little to the gayety that prevailed during the summer months in Bristol.

Bessie was content to stay in her own home and took pleasure in its new furnishings. Needless to say, that was where Charley wanted to be with the exception of a visit to his father in New York. And Longfield became the center of a much younger group, as Lulu entertained her friends daily.

In August, Abby received a letter from Mrs. Lenox saying that Mr. Gibson was not at all well and she felt some member of the family should be with him, who would be made comfortable in her home. She added "Please don't delay." Abby answered the letter the same day, saying that the place for her husband was at his home and that she declined with thanks Mrs. Lenox's kind invitation. That letter she did not send, but, instead enclosed the letter she received from Mrs. Lenox to Charley, explaining thus:

"I could not bring myself to accept hospitality from that woman. I trust you will find it convenient to go for me and report as soon as possible the condition you find your father in."

Before Charley got this letter, Abby received a telegram telling of Mr. Gibson's death. Telegrams addressed to Longfield were almost as slow as posted letters, for, once received in Bristol, there was still the problem of making delivery on the Neck. The telegram was given to the first carriage that passed through the town on the Warren road.

Doubtless there were some who thought that the news of Mr. Gibson's death would bring no great sorrow to Abby, but, to love a man jealously for years is not a sign of indifference and, with the realization that she was a widow, Abby felt not only the loss of her husband in death but the many years when she might have had him in life. It was a silent pain that could never be expressed. Some of her friends thought he had not been a good husband, but in her heart Abby knew differently. She wanted, most of all, to tell everyone how much she loved him, but she knew no one would believe her. She had given another impression too long, in order not to be pitied for his seeming neglect. It was too late. Her mother alone might understand.

Charley accompanied his father's coffin from Brooklyn to Cambridge where Lulu and her mother met them. Maitland, being on a camping trip in the West, did not hear of his father's death until after the funeral.

At the time of his first wife's death, Mr. Gibson had bought a lot at Mount Auburn cemetery. There he had brought his mother and father from the old cemetery in Townsend, Mass. In the center of the "lot" he had a modest Tomb placed for himself. The lot adjoining was bought by Mr. Lenox, at the same time and it seemed natural that these two families, so close in life, should be beside one another in death.

CHAPTER 23

The Miracle of Life

LINES on the Death of a Good Man.

Translated from the French by James Cox Marston (age 17 years)
1807.

"See how the sun lights up the western sky,
In robes of radiant purple, fringed with gold,
While to the earth he beams his parting eye,
And in a moment sinks behind the world.
So in the hour of death, the good man's soul
Bursts from the clay which held it to this earth,
And in new glory soars, beyond control,
To where the Almighty reigns, acknowledged and adored."

* * * * *

Mr. Gibson was only in his fifty-first year when he died, August 19th, 1867, leaving behind him unfinished business, unfulfilled ambitions and unrequited love.

Charley knew that his mother needed him and went to Bristol at his first opportunity, arriving there on a morning train one week after his father's death. Following lunch his mother led him to the library and closed the door.

"Everything is different, Charley, everything! Without your father I don't know what I'll do."

"I know, mama. I feel a great emptiness in my life without him."

"No one understands, Charley. They think I didn't care for your father but I loved him very deeply."

"I know you did, mama."

"My sisters don't understand. Only the other day Cecilia told me that it didn't become me to go about with a long face."

"You mustn't let it hurt you. They don't mean to, I know."

"And Lulu, of course, she's too young to understand. She asked me if we should keep our black clothes on, now that we were home. Oh! Charley, how am I going to face the future alone?"

"Changes must be made, of course." Charley agreed "although father left everything in good order. There is only about four thousand a year for you to live on, in actual cash."

"That sounds like a lot of money, dear. Your father was a very rich man."

"Father had a good salary, but that has stopped. He owned a great many stocks which now appear to be of no value."

Abby sighed: "What can I do? Must we move to a less expensive home?"

"No, mama, nothing like that. You will have to let Mr. Douglas and his family go but I see no reason why Maity couldn't take over the management of the farm. He has always liked farming and it's time he decided what he wanted to do. By the way, have you heard from him?"

"Not a word since he left and it worries me very much. I'm not sure he knows of his father's death."

"You'll hear from him just as soon as he receives your telegram."

The absence of any word from his brother worried Charley as much as his mother, but he assured her that as soon as Maity was in a place from which a message could be sent he would do so. Charley, continuing his talk of the farm, said:

"The horses should be sold and I would sell all the cattle and only keep the milk cows."

"Not Lulu's horse, surely?"

"No, Lulu must keep her horse and you need a team on the place to do the heavy work. And, for driving to town, you will want to keep Nell and perhaps one other carriage horse. But the last time I was here I saw a stable full of horses. They can't all be necessary?"

Much distressed, Abby pressed her hands together: "Will you tell Mr. Douglas, Charley? I haven't the heart to discharge him. He's been such a fine man on the place all these years."

Charley looked at his watch: "Yes, if you send for him. I want to catch the afternoon train. I don't like to leave Bessie, as we expect our baby most any day."

"I notice you have your father's watch, dear."

"Yes, papa gave it to me just before he died. That night Bessie dreamed that she saw father give me his watch and she heard father say, 'Watch and pray for you know not the day nor the hour.' She told me her dream before she knew he had given me the watch. He was too ill to make the play on words, still it was very like him."

As they left the library, Abby said: "Your father loved this room. I'm going to keep the door closed so as to imagine he is here." Charley put his arm around his mother tenderly as she asked, with tears in her voice: "I'm glad you were with him at the last, Charley. I wouldn't like to think he was alone. Did he ask for me?"

"Yes, he had you in his thoughts at all times and arranged his affairs so as to make you as comfortable as possible, but he did worry about your being able to run this place on a more economical plan. I assured him you could and you will try, won't you?"

Mr. Douglas, who had been sent for, came to the parlor door.

"Come in, Mr. Douglas," Charley said.

Abby held out her hand to him and led him and Mrs. Douglas into the room. Mr. Douglas spoke first: "We was thinking we'd come to the house while you was here, Mr. Charley, to express our sympathy."

"Thank you, Douglas." Charley lacked the courage to do what he felt was a necessary move in the house economy, but his mother spoke for him as she held his arm to steady herself.

"We sent for you, because we thought you should know"—Her voice trembled with emotion: "We are practically penniless." Charley corrected this misstatement by saying:

"Not quite as bad as that, mama." Then turning to Mr. Douglas, he continued: "You and your family are welcome to stay in your house as long as you wish, but we can no longer pay you a salary. We regret this very much, for I know how faithful you have been and how well you have run the farm these many years; indeed, it won't be the same without you. We will ask you to sell what is needed to pay any debts there are, and your salary."

Mr. Douglas stood with his head bowed, and his voice shook a little as he answered, "I understand, sir. You will find my books in order and the farm in good shape financially. There is little the men can't attend to without extra help till the fall. The hay is cut and stacked, the vegetable garden is full to overflowing. It's too bad Miss Lulu isn't a little older for she could keep the other horses exercised."

Charley explained that they were to be sold, and thanked him for his good report and suggested they continue their talk on the way to the station. He kissed his mother good-bye and said, "Next time I come I want to see Lulu ride. You will receive news from us soon, and don't worry about Maity. I'm sure he's all right. Remember bad news travels faster than good news."

* * * * *

September the 14th was a bright sunny day and toward evening Abby sat out on the piazza, watching the setting sun. Mr. Usher, on his way from town, turned in the south gate and stopped to hand Abby a telegram, saying: "I hope this brings you better news than the last one I brought you, Mrs. Gibson."

Abby's first thought was of Maity, as she opened the envelope he handed her. She glanced at the name of the sender and then said:

"Don't go, Mr. Usher, until you hear my news. Charley has another son."

"That is good news. I congratulate you, and give my regards to the young people when you write."

"Thank you very much for bringing me such glad tidings. Now, if you could only bring me a message from Maity. He is some place in the West, on a camping trip out of touch with civilization, and does not know of his father's death."

Mr. Usher expressed his feelings regarding the shock it would be to receive such news as that when far from home and said:

"I'm sorry for the lad, it will go worse for him than those who were home. We know Maity, up at the farm, better than Charley. He's been around more. And I know he's been looking forward to this trip for a long time and this will just about spoil it for him."

Abby pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. "Oh, my poor, poor boy! He will need someone to comfort him, won't he?" Abby seemed to understand for the first time what Maity might suffer, and it seemed to make her less impatient for his failure to send news home.

It was several weeks before a letter came from Maitland, and brought little comfort to Abby, who at once sent it on to Charley, imploring him to go and see his brother and bring him home. The letter from Maitland was written on a bit of pad paper, expressing his wish to remain in the West. He felt there was nothing for him to come back for now that his father was gone, which just about broke Abby's heart.

Such a trip away from home at this time was not easy for Charley to make for it meant being away from his work, and leaving Bessie alone with two babies (Langdon being only twenty months old) and an incompetent maid. But he wrote his mother he would go.

It was the latter part of October that a letter came from Charley, mailed from Chicago.

Dearest Mama:

You will be glad to hear that Maity is well and I never saw him looking better.

I located him at a lumber camp, with some difficulty, as he and four other fellows had gone up river to look over some land, which was only accessible by water. There had been an accident, the boat had overturned and only three of the men reached the shore because of the strong current. Fortunately, our Maity was one of those. I was there when they brought the body of

the drowned man in, and the funeral was the most impressive I ever attended, there among the great trees, and all the time I was thinking to myself, suppose it had been our Maity that had not reached the shore.

Thank God for the splendid training we received in our youth from Uncle Alex, for Maity was able to save one of the other men, who could not swim.

He has promised me he would return as soon as he finishes the work at hand, so you will look for him about the end of next month. We had very little time for any real talks, so there will be much he will want to know on his return.

I am leaving as soon as possible for home. I don't like being out of touch with any news. But will look for a letter from Bessie, when I reach Chicago tomorrow, where this will be mailed. My fondest wishes, dear mama, to you and Lulu from

Your son,

Charley

Maity's home-coming was looked forward to by his mother. Mr. Douglas had stayed on most willingly; in fact, at his own suggestion, in order to help Maity with the farm. But the light-hearted boy that Maity had been five months before did not come back; a morose lad of 21 arrived in his place. Disappointed at having to return he announced that farming was the last thing he wanted to do, and was so impossible to live with that Abby wrote to Charley, telling him the predicament she was in and requesting him to come at his earliest convenience to see what he could do.

It was after Christmas before Charley was able to reach Longfield for a talk with Maity. He made it appear to be a visit especially to see his mother, for any suggestion that Maity go to Boston to see his brother was rejected with the question, "What for?"

The day was cold and a crisp wind was blowing. There had been an ice storm in the night and the trees were glistening in the sunlight when Charley arrived. After lunch, and a nice visit with Lulu and his mother, he suggested a walk around the place, asking Maity to accompany him. For a time the conversation was general, but Maity's dissatisfied attitude brought forth a straight question from Charley:

"What's bothering you, Maity—better get it off your mind and—I might be able to help. Is it that you don't want to farm Longfield?"

"Not entirely," was the answer. "I shouldn't have come home, I guess."

Charley waited for more of an explanation, but as none was forthcoming he asked: "Did anything go wrong while you were away? You sent no letter to mother, which worried her very much."

"I wasn't where I could write. You know that."

"But before you left Chicago, wasn't there a time you could send a letter saying you had arrived safely?"

"I suppose so but it didn't seem necessary, besides I had nothing to write about at that point."

"Where did you stay after you left Uncle William's?"

"I boarded with a family. After all I went away to be on my own, and you know what a house full Aunt Margaret has. I think she was glad to find me a place to stay."

"What did the family you stayed with consist of?"

"There was just a mother—and she had a daughter."

"Were they nice people?"

"I guess so. Why do you ask?"

"I only wondered if you found them friendly or just a place to sleep?"

"I went out once or twice with the girl."

"Was she older than you?"

"Why all the questions?"

"There's something wrong, Maity, and I want to know what it is. Has this girl anything to do with it?"

Maity looked at his brother and then, as if coming to a sudden decision—he said:

"I'll tell you if you promise not to tell mama."

Charley welcomed the chance to promise, for it was the last thing he would have thought of doing and he said so — "Any confidence coming from you will be sacred in my keeping and the only reason for asking is in the hope that I might be able to help. You must know that. Was this girl attractive? Is she involved, in any way, with your problem?"

"Yes, in a way." Maity began hesitantly, "She wasn't too attractive, but she made quite a go for me, you know, little favors all the time, and I guess I made a mistake in taking her out."

"Well," said Charley, "it didn't stop there?"

"No, one night she came to my room after I had gone to bed—and to make a long story short—I slept with her."

There was a silence as they walked along. In Charley's mind was the picture of his young brother, for Maity seemed still just a boy to him. It was difficult not to express what he felt, but he realized it was his brother's feelings to be considered, not his. He spoke with great control:

"Well, Maity, things like that have happened before to young men but they are soon forgotten—you'll know better another time."

Maity seemed relieved at the reception of his confession, and had more courage to continue. "There was a man in camp, I don't know how the subject came up but he told me that he slept with a girl just once and caught a disease. *That* has worried me a *lot*."

"Have you seen a doctor?" Charley asked.

"Heaven's NO! and have it spread all over town!"

"You don't have to go here, come to Boston and I will take you to a doctor. No one need know."

"There's another thing. Suppose she has a child and makes me marry her. She said something like that before I left. Every time anyone comes to the door I think it may be someone from her, and the mail scares me to death, I've been nearly crazy thinking about it and it is a relief to tell someone."

Charley felt deeply the suffering he could see his brother was going through and wished his own feelings were not so alive to the same concern. For he knew that all Maity said was a possibility, and he could only pray to God that it would not come to pass.

"Regarding the baby, you need have no worry," Charley said, "girls like that seldom have children, and she would have no way to prove it was yours."

"But what's to keep her from saying it's mine—just her word against mine."

"Don't give that another thought, Maity. We wouldn't let anything like that happen."

"Another thing that bothers me, is, no nice girl will want to marry me now. Is this the kind of thing you have to tell a girl before you ask her to marry you?"

"That is something you will have to decide for yourself. When you meet the right girl, your own judgment will tell you the answer to that. A girl that loves you will forgive a mistake. But, tell me. Have you any reason to think this girl was not clean?"

No, but this man told me, he didn't find it out until it was *too late*. Past the stage of being cured."

The thought of Maity working close to men like that, seemed almost as dangerous and he told him so, but added:

"Come to Boston next week. I will look up the best doctor and we will have this worry removed for good. Sorry you didn't come to me at once. It isn't a good plan to let yourself brood over things alone."

On their return to the house, Abby, who sat at the parlor window, was glad to see her sons in earnest conversation.

When Charley took his leave, he told his mother:

"Maity is coming to Boston this coming week to see his nephews and stand Godfather for the baby. We will name him after father. Charles Dana Gibson."

* * * * *

How important that the right word be spoken by a learned adult to unenlightened youth.

How confusing can a little knowledge be when deep emotions have no balance except a light heart?

A doctor, a lawyer, a minister can bring hope where there has been only despair. But greater than all is the teacher that knows how to bring light to the dark corners and thus balance the miracle of life with understanding.

Maitland, on his visit to Boston found strength in the knowledge of a learned doctor and balance from the understanding of a loving brother.



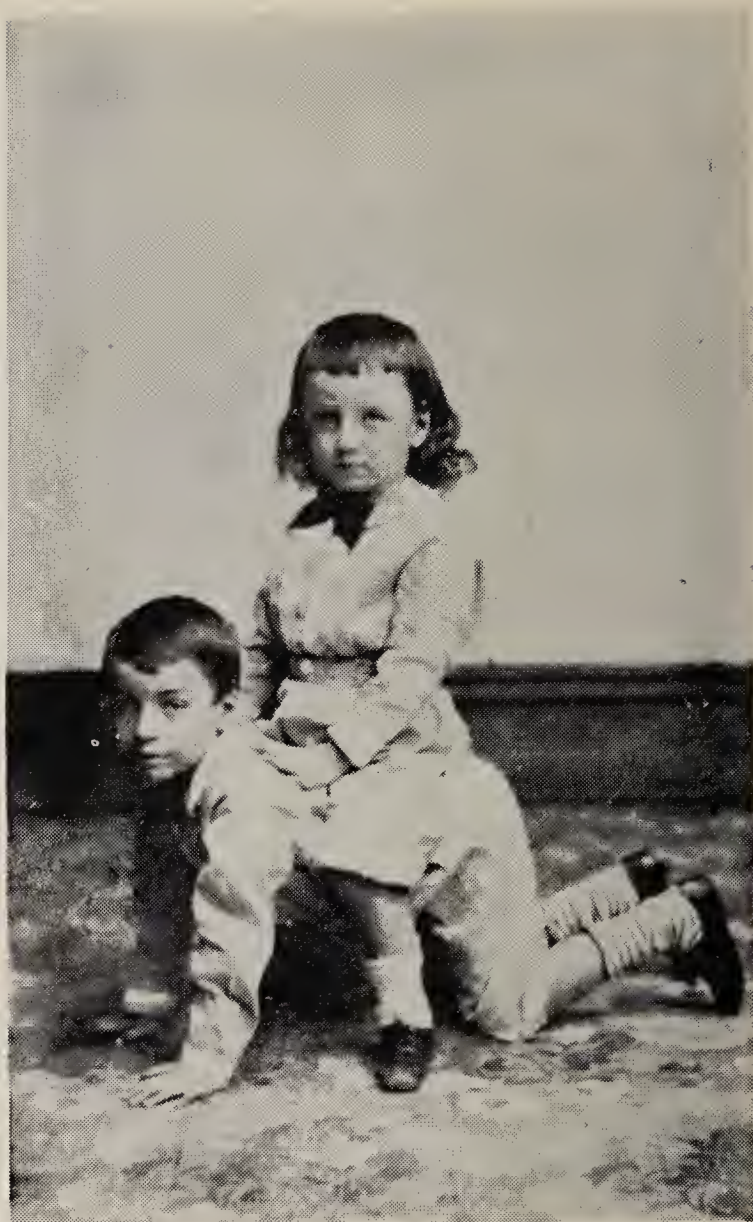
DANA AND LANGDON GIBSON



LEBARON, their little brother
"Barry"



GRANDMA LOVETT holding little
LEBARON
"Dode"



DANA SITTING ON LANGDON'S BACK



AUNT LULU ON HER NEW MARE

CHAPTER 24

The September Gale 1869

ALL during the years that Longfield had been farmed, including many before the house was built, the "blacks" on the place had been terrified by a legend, or yarn, about a black snake measuring—well, it was longer each time it was said to have been seen.

Sitting at an open window in the east bedroom, Abby was spreading rose leaves from a basket onto the straw matting to dry—in the process of making potpourri. The air was fragrant with the smell of rose leaves mingled with that of freshly cut hay. Maitland was helping the men harvest. And his happy, brown face, evidencing the change in him from the moody boy who had returned from the West, was a pleasant picture to his mother.

Suddenly, she saw one of the men running toward the house, shouting, "the snake, the snake." Maitland lost no time in following the black across the field to the meadow. Abby watched anxiously until she saw Maitland carrying in his arms what appeared to be a thick black rope. He entered the side door and walked up the back stairs to the room where she was sitting.

"Here's proof enough, mama, that the story of the black snake is no fable. Just see the length of him."

Grasping the snake by the tail, Maitland, who was six feet tall, held it high above his head and the body of the snake lay three more feet along the floor. Abby gazed at it with mixed awe and admiration until, much to her horror, a large quantity of milk flowed from its mouth, ruining her rose leaves.

The smell of new-mown hay and rose leaves was quickly gone, and it was a number of years before the stain of sour milk was removed from the matting.

Maitland had taken charge of the farm in earnest and was, because of his interest in the work and wholesome exercise, in the best of health and spirits. It was a man's job and he loved it. His one unsolved problem had now been answered by the black snake. One of his cows that usually produced a large quantity of milk had, with no apparent reason, been going dry. The snake, then, had caused this by milking the cow while she rested.

Following a long illness, Cecilia's husband died, and she and her daughter, Lilly, moved to Longfield to keep Abby company. But with the arrival of another summer, they went back to their home and Bessie and her two little boys moved into the north chamber. Langdon was now a sturdy chap of two and a half years. Dana, as they chose to call the baby, was ten months old. Except for trips to the shore and a drive to The Mount to see Bessie's aunt and her cousins, they spent all their time at Longfield. Charley joined them every Saturday and made the most of Sunday, as it was his only vacation. On one of his visits, he spoke to Bessie with pride of the children's behavior.

"It seems to me we have unusually good children, Bess. There is never a sound from Dana; he is the picture of contentment. And Lang, while active, never seems to get into much trouble. Have you ever had to scold him?" Bessie made a confession.

"I never intended to tell you this, Charley, but, since you ask, you might as well know that I lost my one and only battle with Lang in an attempt to discipline him when he was about eighteen months and had just begun to walk. It was right here in the library, I was talking to your mother, who, as you know, lets him do anything he wants. I looked up from my sewing just in time to see that Lang was shaking the little round marble-top table, causing the statue on it to rock. I led him away and tried to explain the danger to him. He returned to it and, watching me, proceeded to shake it again. At that point I decided to punish him and slapped his hand, which he accepted as a game. I thought the time had come to show him the difference between play and discipline; so I spanked him, and, amid his tears, he staggered over to the table and shook it with all his strength. I felt there must be a way to reach his understanding of what punishment was, so I took him up to the north chamber and shut him in the wardrobe. There was an awful silence and, when I opened the door—little Lang's face was red as though he'd been holding his breath. I was terrified. I picked him up and loved him until he stopped crying. I was crying, too. I promised I'd never punish him again and I never have. I wouldn't go through that again for anything."

"Well, I'm glad you told me," Charley said with sympathy in his voice. "Some children can be more easily reached by words but I understand he was too young to know the danger he was in. It no doubt taught him a lesson, nevertheless. Poor Bess, you must have had a fright."

"No matter how many children we have, Charley, I will always feel differently about Lang, because I didn't give him a fair start."

"You mustn't feel that way, Bess. It will be better for him if you don't."

* * * * *

The summer of 1868 was a good one to remember. Grandma Nancy held little Dana in her arms and predicted a great future for him. "No one ever had such a head as this boy has," she would say. "He is going to do great things, mark my words." To Abby she gave advice as to how to run the farm. "Keep everything you spend in a little book as I do." But Abby would argue, "That doesn't pay the bills, mama."

The summer of '69 found the boys running about the farm to the delight of all the household.

One day Uncle Maitland was going to Providence for some much needed farm implements and he was taking the wagon in order to bring them back. Langdon had been invited to accompany him. On the morning of their departure the excitement in that young man's actions was contagious to his young brother. Langdon had packed a small bag with tooth brush, wash cloth and towel, two white shirts, an extra pair of socks and his night clothes. He stood by the front door ready to spring into the wagon when it should be driven up from the stable. Dana, having packed a shoe-box with a copy of the Boston Transcript and brushed his hair with a brush dipped into a pitcher of water on a stand in his Aunt Lulu's room, stood beside his brother with dripping blond curls which gave him a very young look. Langdon was the first to understand that Dana thought that he, too, was making the trip:

"You're not going, Dana," he said. But he hugged his small brother as he dashed off at the sound of the wagon just appearing from behind the house. Dana stood and watched them depart with the words on his lips:

"Well, then my arn't."

Whether his disappointment was large or small Dana always accepted it. It is hard to believe that he was immune to disappointment; the fact that he never showed any outward demonstration was true all through his long life.

The sewing room was a cozy place. It was smaller than the other rooms in the house and yet, having no bed, it afforded ample floor space for a small boy to play. And Miss Childs was sure to be there to answer questions or fix a broken toy.

For many years Miss Childs had sewed for the Lovett family in Boston, and Bessie had brought her to Bristol to help care for the children and to make herself generally useful to Abby.

It had been only two days since Langdon left with his Uncle, but to Dana, who had seldom been separated from his brother, those days seemed very long. Miss Childs explained that the first day was probably spent in making the trip to the city; that Mr. Maitland's business there would require a full day, and that his uncle and brother were now likely on the road headed for home. As she talked she continued to sew.

"What ye making, Miss Childs?" Dana asked.

"I'm making a double breasted coat for your Aunt Lulu."

Dana considered this answer thoughtfully while viewing Miss Childs' chubby little figure.

"Miss Childs," he said, "are you double breasted?"

It was difficult for that good lady to keep from laughing but, instead, she put down her sewing, smoothed her white apron and said:

"Come sit in my lap and we'll have a rock and try to guess what Lang is bringing you from the city."

Dana settled himself against Miss Childs' ample breast. As they rocked to and fro the chair made a nice, rhythmic sound. "It might be a picture book," she suggested, "or a top, but it takes skill to spin a top."

"What's skill, Miss Childs?"

"Skill, is to know **how**, Dana. You have to know how to spin a top."

"Do you know how to spin a top, Miss Childs?"

"No, Dana, I don't think I ever tried."

"Then how do you know you can't spin a top?"

"Just because I don't know how, I guess."

"I want to know how to do everythnig, when I get big. What do people think about, when they just sit, like grandma goes?"

"I'd have to be a mind reader to know that, Dana."

"Are you a mind reader?"

"No, Dana, I'm no mind reader."

Dana gazed at Miss Childs' forehead and wondered what a mind reader would look like. Miss Childs had a happy face. It was smooth and with lines around her eyes that made them seem to be always smiling. Dana slipped from her lap and announced he would like to sew. He was given a pin and two pieces of paper to be sewed to-

gether with black thread. This contented him for a time until his gaze, turning to the east window, saw the wagon arrive at the barn, and soon after heard the sound of hurried footsteps on the back stairs, whereupon Langdon burst into the room.

The glowing account of the trip grew even more so as Dana gave his full attention to the smallest detail and, if adventure lurked just around the corner, it lost nothing in the telling. A clay pipe, taken from a paper bag, was presented to Dana and, while he had anticipated a far greater surprise, this was forgotten when, that evening, he and Langdon blew bubbles all over the bathroom, while taking their bath in the large copper tub.

But an end must come to all good times and Bessie had just returned to Boston, when she received word through the newspapers of the dreadful storm, known at the time and for many years after by the family as the "September Gale."

It had been a bright morning. About noon Maitland entered the house and announced to his mother that he didn't like the "look of the sky." "Have the maids close all the windows, mama. We're going to have a blow. I'm going over to see if grandma's all right. I have everything tied down at the barn and the cows are in. Better let one of the dogs stay in the house; and keep an eye on him. They have a special instinct about such things."

Abby responded: "How thankful we should be that the storm didn't come yesterday when mama was giving her reception; also that Bessie and the children are safely home by this time."

The sky grew suddenly very dark and the wind came in gusts. The rain began with an almost blinding wall of water that shut from sight the trees and all surrounding country side. It seemed to last for hours and was terrifying in its fury. Then an awful stillness followed. One was almost afraid to look out. Maitland came running in with the news that "The big elm is down in front of the Farm."

Many trees were destroyed but this old elm was a land mark. Its beauty was recognized by everyone, so much so that the Farm was often referred to as "the house by the big elm."

"Grandma has taken the loss of the tree pretty hard," Maitland told his mother; and Abby replied, "I'm almost afraid to tell her about her garden. It will never be the same again."

Entering the door at this moment her mother said: "It matters little. What the storm has done time would have accomplished before long. I should have given up my flowers long ago and used the

money elsewhere but I knew of nothing that could give me so much pleasure. The tree! That's different. It has watched over us all these years. It gave us shade from the hot sun, and fanned us to sleep with its branches in the night. It has been a part of my life and its going seems to leave me with a feeling of insecurity."

"Don't feel that way, mama! Come over here with us. Longfield stood the storm wonderfully, but you remember when it was being built, there was a dreadful storm that moved it on its foundation and Mr. Gibson had it put back and told the builder to make it safe in case another like storm should come."

"I remember too well; for that storm damaged the Farm. But I'll not desert my home. I know your father thinks of me there and there I shall stay until I join him."

It was but a few weeks that the end came to this beautiful, beloved woman. She had lived a full life and in her eighty-fourth year, sound of mind and active in her body, she seemed to welcome the end as though, becoming tired, she lay down to rest and never awoke.

She had kept a record of her interesting life almost daily, and in her beautiful hand script, equal to any engraver of today, she related information of value for generations to come, and left behind, in the hearts of those who never even knew her a deep affection.

In 1871, another baby boy was born to Bessie and Charley. He was named LeBaron Bradford, after two famous grand-parents.

Little Barry, as he was called by his young brothers, came into the lives of his parents, a beautiful, healthy baby, and, in the two short years that he lived, made in their hearts an impression so strong and deep that the realization that he had been taken from them seemed more than they could bear.

Charley's business had taken him to Chicago, shortly after LeBaron was born, but the great fire there placed business practically at a standstill, and he moved his family to St. Louis, Missouri, where they established a home. The city had suffered greatly from the disease, cholera, and had not learned the cause or cure.

One day when Bessie was walking with little LeBaron she saw a woman a short distance ahead of her with a poor sickly child. In order to spare the mother the pain of seeing her healthy boy, about the same age, Bessie crossed the street to the other sidewalk. It was but a few weeks after that she learned the other child had recovered, while her LeBaron had caught the disease, wasted away, and died.

There were many weeks that Bessie could not look into the sad eyes of her husband without bursting into tears. The parents, be-

wildered and not knowing what to do in their heart-broken condition, sent the older boys to a farm in the country, a short distance from the city. They then indulged their sorrow unrestrainedly until one day, the same thought seemed to occur to both at the same moment.

“Having lost our baby, how is it possible for us to be parted from our two sons?”

The boys were immediately sent for and the family moved to the East, leaving St. Louis behind with all its sad memories.

A small grave was placed in the lot at Mt. Auburn cemetery, beside his grandfather's Tomb. Here Bessie and Charley could visit often, as they remained for a while with her family at 60 Chestnut Street, sending the boys to Bristol with their grandmother at Longfield.

On the train from St. Louis, Dana amused himself cutting out objects that came into his mind, a pastime the family took little heed of, since he had been doing them ever since he was old enough to hold a pair of scissors. A small pair with round ends were carried in his breast pocket at all times, and a scrap of paper or small pad were all he needed to go to work. This was part of his traveling equipment and helped to solve long hours of boredom while confined to a seat on the train. Langdon passed the time by suggesting subjects to be cut out. A gentleman, whose seat was not far off, became interested in Dana's pastime and asked to be allowed to watch the young artist at work. Many of these cuttings he put in his pocket and never forgot the little boy on the train.

On reaching Boston, where they visited their grandmother Lovett for several days, before going to Bristol, they played with their cousin Julia Gibbs, who put the idea in their heads that “art was worth money,” her mother being a talented painter. The idea took at once with Langdon and they were in business. Having heard some place about the “early bird,” etc., they were on the street the next morning at dawn, looking for their first customer. The streets of Boston were empty at that hour and business didn't look very good until they heard a horse coming up West Cedar Street. It turned into Chestnut Street where the boys were stationed. A milk man was their first and only customer. He bought two cows and a horse cut out to order for a penny each. Deciding that there were easier ways of obtaining a penny, Dana returned to his cutting out, just for fun.

Langdon and Dana were now eight and six years old and could remember little of their former visits to Longfield, so there was much

for them to discover and explore. One of the first places to be located was the cookie jar; this was kept locked up in the dining-room pantry. The boys took turns climbing through a small window that separated the kitchen pantry from the dining-room pantry. There were many difficulties that had to be solved in order to accomplish this feat, all of which made it worth while. First of all, there had to be a time when no one was in the kitchen, and there was nearly always some one there. At tea time the cookies were placed on a plate and taken into the parlor and the cookie jar was left unprotected on the shelf in the pantry. This was no fun at all. Also, if they were seen by their grandmother at tea time, they would be offered a cookie. They never tasted as good at such times. One day the cook was heard to say, in the boys' presence, "that the cookies were disappearing faster than she could make them." To this their grandmother replied:

"They can't run away by themselves, besides they are kept locked in the pantry, and whoever thought of counting how many are left after we have them for tea?"

During the time Charley and his family were in the West, much concern had been felt for them in Bristol, at the time of the Chicago fire. They had gone West shortly after little LeBaron was born. The news that the City of Chicago was in flames caused anxiety as to the safety of Uncle William Frederick's family. It was some days before any word was received, and that only told of their lives being saved. The fire took place on October 8th, and it was the 12th of November when a letter arrived from Telie D'Wolf describing the terror they had experienced. She wrote: "Such destruction is almost incredible. I suppose such a conflagration was never before known. The sympathy of sister cities and towns is very sweet. Quantities of provisions, clothing and money are coming in, but the sufferers are so numerous that it is hard to meet their wants."

Bristol responded wonderfully. Abby collected clothing and large donations were made willingly. In describing what they went through Telie wrote:

"No words can give an idea of the horrors of that dreadful night. The wind blowing a hurricane, howling like myriads of wild spirits, drove the flames before it with a force and fierceness which could never be described or imagined. It was not flame, but a solid wall of fire which was hurled against the buildings, and the houses did not burn—they were simply destroyed. The flames dashed themselves against the side of a solid block, in one instant passing out through the other side and the whole just

melted away and disappeared. The Court House burned in twenty minutes, while that long block in front of Lincoln Park burned in seven."

There was no information, at the time, as to how the fire started and it was generally thought that all the cities in the West would meet with the same fate. Therefore, great concern was felt for Charley and his family who had just moved to St. Louis.

The speed with which Chicago recovered was amazing. A friend writing in the latter part of November:

"Stores are now re-opening, and we shall within a week be able to supply ourselves with shoes and stockings, necessary clothing and other provisions."

The only consolation felt by the family in Bristol was the fact that their dear mother had not lived to suffer the anxiety it would have caused her.

To lose one's home with all the accumulated happiness, treasures and associations of every kind in the autumn of one's life takes a strong and courageous spirit. William Frederick DeWolf lived out a long and useful life. Not so his wife, who survived the fire by only six years. Their daughter Telie, married Albert Erskine and made a home for her father. Her children brought new interests into his retired life and in his eighty-sixth year he died.

CHAPTER 25

To Little Beth

IN the year 1875 Charley's business took him to New York and he moved his family to Flushing, Long Island, a country town within easy reach of the city by train and ferry boat. There, too, Bessie's cousin, Charlotte Prince, lived, she having married a Flushing man. Charlotte was the daughter of Governor Collins of Rhode Island and a former resident of Bristol.

The first year the family lived in Flushing and a few weeks after school closed an incident took place which convinced Charley that it would be safer for the boys to spend their summer vacation in Bristol than in Flushing. He could make frequent visits to his mother and report their sons' activities to Bessie, who, since she expected a baby in July, would have to remain at home.

There was a section in the town of Flushing called "Monkey Hill" where the creek ran close to the road, or causeway, leading to Dirkey's woods, a favorite walk of the family on Sundays. One warm afternoon the boys found their way there alone and decided to cool off in the creek although neither could swim. They undressed by the roadside, and Dana was the first to go in, but was quickly swept into deep water. He was sinking for the second time when Langdon, plunging in to save his brother, also found himself beyond his depth. Had it not been for a passing milkcart, the driver of which went to their rescue, both boys would have drowned. Later Charley tried to locate the man in order to reward him, but he, having stolen the boys' gold cuff-links, disappeared and so never revealed his identity.

The news of the near-accident, told to Bessie on her return from the City, came as a great shock and her reaction took the form of a severe scolding given the boys for wandering so far from home alone. The boys' response to this was quite natural, they not being old enough to realize the tragedy they had so narrowly escaped. It was voiced by Langdon:

"We were all happy till you came home, mother."

It is often true that happenings, quite casual in a home, are difficult for youngsters to understand and yet could be easily explained, and doubtless would be, if only the parents realized how

trivial things grow into mountains in a child's mind and, once fixed, often linger there long after the cause is removed. Langdon and Dana had reached the age at which any change from their usual even-tempered life caused unwarranted doubt and deep-seated worry.

After being taken to Longfield to visit their grandmother, they discussed the possibility that their mother had been willing to have them leave home because they had displeased her to the point that she no longer cared for them. Their father, too, had changed. They had heard him speak of his Uncle Fitz as "an old fool" and, on another occasion, they had seen him take his uncle by the arm and lead him out of the house. Langdon attempted to console Dana by attributing the change in their mother to a physical cause, saying: "'Tis that stomach, Dana, it's that stomach." But what hurt the most was a letter that brought word that their father would not spend the fourth of July with them, in which he enclosed a dollar for each, to spend on fireworks. They had often heard him say that he would rather be in Bristol on July fourth than anywhere else *on earth*. Something was wrong and the boys were not happy.

Returning from the town on the morning of the fourth in time for lunch and after watching the prancing horses and numerous bands that participate in a Bristol celebration of that day, the boys received word that they had a baby sister. While the former worries were not forgotten, the news helped them to understand that having a daughter was more important to their father than the parade in Bristol.

* * * * *

The first order for the summer program was to see that the boys learned to swim. This was accomplished in a very short time and soon after they were allowed to have a boat.

It was always a *big* day when their father was expected to arrive and both boys were eager to ride in the wagon sent to meet the train. But, on this one occasion, the wagon went straight from the barn and the boys were not informed of the time of its departure. There was an unnatural quiet about the house and no one had spoken to Langdon or Dana since lunch. Their father's arrival was usually such a gay time that the contrast was depressing. Lulu was the only one on the piazza to greet him. He tossed his valise to Nelson, the colored boy, who was standing in the drive, and then jumped out over the wheel and embraced his sister.

"Where's everyone?" he asked.

"Really, Charlie, you will have to speak to the boys. They have been very naughty today and mama is very much upset over it."

Charley, with no inkling of what might have occurred, entered the house and found his mother in her usual seat by the window in the parlor.

"What have the boys done and why aren't they here to meet me?" Abby embraced her son and with tears in her voice, uttered the words:

"Shocking, Charley."

"That tells me nothing, mama. *What have they done?*"

"All I can say is shocking and fisty-cuffs to boot."

Charley left his mother and went to the second floor where he found the boys waiting at the head of the stairs. Both greeted their father soberly.

"What's this I hear, boys? It can't be too bad to tell me. No one has given me any idea as yet."

Both Langdon and Dana started to talk at once. Charley seated himself in the hall and took both by the shoulder.

"Come," he said, "one at a time. Lang, you are the older. Let me hear what you think took place. Then Dana can tell me his version of the story and I should, by that time, have some idea of what has happened."

Langdon cleared his throat twice before beginning. His voice grew stronger as his confidence returned:

"Well, papa, we were in the attic."

"Who is 'we'?" asked Charley.

"Dana and I, and, Jim Martin was with us. It was awful hot and Jim asked us if we ever took a swim in the tank. We told him *No*, but I guess we thought it was not a bad idea."

"Remember," his father cautioned him, "you are telling me *just* what *you* thought and did."

"Well", Langdon repeated, "*I* thought it was a good idea. Dana then said he knew where a larger tank was, but Jim can't swim, so, he went in the attic tank. Then we went down to the cellar and Dana showed us where the big tank is and I went in. We must have made too much noise as Hanna heard us and called down the stairs. Dana and Jim shut the door of the tank room and ran out the cellar door. I couldn't get out as the sides are too high and there's nothing to catch hold of. After a while I had to call for help and Nelson fished me out. That's all."

Charley looked concerned but nodded approval of Langdon's account and, turning to Dana, said:

"Now let's hear your side of it?"

"That's about all there is except Lang thought we left him there to drown and, when he got out, he pushed me off the side piazza and I struck him. No one has spoken to us since."

"How did you know the cistern was there, Dana. The door is very high and hard to open?"

"I saw them pumping water in the kitchen sink and I knew it must come from some place, so, one day, I looked."

"But *how*?"

"I got some boxes and put them on top of each other, but there was more water in it that day. I didn't know Lang couldn't get out."

Charley looked at each boy in turn: "I don't think I have to tell you never to do that again. That water is used in the house and not intended to bathe in."

"We don't drink that water, papa."

"No, it's not used for drinking or cooking, but dishes are washed in it and we bathe in it."

"That's all we were doing," said Langdon.

"You got a good fright, I guess, Lang, and the thought of your brother being in there and not able to get out should be a lesson to you, Dana. Don't let me come home to a scene like this again, and tell your grandmother how sorry you are to have upset her—by the way, what happened to Jim Martin?"

"Aunt Lulu sent him home", both said in unison.

On passing Maitland in the hall the latter said:

"*Well*, did you *punish* them?"

Charley's serious face broke into a smile as he saw the broad grin on his brother's face.

"No, they wouldn't be my sons, I expect, if they hadn't found that cistern. Remember how often we used to swim in there?"

"Yes, and I remember how hard it was to climb out when the water was low."

"Wonder why no one ever caught us?"

"Don't know. Lucky, I guess."

* * * * *

When leaving Bristol Charley always gave a generous check to his mother, but this year he doubled the amount with the hope it might offset some of the anguish caused by the recent accident. Abby always protested, and deplored the lamentable position she found herself in, when it was necessary for her to accept money from her son. Her reason was explained, each time with tears in her voice:

"You know, dear, nothing would induce me to accept this. But Lulu must have things that her position in life demands. She is now a young lady and will be making visits this winter in New York and Philadelphia. Can you believe that your little sister will be eighteen on her next birthday?"

Charley did appreciate this and often wished he could do more to help his mother and sister. He had noticed that the lace on his mother's cap had been mended in places and there were things about the farm that needed to be repaired, but, with two growing boys and a new baby, he felt their needs came first and, therefore, replied to his mother's comment simply by saying:

"I know the boys eat more than their share and it is a blessed privilege to be able to have them here, mama dear."

At supper Charley asked his mother if he might forego church the following morning in order that he might go to the shore and see the boys row their new boat. Abby consented, but added tearfully:

"I was in hopes you would like to go to church with me as Phillips Brooks is to preach the sermon."

"In that case we will all go to church," Charley said. "I want the boys to hear him, and I wouldn't miss it. There will be plenty of time after dinner to go to the shore before I have to leave. Speaking of Phillips Brooks, reminds me that his brother, John, who married Bessie's sister Hattie, has taken his family to a place on Buzzards Bay, for the hot months. They seem very well pleased with their arrangements and have asked Bessie to visit them as soon as the baby is old enough."

"Does that mean Bessie will not come to Longfield, Charley?"

"No indeed, mama, but her mother will be there and naturally anxious to see little Beth. Did I tell you in my letter that we have decided to name the baby, Elizabeth Langdon, after Bessie's grandmother?"

"I should think one Langdon in the family enough."

"Bessie was very fond of her father's mother and wanted her first daughter to have her full name, and I like it, too."

Ignoring Charley's explanation Abby asked: "When do you think Bessie will be here then? You know the baby is also *my* grandchild."

"Yes, of course she is, mama. The visit she will make to Hattie would be but a few days, as I understand their quarters are primitive. The village of Marion is a small place and they are living in the home of a native family, boat builders, I believe."

"I would like to build a boat," announced Dana.

"There is no reason why you couldn't build a boat some day, if you want to," his father told him. "Draw a plan of the boat you want to build and we will find out what it costs to purchase the lumber."

"Aren't the boys too young to undertake so difficult a task?" asked his mother.

"Boys are never too young to have ideas of what they want to do when they grow up. The important thing is that they carry out their plans, if and when they are able, providing they are good ones."

At this point Langdon passed his plate for a second helping:

"But," said his father, "you haven't finished what is on your plate, Lang."

"That," announced Langdon, "is nothing but swill."

"Oh!" exclaimed Abby, "I never did."

Charley corrected his son mildly:

"That is not the way to speak of food on your plate, son, but, after all, just when does the transition stage take place between scraps from the table and those in the swill pail?"

This question remained unanswered as Charley changed the subject to request his mother that the evening be spent in the library:

"It's nice and cool in there and I have something I want to read to the boys."

Abby ordered the reading lamp placed in the library but not lighted as the maid placed the platter of blancmange on the table before her. It was in two molds, each representing bee-hives, but looking much more like a maiden's breasts. Before serving this dessert, Abby always removed the two little knobs on top of each hive thus destroying the illusion in part somewhat. As this was done Maitland and Charley exchanged glances and smiled as it recalled earlier days when Maitland, then a lad, first called his mother's attention to the similarity and was ordered from the table and denied his dessert.

At the end of the meal the family followed Abby into the library and Charley seated himself on the horsehair sofa with a son on each side. Opening a book previously placed on the table, he said: "I was reading this before supper and found it most interesting and I hope you boys will find it so. Your grandfathers, James and William DeWolf, had an older brother Simon, whose son John wrote this book. He was known as "Norwest John". Both his father and his Uncle Mark were lost at sea when John was a very little boy. At



BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS



"MINNIE" PEGRAM
Holding her son JACK



Lulu seated in front of her cousins
May Swett, Telie Erskine, Alicia Mid-
dleton. Standing Carrie D'Wolf and
Lottie Middleton.



Lottie Middleton and Lillie Swett

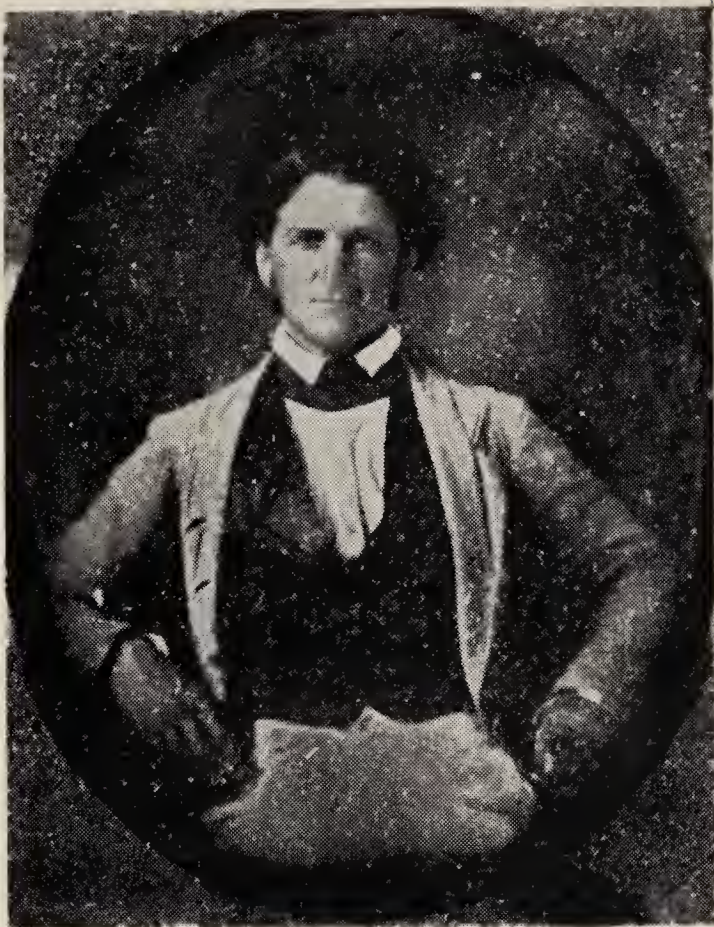


BESSIE with LANGDON and DANA soon after the death of little LeBaron taken in St. Louis.



DANA in the act of cutting out and some of his cuttings

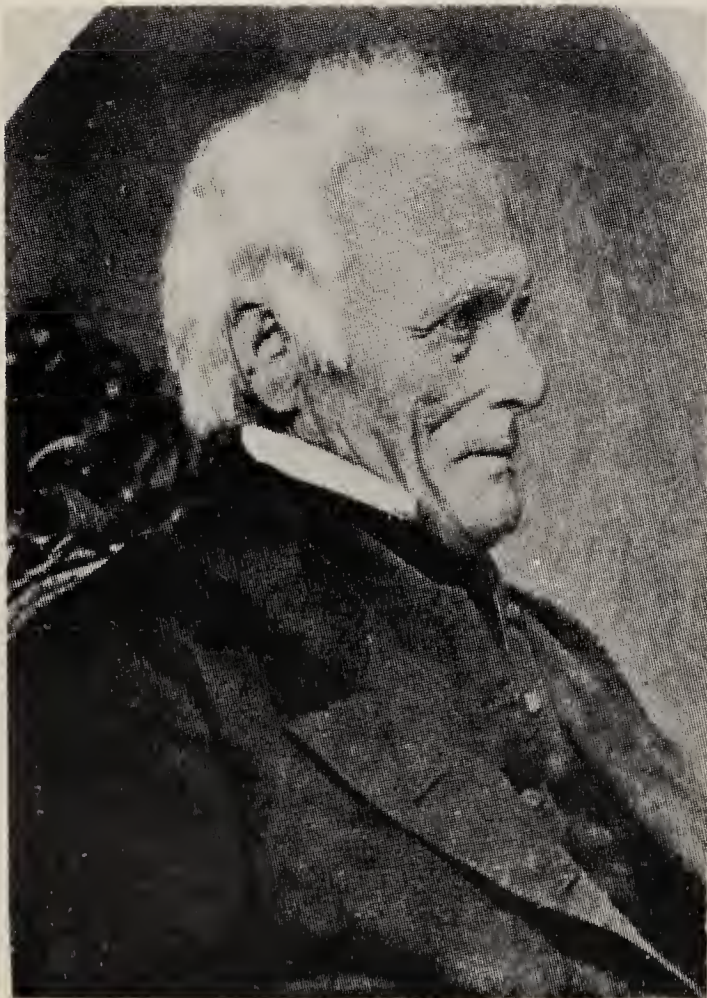




UNCLE FITZHENRY D'WOLF



DANA AT EIGHT



"NORWEST" JOHN D'WOLF



Picture cut out freehand by Dana.

thirteen he went to sea and before he was twenty-four had made a series of voyages as chief mate. In 1804, your grandfathers put him in command of a two hundred and fifty ton ship named the *Juno*, in which, with a cargo assembled in Bristol, he was to sail around Cape Horn, thence north to Alaska, and, after sale of the cargo there, to proceed across the Pacific to China with a cargo of Alaskan furs to be exchanged for Chinese goods to be brought back to Bristol. In the preface of his book, he writes:

“Although I am not one who regards everything beyond the smoke of their own chimney as marvelous, I think my expedition to Northwest coast was made a little remarkable from the circumstance that I met at Norfolk Sound, his Excellency Baron von Resanoff, to whom I sold my vessel and then crossed the South Pacific in a little craft of twenty-five ton burden, and after an overland journey of fifty-five hundred miles, returned home by way of St. Petersburg. This was a voyage and travel more than half a century ago, and I was probably the first American who passed through Siberia. I know that others have claimed to be the first and have published descriptions of the country; but I had gone over the same route before any of these claimants were born.”

Charley paused to make sure the boys were understanding what he read. He then took a map from the bookcase and showed them where Siberia and St. Petersburg were located. He decided that he had best tell the story in his own words, and the boys could follow on the map as he talked.

“It was the custom in those days,” he continued, “for rich men to invest large sums of money in a voyage of that kind, giving the captain of the ship directions as to how they wanted their money spent and where. This was a big responsibility for so young a ship-master.”

“Did he live on the ship all the time?” asked Langdon.

“No, he spent a winter in Alaska at a trading post. He tells an amusing story about a ram he took from Bristol on the *Juno* and presented to a Russian governor. The ram became quite a pet in the settlement. He writes here:

“‘As Billy and I were from the same country town, and appeared to be alone among strangers, I always made it a point, when I passed him, to salute him with the familiar phrase of “How are you, Billy?”, and he would seem to respond by a look of recognition.’”

“I never heard of making a pet of a *ram*, papa,” said Dana.

"You've had about every kind of a goat, haven't you?" asked his father, "but, let's see, this is a 'male sheep.' They don't make such good pets I guess. Wait till you hear what happened. One day he had been dining with the Governor and was leaving the house after a very hearty meal and the ram attacked him in the rear."

The boys laughed. "I guess he forgot to say hello," said Dana. Reading on, Charley said, "The Captain writes here:

"'After a good substantial dinner, and in spite of the usual greeting, I was attacked in the rear with a shock which seemed to disturb my whole stowage, even to the very ground tier.'"

"I didn't *think* you could tame a ram," Dana announced with apparent knowledge of ram habits. "Does he say what happened then?"

"Yes, they had a stiff fight until one of the Governor's sentinels came to the rescue."

"Who won?" asked Dana.

"Thus ended the farcical scene of battle," writes Norwest John, "between a sheep and a Wolf, in which neither could rightfully claim the victory."

"I want to hear more about his travel," announced Langdon. That's the most interesting part, papa."

"More than half of the book tells of this journey—the preliminary winter in Alaska, the crossing of 2,500 miles of the North Pacific in a small boat, another winter on the coast of Kamtchatka, in the spring a voyage to a Siberian coast town, and then a journey of 5,500 miles, on land and by river, across Siberia to St. Petersburg."

While his father was talking Dana was drawing a picture of a sailor man being butted in the back by a wild looking ram. On the other hand, Langdon eagerly followed the map as Charley pointed out the voyages and overland travel.

"It was a daring thing to do and this book he wrote I want you both to read just as soon as you are able to master it. Remember its name, 'A Voyage to the North Pacific and Journey Through Siberia More Than Half a Century Ago.'"

"Why did he go to sea so young, papa?" asked Langdon.

"His mother was left poor, I think, and the call of the sea was in his blood. Just think, he was only four years older than you, Lang!"

"That must be better than going to school," Langdon said thoughtfully. "How old was he when he died?"

"Let's see. He was born in 1779. That would make him ninety-three, when he died. But you never thought of his age when he was talking about his experiences. You just pictured him as he must have looked when he was doing all these wonderful things. He moved away from Bristol and lived with his daughter in Dorchester and so you boys never had a chance to see him. He was a most interesting old gentleman, self-educated, no doubt, during those many years at sea. I never missed a chance to talk with him while he lived in Bristol. He died only three years ago."

"Did he bring a lot of money back with him, papa?"

"Yes, he sold the *Juno* and its cargo, receiving in part payment a smaller vessel which he sent on to China for the completion of the main object of the voyage that yielded his owners a profit of \$100,000. He didn't write of his travels until he was eighty. I think it kept him young and he lived those hard times over in the comfort of his fireside, leaving a fine record. I see this book was published in 1861. So it must have taken him two years to write it."

"That's what I'd like to do," said Langdon, "go some place no one else has ever been."

Charley enjoyed his sons' eagerness, but realizing it was past their bed time, said:

"Come, it's late and I want to write your mother this evening. I must be in Boston tomorrow and can't reach home till Tuesday night."

"Give her my love," said Langdon, "and don't——"

"No, I won't," his father answered.

"You know what I was going to say?"

"Yes, the whole thing is forgotten. Go to bed and try to forget it."

"Do you think grandma has forgiven us?"

"You can ask her when you tell her good-night."

Lulu and her mother were seated in the far side of the room, busy winding worsted. Both looked up as the boys approached them.

"Good-night, grandma," they both said. "Are we forgiven?" asked Langdon.

"You are indeed, you blessed boys. It must have been Jim Martin who put you up to such pranks."

This was a slant the boys had not thought of. But it seemed to make a better excuse than they had. So they kissed their Aunt Lulu and were about to leave the room when Charley called them back.

"You must have forgotten to tell me this afternoon that *Jim Martin* should take the blame?"

Langdon turned to his grandmother and said:

"It wasn't Jim's fault. He's a real good boy, grandma."

"You're forgiven just the same," his grandmother called after him, and smiling at Charley, said:

"Their behavior is remarkable, dear. We never have to correct them, they do you and Bessie great credit. That's why today upset me so. It wasn't like them, at all."

Charley had moved his seat across the room beside his mother and, to change the subject, asked:

"How is Uncle Fitz, these days, mama? I expect it may be too late for me to go over to the farm to-night to see him."

Lulu answered the last question:

"He would be sure to be in bed at this hour, he goes very early, as a rule."

"I will call on him in the morning, then. How is he? Drinking less, I hope!"

Again, Lulu answered her brother:

"Yes, he is pretty good these days. Guess who is looking after him?"

"Not—! but surely she's—?"

"No, she isn't, you guessed it!"

"Not really? What's her first name? She must be a hundred?"

"No, Miss Annie Munroe is as spry as you make them. We tease Uncle Fitz by saying we think he should marry her. She was always a little sweet on him. She comes in the morning and gets his breakfast. He lives very well, has two men working on the place, but it's awfully run down. It makes mama sick to go over there." Abby came to the defense of her brother:

"I've often said, no one can enter a drawing-room like your Uncle Fitz. He has the manners of a nobleman."

"Except when he's been drinking, mama," Lulu twitted her mother.

Charley excused himself and, seated at his father's desk, wrote his letter to Bessie:

Saturday evening.

I am only half here without you, darling Bess. What a dull life people must lead who have no Bess to love and hurry home to. I may be late Tuesday evening so don't wait dinner for me. I will get something in the Long Island station if I find it impossible to reach Flushing by six-thirty. My thoughts will be

with you all the way home and I will have news for you of Jim as I plan to see him Monday in Boston and he will in turn give me the latest news on your mother and Hattie. How is our darling *daughter*? How I love to use that word. We waited so long for her. I picture you all cozy, and I hope, not too warm, while Aggy serves you cooling drinks and you in turn serve little Beth with health and strength-given milk that God gave you to hand on to our babies. Was ever a family so blessed? My darling Bess, you must come here as soon as you feel it safe to travel. The boys are a picture, browned by the sun and strong in their bodies. You will even find them taller than when they left. They both send their love to you and the little sister they have never seen. I don't think they quite realize what they have, as yet.

Until I get you in my arms, dear Bess, I will be longing for the sound of your voice and the touch of your hand.

Your loving, Oh! so loving husband.

Charlie

CHAPTER 26

A Prediction

AFTER church service the next morning, every member of the congregation wanted to shake the hand of Phillips Brooks and congratulate him on the building of his new church in Boston. In consequence, the Gibson carriage was late in returning to Longfield. Uncle FitzHenry was just entering the house and greeted Charley warmly.

"Well, Charley my boy, I am informed by my niece, Lulu, that, had the hour not been so late, I might have received a call from you last evening. The loss is indeed mine. You are looking well and deserve to be congratulated on the birth of a daughter, I'm told."

"Yes, Uncle Fitz, a fine healthy girl."

"Well done, my boy. To increase the population is denied a bachelor. Keep at it, for I know of no greater gift given to man. And Bessie, God bless her, how is it with her? Does she grow more beautiful in motherhood? I would wish to bestow something of my dreams, my ambitions on your children had I the gift to read their future desires. Having missed all of mine, I better know the paths to avoid."

Charley thanked his uncle and remarked he was glad to see him looking so well.

"Change not the subject. I am sincere in my desire to be of assistance."

"Thank you, Uncle Fitz, there is nothing——."

Charley was interrupted by his uncle: "Nothing, my boy, there is no such thing as 'NOTHING'. When a bladder is full of wind it is full of something. And I quote: 'When that is let out, we aptly say, there is *nothing* in it.' "

"I see you know your Shakespeare; or do we quote from the Bible? I'm never sure which."

Charley put his arm around his uncle's shoulder and walked into the house with him.

"I have here in my pocket," FitzHenry continued, "some figures cut out of paper by Dana that bespeak of great talent. I want you to regard them, not as a father, but as one who sees them for the first time. You yourself have the gift of illustrating your letters

and Lulu, also, is gifted; but your Dana is a boy, who at the age of eight years, can bring to life on paper anything he sees just once. I took the boys to a circus on the Common and here is what Dana drew after he returned home. Charley, mark my word, you have a son who will give a new meaning to the word 'artist'."

"You're right, uncle Fitz. Dana has a very unusual gift of expressing himself on paper, and I hope something will come of it."

"Ah! there you go again. You say 'SOMETHING'! Don't you know that *nothing* has an infinite advantage over *something*? For, while the latter is confined to one sense, or two perhaps, at the most, *nothing* is the object of them all. To continue, some have conceived that 'knowledge', with the adjective 'human' placed before it, is another word for 'nothing.' I speak of myself here and not King Lear, who said, and I quote, 'Ex nihilo nihil fit', that is, nothing can come of nothing. That, however, is not true. For, since nothing is everything, the only point in controversy between them is whether something made the world out of nothing or nothing made it out of something. Your son is a genius. He will preach sermons with his pen. He speaks seldom but with a wit beyond his years. Mark my word, he will be all I might think I am when I'm not myself. People will step aside to let him pass; he will speak to people, not of nothing or something, but will reach the soul of the public and they can study his meaning and become better people because of him. Those who heard the great Brooks today will return to their homes radiant with the sound of his voice and words, with all the allurements of novelty both of style and manner. So, luckily for him, they are provided with an argument, most difficult to deal with by reasoning; what was his sermon about? If he delivered it with force, it has the strength of the presumption that he himself believed it. Then who are we to question it? But if it presented argument, pro and con, given with the same clearness, then, just as in the case of 'to be or not to be', one would not know what he believed and might think he had no belief at all. That is why I went not to church today. I don't want my thoughts disturbed and Brooks might disturb my spiritual substance and leave me only material thoughts in its place. Charley, let's put it this way. I have not been successful. I have accomplished little. You see I avoid the word 'nothing'; for 'nothing' has dignity I do not deserve. But, when I pass on to my grave, for I believe the grave to be the last resting place, then, and only then, can it be said of me I have left 'nothing'."

Charley's eyes were filled with tears as they met those of his uncle. He had often listened to long harangues delivered at the dinner table by his mother's brother and, as a lad, he was obliged to listen out of respect. But, today, there seemed to be some meaning to what his uncle said. Perhaps because they concerned Dana, Charley wanted to believe his words of prediction. He asked himself, "Have I the right to judge this old man, simply because he has not followed what I was brought up to think was the correct way of living? He is a man with an illness. Were he to stop drinking now, it would likely kill him. What help have I ever given him? Yet our little son, Dana, has given him food for thought." At times Charley had almost despised his uncle Fitz and often been ashamed of him. Today he saw him with new eyes, veiled with tears, a kindly, affectionate, very tender old man. Charley wished he could live over again the many years he had never looked into the heart of this friendly, lonely, uncle of his. It will be different from now on, he thought.

* * * * *

Summer after summer Longfield filled the lives of the two Gibson boys. At the close of school in June they looked forward to the trip on the Fall River boat from New York, usually accompanied by their father and mother and Florence, the colored nurse for little Beth. The first year Florence went with them the colored porters kept coming to the stateroom door—; Bessie thought it a pity that she couldn't travel without being so annoyed, until she discovered that each visit of the porters was in response to the bell against which Florence was quite unconsciously leaning.

In 1876, Charlie bought a house in Flushing and had the satisfaction of moving his family to a home of their own. Bessie became interested in her vegetable garden and preferred to stay in Flushing through the early part of the summer to oversee the planting. But the boys, now being old enough to travel alone, continued to go to Bristol in June. When Charley could, he spent Sunday in Bristol and enjoyed long walks with his sons. They studied the trees, leaves, and wild life, making each outing an adventure. Langdon was especially keen to learn the laws of nature, while Dana showed his interest and ability to observe by drawing, or cutting out of paper, birds on the wing or feeding their young, all with lifelike accuracy. On one such outing, Charley exclaimed: "See that bird, Lang? Did you notice how it lifted its flight when passing over the wall? Dana, you run ahead and look carefully among the rocks and tell us what you see."

As Dana left to inspect the wall, some distance away, Charley explained to Langdon that he thought there was a snake in the wall: "And we'll see if Dana can find it."

Soon, Dana called back, "I don't see anything." But then, appearing startled, he pulled a snake out by the tail and shouted, "Is this what you were expecting me to find?"

Never again did the Gibson boys fail to note the flight of a bird to learn its reason for flying high or low, for darting here or there, and for other variations in flight. All the many tricks that birds have were closely studied by them. For to know the habits of wild life was to understand the reason and purpose of living. They studied the stars and the moon. Each tiny cloud that drifted across the heavens had a meaning. What a book of knowledge the world about them had to offer these boys with a father to interpret their significance, learned mostly when he was a boy from his blind uncle Alex.

"How was it possible for your uncle Alex to know all these things," asked Langdon one day, "if he was blind?"

"I have no doubt but, had he lived today, eye glasses could have helped him to see," Charley answered. "They knew little about such things when he was a boy."

"Being blind made his hearing more important to him, didn't it?" asked Dana.

"Yes, if you depend on one sense more than another it becomes more acute," his father explained.

"Did his eyes look strange?" asked Dana.

"No, they were very handsome eyes, I remember. The pupil was very large and didn't contract and expand in a natural way. He could see light and dark and could avoid running into objects, but he was unable to recognize people except by their voice. He knew the call of every bird and was the first to announce the arrival of the robins in the Spring. He lived a happy life, saw nothing ugly and everyone was a little better for having known him."

"I like to hear more about him, papa," said Langdon. "Tell some more things he taught you."

"Well," began Charley, "we would be walking down to the shore and a sudden breeze would cause him to say 'Look up in the sky, Charley, and you will see a thin, sweeping cloud with a fringed edge like a mare's tail'. And I would see just what he described. He would call my attention to the cries of the gulls and describe their actions as accurately as though he, too, were

watching them. 'Those gulls', he would say, 'are feeding on shellfish. It must be low tide. Watch and you will see one of them drop a clam from the sky. It will aim to hit the path or a stone in order to break the shell, to more easily get at the meat.' Sometimes we would sit for a long time in silence and I would know he was seeing with his ears what he couldn't see with his eyes. If the bird missed its aim he could tell by the sound, while I was obliged to go and look. Often the direction of the wind would cause the clam to fall a foot or so distant from the rock or other mark aimed at, but it would be picked up again and after a few tries this would be corrected by the gull's own calculation."

Each holiday was filled with lessons of this kind so that the boys' greatest interests lay in the out-of-doors. The holiday was never long enough to do all the things planned and returning to school seemed very tame compared to fishing in Narragansett Bay, the sails and trips to the ocean at Newport where the waves were often higher than their heads.

The summer that Beth was three years old the boys were again disappointed by their father's failure to be with them on the 4th. of July, but *this* time they knew the reason. Their mother was expecting another baby and, for many weeks, their father had not left her alone to join them in Bristol.

As always, much was made of Independence Day in Bristol and the boys, having walked to the village and back twice that day, were tired, and it was late when they reached Longfield after watching the fire-works on the Common. They found a large gathering of Lulu's friends on the piazza, but, asking to be excused, went directly upstairs. Their grandmother followed them to the north chamber, closed the door and announced:

"I have news I didn't want to tell you before all those young people. We received word this evening that your mother and father have another little girl."

As the boys climbed into the big four-poster bed that night Dana asked Langdon: "Why, do you suppose, mama has her babies on the 4th of July? Is it because she knows papa will be home that day?"

"No, I don't think things like that are planned. I think it just happens."

"Funny, isn't it, that both Beth and this baby were born on the same day? Wonder how they know it's a girl? You can't tell about most things when they are first born."

"If it hasn't a tassel on its stomach, its a girl."

"Don't girls have any?"

"No."

"Did you ever see Beth?"

"I don't remember. I just know *that*."

"I wonder who she looks like?"

"Like Beth, I guess."

"Wonder if mama's glad it's a girl?"

"Yes, I think all mothers like girls best."

"Then fathers should like boys. But do you notice how much papa talks about Beth? He's crazy about her."

"He most likely talked a lot about us when we were little, don't you think?"

There was a long pause before Dana asked: "Are you asleep?"

A very dreary voice answered:

"Yes, what do you want?"

"I was thinking about uncle Maity taking us sailing tomorrow."

"What about it? He said he would, didn't he?"

"Yes, if grandma would give him the money to hire a boat. When I grow up I want my own money. I don't want to have to ask my mother every time I want something."

"That's the money papa gives her for us."

"I heard her tell papa we ate 36 loaves of bread a week."

"She spends all that money on dresses for aunt Lulu."

"How do you know that?"

"Uncle Maity told me."

Another short pause in the conversation, then a groan from Dana: "Gosh! this bed's uncomfortable. A spring is sticking into my ribs."

"Just pretend you're out in the woods and you've thrown a few boughs down on the ground and it's one of them that sticks you and you're too tired after hunting all day to fix it and just go to sleep. Goodnight."

"How about *you* doing the pretending and come over on my side and let me come over there? Remember I stayed in camp all day and cooked those good meals."

"This side is just the same. I've been pretending that every night. I'll be glad to move upstairs when mama and papa come. Wonder how they stand this bed?"

"Remember how we used to jump on it and make grandma laugh? Wonder she let us. Can you picture mama letting us jump on a bed?"

"I guess that's what is the matter with it. We made our bed, etc., etc., now we've got to sleep in it. I thought you were sleepy when we came home. Now you're wound up like a katydid. Go to sleep, Dana, will you?" There being no answer, Langdon turned over to a place on his side of the bed where the spring didn't strike so painfully in his back and, with one last pretend, dropped off to sleep, to the sound of voices from the piazza beneath the window, singing: "We don't give bread with one fish ball" in *very close* harmony.

CHAPTER 27

Their Secret

ON warm summer days at Longfield the blinds were kept closed and the curtains drawn. At sunset, before the heat and depressing warmth of the sun had penetrated the walls and filled the high-ceilinged rooms, the air would change, becoming cooler and carrying fresh, life-giving moisture, slightly fragrant of seaweed. At night the windows were closed and what little fresh air reached the rooms came down the chimneys, accompanied by the not unpleasant odor of burnt wood. This, combined with the smell of coffee and bacon cooking in the morning seemed to enter into the personality of this friendly mansion—to be as much a part of it as its outer walls.

“Does every home have its own personal smell?” asked Charley as he returned the following summer with Bessie and their little girls. Beth was now four and Annie DeWolf (named for Bessie’s oldest sister Annie DeWolf Gibbs) was just a year old. The boys had preceded them and occupied the north bedroom on the attic floor.

The attic was the play-room and held such alluring objects as a rocking-horse which plunged forward and back, was made of real hair and had a mane and a tail that any live horse would be proud of. There were sleds, stacked in one corner ready for the first snow storm; ice skates of several sizes; sleigh bells of brass and silver on wide leather belts; dummy figures made of rattan on which dresses were made and fitted; spinning-wheels and worsted winders, and an organ that played delightful tunes when the handle was turned.

The lure of these many things and the wish to show off a new shotgun to their cousin Charlie Perry had taken Langdon and Dana to their room which led off the attic. The three boys were followed by Beth, who was apt to be anywhere her big brothers were.

Langdon and Dana owned their first shotgun and had been commissioned to shoot on sight the woodchuck that was digging holes in the vegetable garden. In showing their prize possession to Charlie Perry the gun went off with a terrifying bang—missing

Beth by inches as it blew a large hole in the closet door beside which she was standing. Langdon grasped his sister closely in his arms until her frightened sobs subsided, while Dana sought goodies in the pantry cakebox to offer her at the first moment she could be persuaded to partake of them. Charlie Perry had pulled the trigger and, from fright and panic, had fled the house. The sound of the gun going off had not alarmed the household and little was said of the accident once Beth was bribed by everything her heart could desire not to mention it to anyone; but the tell-tale closet door with its splintered panel just opposite the boys' bed was a warning night and day not to leave a gun loaded or allow inexperienced hands to touch it.

* * * * *

Bessie and Charley were content with their family of four, and all baby clothes were packed and sent to Bessie's sister, Hattie Brooks, who was expecting her third baby. The crib and high chair were stored in the attic, as Annie would be too big for them another year.

Although these summers spent in Bristol were enjoyed by all the children, Charley, with his whole family absent, had to live alone in Flushing. So that, following the summer of 1879, Bessie and her two little girls limited their stay in Bristol to the weeks when Charley had his vacation, which were usually arranged for early July so as to take in the glorious Fourth.

* * * * *

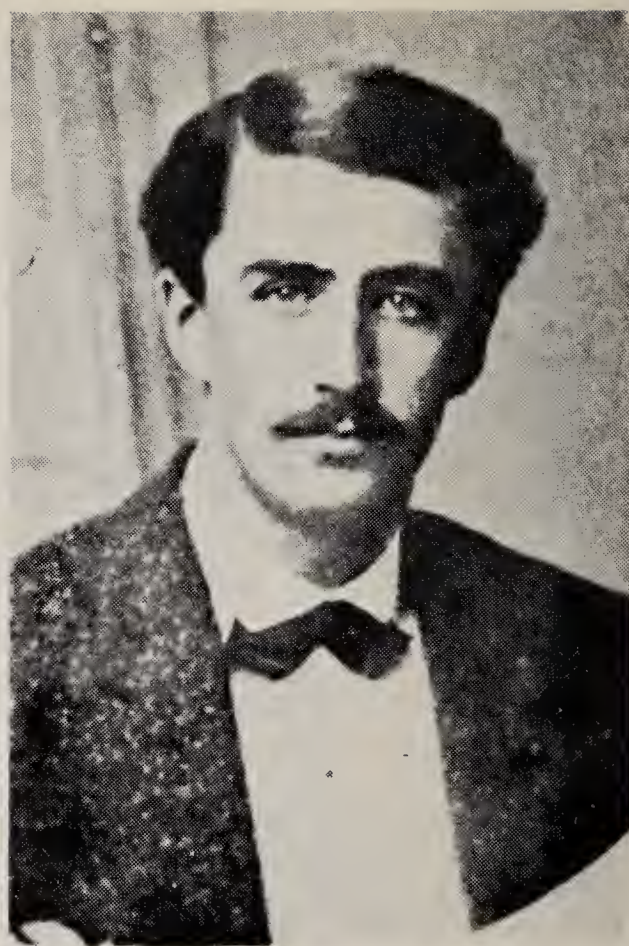
Lulu Gibson was now a beautiful girl of twenty with talents far beyond her education. She played the piano with unusual style and a natural touch, reading notes rapidly and correctly. Her ability to draw was even more remarkable, and in later life brought her much renown. She illustrated all her trips with delightful humor and ability. Her horsemanship was equal to her mother's in former days, and her nature was affectionate and sincere. She was a delightful girl in a charming home, gathering about her the young men and women of her day. Those to whom the door at Longfield was open found their lives enriched by delightful indoor entertainment and outdoor interests. Lulu's presence was always felt the moment she entered a room. A certain freshness accompanied her as though a window had been opened on a spring morning. Her laugh was merry and her sense of humor so keen that it sometimes overflowed into ridicule, much to the entertainment of those against whom it was not aimed, but rather feared by those lacking her ready



Elizabeth Langdon Gibson
~~Wife of Harold Semour Fairchild~~



"Beth"



BESSIE GIBSON AND CHARLEY GIBSON



ELIZABETH LANGDON and ANNIE D'WOLF GIBSON
Daughter of Charley and Bessie Gibson



HARIETTE LOVETT BROOKS
Bessie's sister "Hattie"



HER HUSBAND THE REV. JOHN
BROOKS OF SPRINGFIELD



Their daughters **JOSEPHINE** and **HARRIET** BROOKS



YOUNGS HOTEL
BOSTON.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
HALL & WHIPPLE,
PROPRIETORS.



17th Anniversary

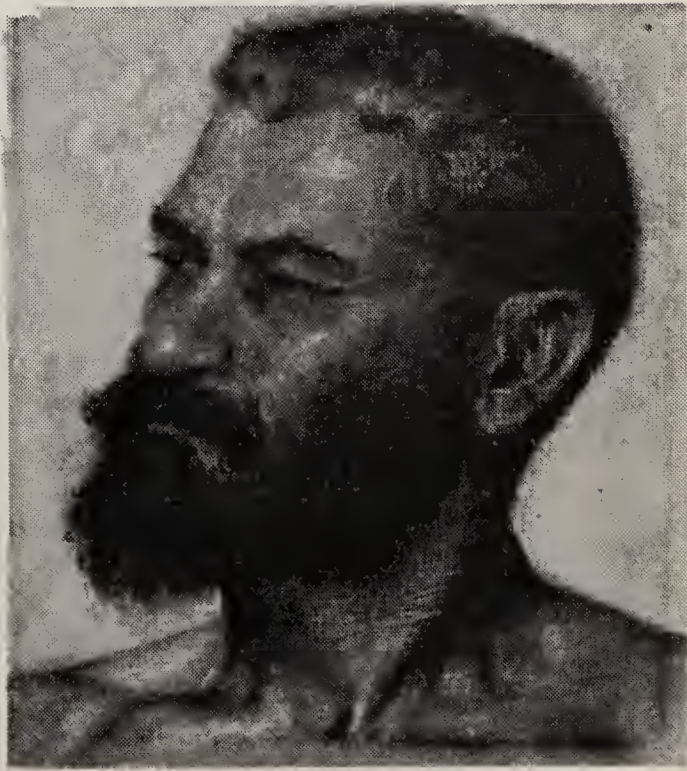
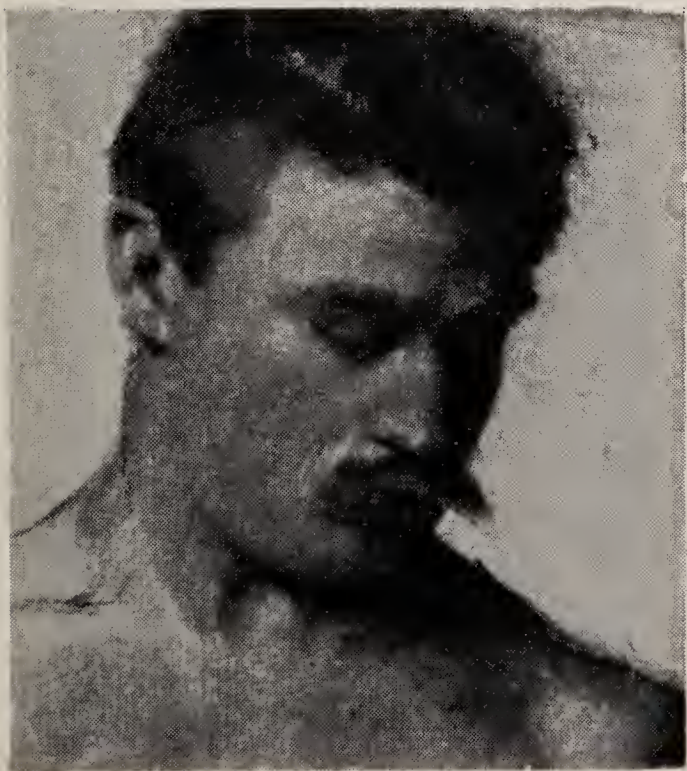
July 22nd 1882

My own darling precious Bessie:

I long for the hour to come
when I can leave business and
fly to you. Every moment away
from your presence is as a day
lost to me. Some men were born
to win renown in war, others to
benefit the world in the paths of
science, and still others whose
destiny may be to amass wealth
in the pursuit of trade, but my
vocation is only to love, worship
and idolize you. To breathe the
air you breathe, to think the
thoughts you think, to see the
sights you see; miss-
Chailey,



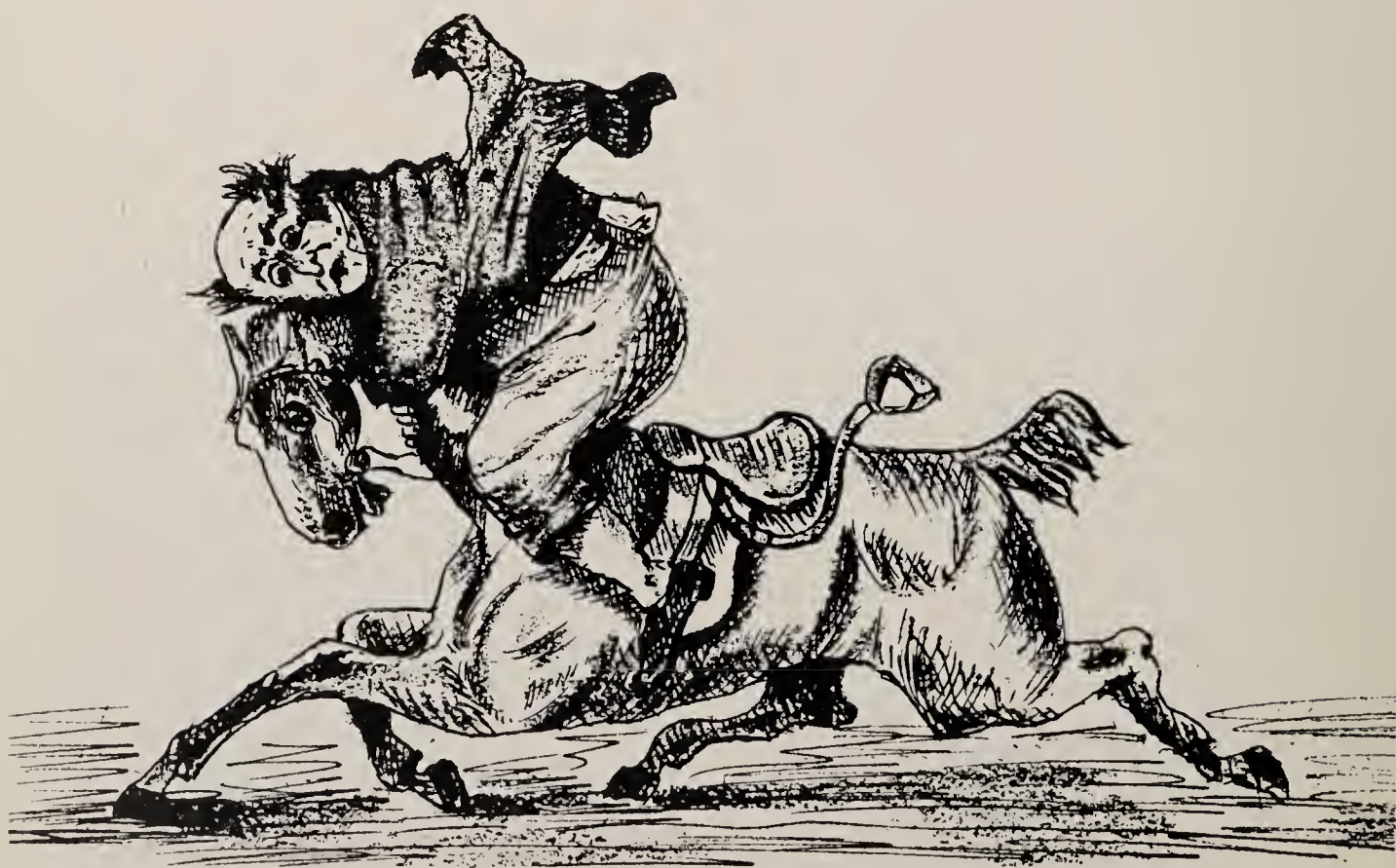
DANA when at the Art Students' League, New York and two studies from life done while there. Age seventeen.





MARIA ANDREWS
"Aunt Margie"
Wife of Henry Maitland Gibson

MARRIAGE—Gibson-Andrews—In this town, 7th, inst. at the residence of the Bride's mother, by Rev. Daniel Goodwin, of East Greenwich, R. I. Henry Maitland Gibson and Maria Griswold, daughter of the late Robert Shaw Andrews.



A SKETCH BY CHARLEY GIBSON

wit. Her pencil could create very amusing likenesses, and her sketch book accompanied her on all occasions.

Lilly Swett, although five years older, was Lulu's closest friend as well as her cousin. When Lilly married George Barnard French and became absorbed in family interests, the separation was greatly felt by Lulu. A trip to Chicago was arranged, for her to visit her cousin, Telie Erskine, the youngest daughter of her uncle, William Frederick. And there Lulu found herself among a group of interesting young people whose way of life was different from that led in eastern cities. Lulu's education was thorough and far in advance of most girls of that day when ignorance in a woman was considered proper and feminine. She could converse intelligently with any man on most subjects and yet found the prattle of girls amusing. She made many visits during the year but always kept her mother informed by illustrated letters, which were answered by Abby, telling her of the "doings at home." In one of these Abby wrote:

"Dearest Lulu:

Your letter this morning was greatly enjoyed. Our activities at home are very simple in contrast, dear. I paid a visit to the Aunts at Paposqua yesterday and you should have seen your aunt Charlotte shake her curls when I related all the names of the young men you were meeting. As Dana once said 'She looked more like a lion than ever, etc., etc.'"

Abby wrote in a fine hand, telling Lulu in detail the menus of each daily meal, of the condition of her horse, Dan, and all about the numerous dogs on the place and "That Charley had taken one of the mastiff pups to Flushing."

Lulu's homecoming was always an excuse for a party, and on the 4th of July Longfield was overflowing with guests. The day, in addition to the celebration in town, was now the birthday of two of Abby's grandchildren.

When Charley's daughter, Annie, reached the age of four, Beth was a big girl of seven; and the party planned was a very special one as boys were to be invited, or more particularly, at least so it seemed to Beth, just one boy—a boy who in the past had shown some attention to this young cousin and had been in her thoughts many times as she worked on a blue necktie to match his eyes. The tie, it is true, was destined never to be finished, so capricious is the human heart at the age of seven. But on this day vows were exchanged under the linden tree and, although they were accompanied by ties no stronger than the one to be worn around his neck, he promised to wait until she grew up.

There were few important events that took place at Longfield in the years ahead in which this dear cousin did not play a prominent part. Through generations he stood beside the family at Longfield. Who can say that he, when visiting there in his later years, did not recall the tender emotions he once felt. While youth doubtless finds it difficult to believe that old age ever experienced deep emotions—much less that it recalls them—it is, nevertheless, true that when, with the passing of time, the mind becomes forgetful of present-day happenings, it is often all the more sensitive to those occurring in the past.

But to return to the birthday party: Blindman's bluff offered Beth a wonderful opportunity to find her young cousin, and what was the forfeit? No less than a kiss! Lulu tied a large silk handkerchief across the eyes of the children and Mary Locke, the minister's daughter, won the prize for pinning the tail on the donkey. Ice cream and cake were served in the dining room and at five o'clock the children were packed into the beach wagon and driven to their respective homes. As the last guest drove away the older members of the family seated themselves on the piazza to talk over the events of the day and to watch the sun as it slowly sank behind the tree-tops into the Bay. Charley suggested to Bessie a walk to the shore before supper and, as they were passing the skating pond, a large black crow flew from a tree and lighted on Charley's shoulder. Bessie was breathless with surprise for a moment, while Charley accepted the seeming phenomenon calmly.

"Hello, old chap," he said to the bird.

"Charley!" exclaimed Bessie.

"It's nothing, dear," he informed her. "Just an old crow that remembers what a poor shot I used to be when he and his fellow crows visited the cornfield. I am glad of the chance to tell him that I never really tried to hit them, just wanted to frighten them away. This fellow must have known that."

Then, watching the crow as it climbed down his arm, Charley asked him how all his family were, while Bessie stood with open mouth hardly believing what she saw. Noting her expression, Charley laughed:

"Your credulity leads me on, dear. The crow is a tame one belonging to Jim Martin. I haven't the heart to deceive you longer."

As the crow flew away they continued their walk and Bessie recalled how Charley's horse remembered him after months of ab-

sence and came running the length of the field at his call from the dining-room window.

She added: "Why shouldn't I believe you, Charley? You seem to know everything about the out-of-doors and the boys are learning fast, too. By the way, where were they this afternoon? Beth and Annie hoped they would come to the party."

"I understood the Hall twins asked them up there and after all they are a little old for such games as the children played."

"Did you know, Charley, that Dana walked home all the way to Bristol with Cordelia Allen? He's getting to be quite the ladies' man of the family, yet I believe Lang has a way with them, too."

"Lang is still your favorite child, Bess. You must be careful not to show it. Only the other day Dana observed how Lang always got the white meat of the chicken. He said it all in good fun, but it is nevertheless so. Now confess it."

"Langdon is like you, dear. He'll have a hard time fighting off the girls."

"Well, I hope they both meet and marry girls like their mother. I believe it is important for boys to have a young mother. It gives them a standard to aim at. They often speak of you as if you were just another girl. I have noticed it several times and was once tempted to remind them that you were their mother, but thought better of it. You look very young, Bess, and today you are just as pretty as on the 4th of July some years ago when I kissed you under the maple tree and told you I loved you. Oh! how I loved you and it has never, for a moment, stopped growing."

They had reached the shore and stood looking out across the Bay. Bessie relaxed as she rested in her husband's arms.

"You know, Charley, that maple tree was blown down in the September gale, and Maity has planted another in its place. Nice of him, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear. I don't want to take anything from Maity's kind act, but I sent him that tree from Vermont to be planted in the very same spot; for I wanted nothing of our past destroyed. You see Maity didn't know what it meant to me until I wrote him. I received a very nice letter from him after the tree arrived saying he would give it special care."

"Do you think our children will ever sit under it?"

"It isn't much of a size now but it will grow."

"Speaking of growing, Charley, did you notice how much taller Beth is than most girls her age?"

"She is a beautiful little woman and her love of dolls makes me feel she will be a wonderful mother, like you dear, some day."

Bessie turned her face up to Charley's and their lips met in silence. Her voice was in tune to the moment as she whispered:

"What would you say, Charley——?"

He bent his head close to her's as she repeated softly:

"What would you say if I should tell you that we are going to have a baby?"

Charley faced her and looked into her eyes, saying, "Let me hear you say that again, Bess. Are you *sure*? Remember we have been mistaken before?"

"I'm almost sure this time. It's been two months."

Charley placed his hand over her heart, saying:

"Have you felt any movement?"

"No, not yet. It's too soon. I wanted to wait a little longer before telling you. I hope I won't have to disappoint you, dear."

"Are you happy about it, Bess? Do you want a baby as much as I do?"

"Yes, Charley, I am more anxious for this to be true than any time before. That's why I think it must be."

"Bless you, sweet Bess. I pray, with all my heart, you're right. Can we tell mother?"

"No, please not yet, I don't want the boys to know. We have a long time to wait, and they are quite old to have a baby in the family. I am really shy about telling them until we have to."

"My darling, darling Bess, you make me feel like the richest man alive. I thought I had everything my heart could wish for and now you tell me there is more in this heaven-on-earth for me to live for."

"Suppose I am to be disappointed, Charley, I'll feel dreadfully to have told you—almost as though I was taking some of the joy out of your life."

Charley held her close and in his eyes she could see and knew he would forgive her anything.

"Can't you forget I told you?" she asked. "I'll be more sure next month."

How often the intimate thoughts and important moments of this family were communicated, or entrusted, to the shores of Narragansett Bay could not be counted. It was their bay, their shore. Even the clams that spouted at low tide between the rocks, were theirs. The seagulls and fish-hawks all belonged to Longfield. No houses were in sight. Not even a distant boat could be seen. The only sounds were the waves as they slapped against the pebbles on the shore, the call of a bird soaring above the water in search of food and, from far out in the Bay, the ring of a bell-buoy as it was moved about by the tide-rip. How much alone one person would feel; yet together, these two felt the friendly companionship of their surroundings as they rested in each other's arms.

"Listen," Charley said softly, "can you hear the fog-horn? It's the one off Beaver Tail. There must be a fog on its way in. I doubt very much if it reaches us, however. Look at that sky? It's as clear as the blue in your eyes. Some day I want to build you a house on the ridge back of us. We will call it Sunset Ledge. There this view will be ours all the time and we will spend our summers here. Would you like that, dear?"

A pressure of the hand was Bessie's answer and they both began to build, in their thoughts, the little home of their dreams.

"Shall I carry you up the hill?" Charley asked as they turned to go back to Longfield. Bessie laughed: "No, dear, I'm still able to go under my own steam, but I have noticed my breath is short, so we'll take the climb easy."

"We must be careful, darling. No thoughtless wish to do more than you think wise. Had I known I wouldn't have suggested this walk after your busy day with the children. But thanks for telling me and all my prayers will be for you and our new baby."

"I'm glad I told you, Charley. I have been selfish in my happiness the past few weeks; for I knew how much you would want to share it with me. But now, if I'm wrong, the disappointment will be ours equally and, if I'm right, we can rejoice together."

"Which ever way, Bess, I'm glad you told me."

As Charley and Bessie returned to the house a new look of happiness gladdened their faces.

"Hello," said Maitland as he greeted them on the piazza with the news that supper was nearly finished: "Where have you two been? Charley, you look like the cat that swallowed the canary."

"No cat ever enjoyed a canary half as much as I am going to enjoy the Jonny-cakes that I can sniff from here," was Charley's reply.

"If you ask me, Jonny-cakes never put that look on your face before and Bessie seems to have fed on the same diet. What's the news, do we have an oil well on the shore?"

All that evening and for many days to come Bessie and Charley held their secret hopes until one night Bessie said:

"Charley, put your hand over my heart."

"Is that it, Bess?"

"Yes, that's it."

CHAPTER 28

House Moving in the Eighties

THE fact that Maitland was spending much time in the village and seldom returned to Longfield until late evening aroused little curiosity in his family, as his friends were numerous and there were many homes to visit.

On one occasion Charley asked his mother about Maitland's frequent trips to the village but received a disinterested answer:

"Maity's in great demand and has a large range of acquaintances. Some of their names are utterly strange to me."

Later Charley, in a good-natured quiz, asked his brother about the Bristol girls:

"I understand you followed in my footsteps and fell in love with our cousin Carry? She was my first girl, if you remember, and I hope her marriage is a happy one?"

"Yes," Maitland replied. "She married a well-to-do doctor, Sam Theobald, lives in Baltimore and already has quite a family."

"Little Carry!" Charley mused, "It's hard to believe. Does she ever come to Bristol?"

"Yes, occasionally, but after her grandmother died she had few interests here. She has nothing in common with her half-sister, Marguerite, who, by the way, is quite a girl."

"You mean she *was* quite a girl, don't you? I thought she married Harry Allen a year or two ago."

"Yes, she did and they have one son. I only mean that marriage didn't stop her having a good time. But to go back to Carry. She loved you, Charley, and her only interest in me was to talk about you."

Charley poo-pooed Maitland's last remark, but seemed pleased with the thought of not having been forgotten. "I'd like to see Carry again. We had some good times together." But then changing the subject abruptly, he asked: "Is there no special girl in Bristol, Maity, that I should hear about?"

Maitland blushed slightly but answered readily enough:

"Since you show some interest, I don't mind telling you there

is a girl and she's as understanding as she is good. I've told her *everything* about my past."

"Come, Maity! Her name. Do I know her?"

"You must remember her grandfather, cousin John DeWolf—Professor John he was called, taught at Brown till '37."

"You mean the one who used to put his ruffled shirt on hindside before?"

"Yes, that's the one. He married Bishop Griswald's daughter and their daughter married Robert Shaw Andrews. They live in the DeWolf house, corner of Hope and State."

"Come," said Charley impatiently. "Come, come, my brother, her name?"

"She was christened Maria but I call her Margie."

"Everyone seems to be keeping your secret well, if it is a secret. Does mama know?"

"Not yet and I dread telling the family."

"But why?"

"Mama knows I have nothing to offer a girl and she will make some remark that will bring forth a crack from me. We don't get on too well of late. I can see Lulu making comic pictures of us. Margie is not one to take our form of humor kindly; she has no comeback like Bessie. She's shy and our family doesn't understand anyone like that."

Charley nodded understandingly, but answered earnestly:

"If she's the girl you want to marry, Maity, it must be arranged to make you independent of mother."

"How in the world am I going to tell mother that I want to bring my wife here to Longfield? This place is *all* her's. She really runs the farm, although in name I do. Her word is always last. Do you realize I have to go to mama for every cent I have? That's no position to be in. Margie has some money of her own but I can't expect her to give me any of that."

"Of course *not*! We must think of a way for you to have your own home—but first of all I want to meet Margie. Ask her here for tea while Bessie is here, who will help to make things easy. We must all know Margie."

"Mama knows her. She's been here dozens of times."

"You leave it to me, Maity. I'll bring mama around and we'll see this thing through. You're plenty old enough to know what you want. How old is Margie?"

"She's the right age—not a kid by any means—about thirty-two, I think."

As the brothers parted their thoughts were never closer. Maitland felt strength in Charley's help and Charley realized how little headway his brother had made in his thirty-six years and arranged to see his mother that afternoon. As she sat by the open parlor window having tea, Charley joined her. They were alone, and as she stirred the spoon around and around in her teacup, the sound reminded Charley of frogs in the meadow in the early Spring and of the day he told his mother that he was in love with Bessie and how pleased she was and how happy it made him. He wished his brother might experience such a feeling, but how was he going to bring this about? His mother was older and whether she knew it or not Maity was all she had to keep the farm running. His task was not going to be easy.

After they had talked for a time of the weather and things in general, Charley realized the difficulty of broaching to his mother the plan that she "go shares" on the farm with Maity, and also why his brother had not brought his good news home. But the subject had to be started and so he finally began:

"How's the farm doing, mama?"

"What a question, dear. We live very well off the farm, and what your father left me has to be stretched to take care of extras and pay the help."

"It would be impossible to get along without Maity, wouldn't it?"

"What a thought, my dear. Where else would he go?"

"He might get married, you know."

"What put that idea in your head, Charley? Has Maity told you anything I don't know?"

"There is a girl, mama, he is interested in and he can't ask her to come here and live."

Abby put down her cup and saucer and looked Charley full in the face:

"*Well!* I should say *not*. Who is she?"

"I would rather he told you that. I am thinking of you, mama. What would you do?"

"What *would* I do, indeed! I don't suppose he would give me a thought."

"On the contrary, he has given you so much thought that he has sacrificed his own happiness to be here with you and now you

must show your appreciation by helping him to solve this very important step in his life."

"I suppose it is natural to be left by one's children. One by one they will leave the nest and I will be left in this big house alone, only to be visited when it suits them best."

The last remark struck home; for Charley had been glad to have his family spend much of the summer months in Flushing since he was unable to make the trip to Bristol every week-end. But he ignored this because he felt that the important thing was to smooth the path for Maitland—that this was the right moment and nothing should be allowed to interrupt. So he said:

"Wouldn't you *consider* his bringing his wife here?"

"What? And have another Mrs. Gibson telling me how to run my home?"

"That would not be necessarily so, but it would enable Maity to continue on the farm. Could he live in Mr. Douglas' house?"

"It's about to fall down and I have no money to spend on it and where on earth is Maity going to find a way of supporting a family?"

"That is something you are going to figure out, mama. How about going shares on farm produces?"

Before Abby had a chance to answer, Maitland walked past the door and Charley called to him. Quickly sizing up the situation Maitland said:

"Have you prepared mama for the bomb-shell I'm about to launch?"

Then taking rather a defensive attitude he announced:

"I'm taking a job on a farm on the back road, mama, with full manager's pay. You and Nelson will have to get along the best way you can without me."

This unexpected news came as much of a surprise to Charley as to his mother. And he said:

"Better think this over, Maity, before you sign on the dotted line. Mama is prepared to give you Mr. Douglas' house and go shares on the farm. That should give you more than a wage and you would be developing this place into a paying farm instead of just making both ends meet. You can run your own half the way you want and if mama feels she has enough, as things are now, Nelson can take care of her half. I think it's time you told why you contemplated taking this step and not just go off half-cocked with plans that don't fit into your own interests. To run someone's else farm has little future."

"I'm getting married, mama," announced Maitland.

"I'm aware that that is your intention. Things like this come as a shock for a mother to hear. I hope she is aware of how little we have to spend on things outside the farm?"

"Tell mama who she is, Maity."

But Abby interrupted: "I will doubtless not recognize the name, there are so many strangers in the town."

"Oh! But you will, mama," Maitland continued, "she's even related to us. Her grandfather was a DeWolf. That should put her in your good graces. Her name is Andrews."

"Which one?" was Abby's reply.

"Margie, or you may know her as Maria."

Abby was relieved, but unfortunate in her reception of the name:

"What! That little prig?"

Maitland turned on his heel and left the room and Charley followed him.

"See what I mean, Charley? I can't ask Margie here."

"You've won half your battle, Maity. Don't let anything stand in the way now. Mother doesn't want to loose you but she has an unfortunate way of showing it, that's all. Half the land will give you enough to do anything you want. The Douglas house can be fixed up and, as I remember it, has quite a lot of room."

"I can't ask Margie to live down in the field with me. She has lived all her life in the town and this is going to be country enough without having to walk across fields to get to the road. She could never get used to the mud."

"Well, Maity, are you sure you've picked the right girl for the kind of life you necessarily must lead?"

"Well, she knows I'm a farmer and says she likes the idea, but I honestly don't think she knows much about it."

"Don't make the mistake of making it sound easier than it is. If she loves you she will like the kind of life you must offer her. I see no reason why the Douglas house shouldn't be moved nearer the road."

"That's an idea I hadn't thought of. Stick around tomorrow afternoon and have Bessie here and I'll bring Margie home for tea."

Although unusual during July, the next day was cold and rainy, a coal fire was burning in the dining room grate. Knowing that Margie lived in an old house heated by wood fires only, Maitland thought that she might find it more cozy if she were received by,

and had tea with, the family before a fire of blazing logs. The parlor was the only room on the first floor that had an open fireplace in which wood was burned. So before leaving the house Maitland laid a large fire in the parlor. But his plan did not work out as well as he expected; for the flue being cold and wet, the smoke refused to be drawn up the chimney but, instead, flowed into the room in blinding waves. So the doors were closed and the tea kettle, cups, saucers, plates and all were moved to the dining room.

Abby, properly dressed in black with lace cap and ruff at her neck, sat at the dinner table playing with the top of the Sheffield sugar bowl that never seemed to quite fit. Lulu, looking very young and pretty, brought in, from the pantry, a silver plate of freshly baked cake and placed it on the table beside two platters of thinly cut bread and sweet butter.

"I do wish they'd come," she said. "I long to see how Maity will act with a real girl of his own."

"And, I pray you, my dear—why would he act in any different way?" asked her mother. "Any demonstration of affection would be most vulgar."

Lulu giggled: "Just fancy Margie Andrews being engaged and to a wild farmer like Maity."

"Why you should call your brother 'wild' is a completely inexplicable remark, Lulu."

"I intended nothing, mama. You know how Maity hates any formal show and the Andrews are strictly townspeople."

As Charley and Bessie entered the room Lulu remarked:

"Now that Bessie is here we will all know how to act."

Charley walked over to his sister and lowering his voice said:

"That wasn't a nice remark to make, Lulu."

"Well," was her retort, "you are always telling me to be more like Bessie. So I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought. Bessie would *never* make a remark like that. Show a little more restraint in what you say and do, and try to make this a happy occasion for Maity. It means a lot to him the way Margie is received by his family."

Hearing the front door open, Charley went into the hall and found that his uncle Fitz had just entered. Greeting him cordially, he said:

"You're just in time, uncle Fitz, to meet a new member of the family. Maity is bringing his fiance for tea."

"Ah!" was uncle Fitz's reaction to the news: "Festina lente. I trust he gives the matter much thought before jumping into the unknown complications of married life."

"And pray, uncle, who are you to judge?"

"Heavenly bliss, my young nephew, is not always found in married life. There are few girls like your Bessie to be found."

"In that you are quite right and I agree wholeheartedly. But we are just in time to help the young lady from the carriage."

Maitland sprang over the front wheel and turned the horse's head so as to prevent Miss Andrews' skirt from touching the wheels and Uncle Fitz extended a hand to her, remarking:

"Such grace and charm as I behold before me and assist to the piazza is but a poor welcome from an unimportant member of the family that I am told you are to become a —"

The sentence was cut short by Maitland who returned to his place beside Margie, and taking her bodily off her feet carried her to the steps, saying:

"Thank you, Uncle Fitz, but I was merely turning the horse's head so he couldn't see the new lace flounce on Margie's underskirt that I spied when I helped her into the carriage. The flounce must be new for I have't seen it before."

Consumed with embarrassment, Margie, with face red to the roots of her hair, stood with downcast eyes, until Charley, extending his hand, said:

"Welcome to Longfield, Margie. I'm sorry I've not had the good fortune before, but Bessie and I are prepared to make up for lost time. The family are waiting inside to greet you. Uncle Fitz and I are just the guard of honor."

As Margie extended her gloved hand to Abby, the tips of her fingers being the only portion of her hand possible to seize, the latter seemed to drop it rather than to shake it, exclaiming:

"Mercy!" then added, "How do you prefer your tea?"

Maitland, to hide his embarrassment, talked more than necessary, making it difficult for anyone to be of much help in creating the proper impression on a shy young lady who was meeting her to be in-laws for the first time. Lulu passed the cake and suggested that Margie remove her mits before taking a piece. Altogether, it was a most uncomfortable occasion for all concerned. When the time for departure arrived, Margie again extended her hand, saying:

"Thank you, Mrs. Gibson, for a very nice tea." Whereupon Abby suggested that Margie call her "Cousin Abby", explaining that,

due to the fact that her grandfather was a DeWolf, it would be entirely proper. "You see Bessie's mother was first cousin to my father and has always quite properly called me Cousin Abby, and I don't mind stretching a point of relationship, providing you are to enter the family, as Maity has told me his intention is to ask you. But perhaps I have spoken out of place as nothing has been said."

"On the contrary, mama. It's all arranged," Maitland answered. "I'm taking Margie over to look at the Douglas house right now, and just as soon as it can be put in order we're moving in."

"What good news," Bessie exclaimed. And they all echoed her warm response to Maitland's announcement, except Abby, who commented:

"I trust you will not consider 'moving in', as you say, until after the marriage ceremony has taken place."

"Why be so particular, mama?" countered Maitland. "Haven't you heard weddings are quite old-fashioned?"

Margie, quite as horrified as his mother, begged him to say no more. But Charley eased the tension by placing his hand on his mother's shoulder affectionately and explaining that Maity was only teasing her.

"Mama, haven't you lived with Maity long enough to know that he takes delight in shocking you, and I'm afraid he's going to find Margie easy prey. But the sooner you both learn how conventional a fellow he really is the less fun he will have at your expense."

They all laughed, and Maitland escorted Margie to the front door. As they passed the closed parlor door Maitland, remembering the cheerful open fire he had planned and not having been told of the smoke, looked in, but upon observing it, quickly closed the door, explaining to Margie:

"That door is kept closed. We only open the parlor on occasions, you know, funerals, and the like."

No one took the trouble to correct this misstatement, and Margie was assisted into the waiting surrey and driven down through the fields to the Douglas house.

* * * * *

There was nothing unusual in moving a house in 1882. Indeed, the sight of a home, still lived in, as it blocked a roadway, was quite common. The Douglas house was picked up and placed on a new foundation within reasonable reach of the main road that connected Bristol and the town of Warren. It was a small copy of Longfield, without the gothic trim, and lent a modern touch to the roadside,

and stood some 500 yards north of the big house. It included twenty-five acres of farm land and orchards. Much time was given to redecorating the rooms and modern conveniences were installed which included a cistern and cesspool.

The house was finished by the end of the summer and ready for occupancy December 9th, on which day the wedding took place. Charley stood with his brother and Margie's only attendant was her younger sister, Lizzie. There was no wedding trip at this time but one was planned; the promise of which lasted all through their married life. Every evening after supper Maitland and Margie would sit at the dining-room table, studying maps, train schedules and ship-sailings, hotel rates and postcards from foreign lands. This was the game they most enjoyed playing, making the long winter evenings an exciting adventure of travel.



JOSEPHINE GIBSON
"DODIE" age one year



"DODIE" age two years



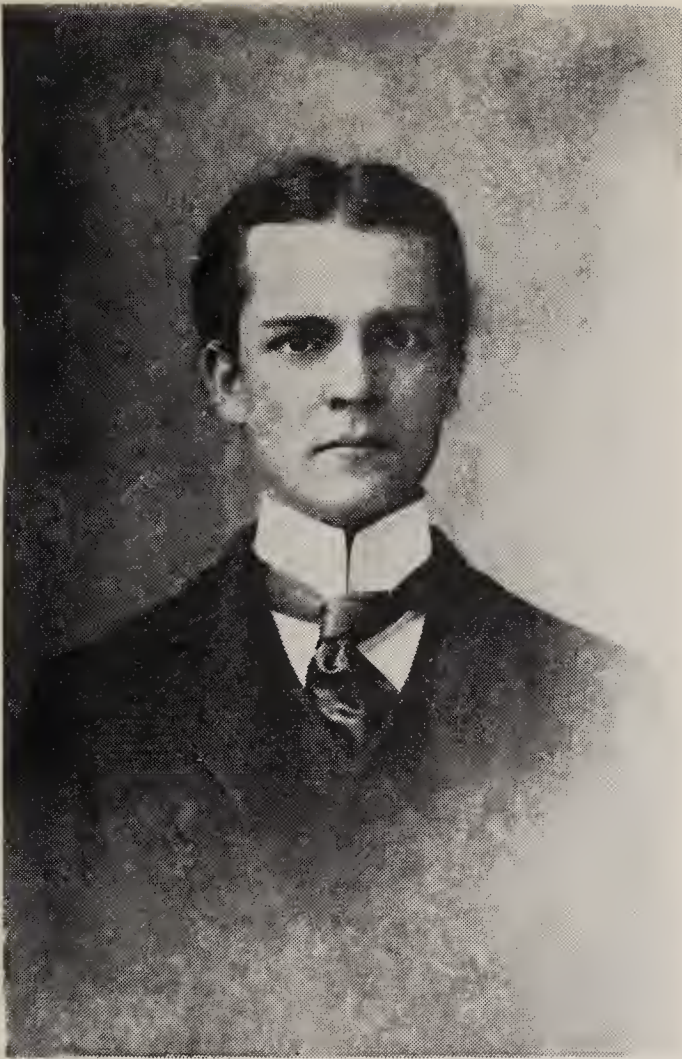
"DODIE" age three years



On the lawn at the Gibson home in Flushing. 100 Sanford Ave. Seated in chairs are Beth with her doll "Meg" and Dodie, on the grass is seated Annie and Dana with "Saxon" the Mastiff from Longfield kennels and Dodie's nurse Florence Ellis.

Beneath is the picture of Charley Gibson with his three daughters

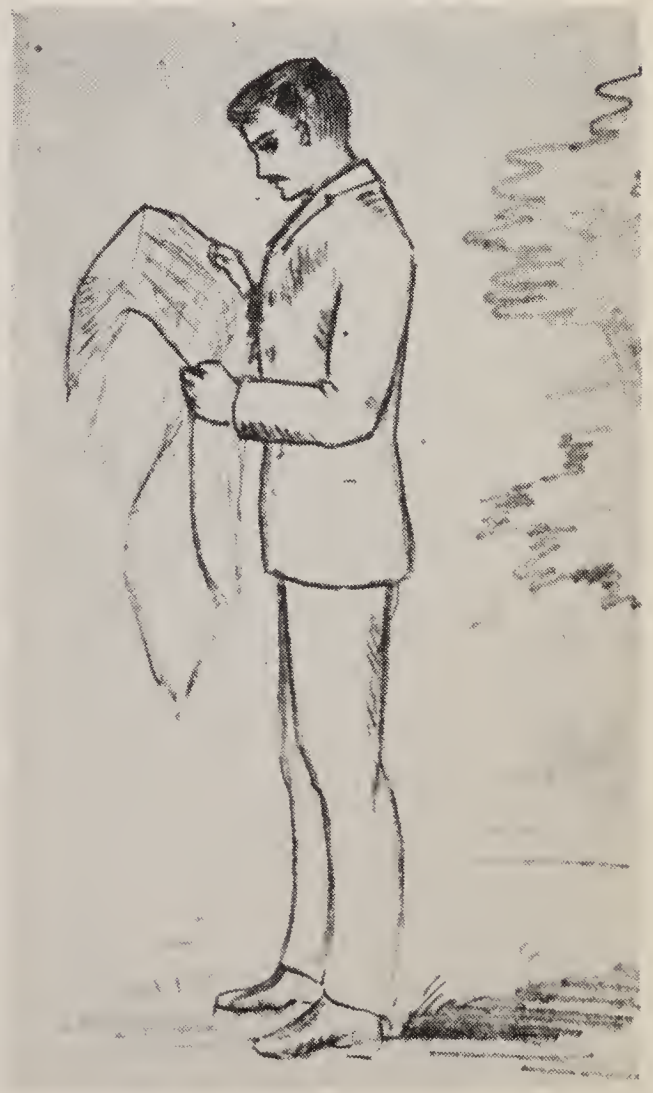




FRANK B. PRATT



"LULU" GIBSON



Sketches made by Lulu of Frank Pratt
"Frank and the Boston Transcript" and "Frank
and the Stock Quotations."



MR. CHARLES D'WOLF GIBSON



MRS. CHARLES D'WOLF GIBSON



Last photograph taken of CHARLEY GIBSON by Bessie in the front hall of their Flushing home, holding DODIE in his arms.

CHAPTER 29

Changes at Longfield

ABBY, confused and upset by the changes that were taking place over which she had no control, retired to her room after Maitland's wedding, where Charley, before going to bed, found her reading some early letters from his father.

"Are you all right, mama?"

"Yes, Charley. When one reaches the end of life one must prepare to be neglected. I am trying to adjust myself to meet the future."

"Don't talk nonsense, mama. Think of your mother and how beautiful her old age was."

"Times have changed, dear. Nowaday children leave their home when they marry. Not even my grandchildren know who I am. Only last summer your Annie called me 'Cousin Abby'. I tried to explain that I was her grandmother, but I expect she is too young to remember."

"You mustn't let that trouble you. Relationship means very little to a child. She hears Bessie call you 'Cousin Abby'. Annie is quite a mimic. All the children love you and talk about Longfield, and the fun they will have when they return. This place will always be home to us all."

Abby accepted Charley's words with a sigh and then answered mournfully: "I hope so."

Tears were in her eyes as she placed the letters she was reading under the bed clothes: "My daughter will stay with me, perhaps. Tell Lulu to come to my room before she goes to bed."

"I shan't have to tell her, for I hear her coming up the stairs now."

Charley kissed his mother good-night and, as he left her room, he passed Lulu in the hall.

"That's a good job done," she said.

"To what do you refer?" he asked.

"Maity! of course, what else? Margie will make him a good wife but she's the last girl in Bristol I would have picked out for him. You know Maria Norris had her eye out for Maity. Didn't you notice

last summer, when they announced their engagement? The Norrises seemed ten degrees cooler when they left than when they arrived."

"Could be," answered Charley. "Maity is an attractive fellow and a very good looking one. Mother wants to see you. Good-night, dear."

"I'm on my way there now," Lulu answered. "Good-night."

* * * * *

The task of arranging a workable plan by which one farm could be run on the basis of two separate accounts fell on Charley, who explained the details to his mother with affectionate tact and persuasiveness. As part of the plan he suggested that his mother deed the northern part of the farm to Maitland: "This place," he explained, "will have to be divided some day, so why not give Maity his share now? Lulu will have the house and field, of course, and you can give me and my family some part later. With Maity living on the place you can be sure that his interests will be yours. He's not going to run off with the land. Everything will be left just as it is. How about giving him the property next to the Usher's farm, the orchard and fields that run back to the middle road; you keep the meadow and long field in hay or pasture?"

"But that leaves nothing for you, dear."

"We'll always come back to Longfield, mama, and after Uncle Fitz passes on all the water front will be yours. There's plenty for everyone, so don't worry, mama, dear. Maity will doubtless continue to use your barns until his are in order."

These plans were approved and executed and it was not long before the name "Douglas House" was forgotten and the pretty cottage north of Longfield became known as the Maitland Gibson farm.

* * * * *

It was about this time the William DeWolf house "Linden Place" was bought back by George DeWolf's daughter, Theodora Colt, and once more became a private dwelling. Beautiful though it was, it had passed through several hands since William Henry DeWolf's death, until at last it had become a lodging house. The stables were again filled with horses and the four Colt boys became a great addition to the young set.

Summers in Bristol were filled with young people and gay times but at the sound of school bells many houses were closed as the families went back to their winter homes. The Howes all returned to Philadelphia, the Norrises to New York, where, too, Cousin Alex

Perry took his family to live at the Holland House, at Mr. Codman's expense, whose finances he managed.

Winter comes to Bristol in November after a few spring-like days called "Indian Summer". Leaves that have already fallen from the trees and the few that are left hanging limp from their branches now blew around in a bewildering manner and skipped along the ground, catching here and there for a moment, then taking permanent shelter behind a stone wall or in a flower bed, thus making a blanket for plants that wanted to survive the winter in a freezing ground. Here they are held fast by the weight of snow that covered all like a carpet of white as far as one could see across the fields. It was cold, bitter cold, and farmers blew on their fingers to relieve the stiffness before milking the cows; wood was brought into the house and stacked in every room so that the fires could be replenished during the night.

The calendar on the kitchen wall read February 19th. Nelson pulled off the page as he passed by on his way to light the dining-room fire; the family would be coming down stairs for breakfast in half an hour and Mrs. Gibson liked it warm. The table was set for two and only one servant remained to prepare and serve the meal. This was Sarah Walker, a good and faithful servant.

Since Maitland was now taking his share, Abby's income was cut in half; the farm income was somewhat reduced by the fact that the milk was no longer sold to families in the village. Margie refused to let Maitland "peddle the milk" and Nelson couldn't be spared from the farm for that purpose. Instead, the milk was carried once a day to the store and exchanged for provisions. Lulu often did this on her way to the post office where the mail was picked up every day.

Following breakfast on this bright February morning, Lulu departed on such an errand and Abby sat by the open fire awaiting her return. The lace work that Jack Frost sketched on the window pane every morning was slowly melting and she could see the sun glistening on the frozen snow. Time was of no importance; there was nothing to do until the picture, out-doors, changed. In Winter Abby waited for Spring. The days passed uneventfully. A bit of news would sometimes brighten one day more than another, but on the whole they were all more or less alike.

It was past the noon hour when Lulu returned from the village. Her eyes were bright; her cheeks were red. Abby greeted her with the observation that she never saw her looking prettier. Ignoring her mother's compliment, but showing evident pleasure in her smile, she waved a telegram, announcing:

"My news is good! Charley has another little daughter."

Abby showed genuine pleasure, for this baby had been announced as a real surprise. Charley's family had seemed quite complete after their daughter Annie was born. Five years had passed and Bessie seemed beyond the age likely to start a new family.

"Another little daughter," Abby repeated, "what does Charley say?"

Lulu read the telegram to her mother and then handed it to her.

"It doesn't tell us much, except that all is well with Bessie and the baby."

Having read the telegram, Abby mused: "How strange it must be for them to have three little girls when it seems but a short time ago they had three little boys. Well, I shall be anxious to receive details in a letter. He doesn't say he is writing."

"No, but you know he will. I'll walk to Margie's and tell them the news."

When Lulu returned and sat down for the mid-day meal, she was looking more radiant than ever: "Guess what Lilly tells me? She and George expect a baby in August."

Abby was greatly pleased. Her sister Cecilia had no grandchildren, Lilly having lost her first baby at birth about a year ago.

"I only stopped a moment at Maity's," Lulu continued, "and then went to Aunt Cecilia, who was, of course, delighted to hear of Charley's new baby. While I was there, Lilly came in and told me her news."

Several days passed before Abby received the expected letter telling of her new grandchild. In it Charley explained that in order to be with Bessie during her confinement, he had been obliged to neglect his office and, upon his return there, had found several important business matters which had to be attended to without further delay: "And, too," so he added, "the matter at hand is not one to be dashed off during the lunch hour but needs time to give full justice to the subject."

Abby read the letter aloud to Lulu, as follows:

"Would that my pen could draw a word picture, dear mama, of February 19th. that has just passed. To start with, my Bess is her dear self once more as to figure and her face more beautiful than ever as she holds at her breast the most perfect, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked baby girl that God ever sent down from Heaven to gladden a family. Nor was a baby ever more welcome. Both Beth and Annie are delighted with their little sister and the boys are enchanted and ask to hold her, which natur-

ally makes Bessie nervous. Their big strong arms are as gentle with her as I, myself, could be and she seems mighty pleased with the entire family and shows her contentment by sleeping and eating as a proper little angel should. More will follow as the flower unfolds. You will have each stage of development until you see her in person. Bessie's mother is here and has been a comfort. She very kindly saw that the doctor's bill was paid promptly which I will repay, of course. No words can express our joy. Were I not writing at the office Bessie would wish me to send her love, so I do so with mine, to you and dear Lulu.

Your ever loving son,

Charley.

* * * * *

Another winter passed. Followed spring with all its wonders, turning the white vista into one of brilliant green. As the leaves on the trees became full grown, contrasting shades made by the shadows landscaped the grounds around the house.

It was still too cool to sit outside but Abby enjoyed a daily drive with Lulu. Charley visited Longfield frequently, keeping Abby informed about his family in Flushing. On one visit he told her that both Beth and Annie were ill with whooping-cough and they feared the baby would catch it. On another visit in early June he reported that Bessie expected to take the children to Marion later in the summer to visit her mother and sister, Hattie Brooks. From Marion he wrote in August describing the baby's christening at St. Gabriel's Church by John Brooks and Cousin Dode (whose name she bears) held her; that Julia Gibbs, daughter of Bessie's sister Annie, was Godmother; and that his friend Harding Patriarche, although unable to be in Marion, was named as Godfather. He added, "Josephine is a big name for so small an infant but we already call her 'Dodie'."

Although these bits of news were welcomed by his mother as reflecting moments of happiness in Charley's life, her gladness was mingled with considerable regret because she felt that all such family ceremonies should take place at Longfield and that Lulu should have been asked to stand as Godmother. Quite unconscious of this, Charley continued to write his mother of plans in which Longfield was not included: "Langdon and Dana are building a sailing canoe in our laundry which they have named the 'Josephine' and plan to ship it to Marion, where Bess and I have rented rooms in a small house owned by a native family."

However, it was not until the following summer that the canoe "Josephine" was launched in Flushing Creek. Many days later two

very strange looking grandsons, dressed in skirts and sweaters, arrived at Longfield and presented themselves on the piazza. No word of their possible visit had been received, and the gales of laughter that greeted them could be heard as far away as Maitland's house.

The boys explained that they had left Flushing in bathing suits and sailed along the sound, stopping for the night at various small towns. After having been towed around Point Judith they put in at Narragansett Pier. All the money they had started with was gone but a bake shop had fed them well, which they were anxious to repay. Following an all night sail, they had arrived on Bristol's shores, very wet and very tired.

"But," exclaimed their grandmother, "the clothes you have on—?" She could say no more before this was explained:

"We were off Doctor Hall's farm and Helen and Beth took us in and gave us some hot food, and did it taste good! We were cold so they dressed us like this. We thought it better to arrive this way than in wet bathing suits."

Never before was the north chamber more appreciated. Even the bumps in the springs of the big four poster were forgotten as, after a good dinner, the boys tumbled into bed. It required two more days to sail to Marion where they were met by the family and spent their holiday and the good ship "Josephine" was carefully stored for the winter in Captain Hathaway's shed.

Bessie felt that her family was too large to spend the summer months at Longfield, so continued to spend a month each summer at Marion, where Mrs. Bates and her daughters, Roberta and Mrs. Cowl, were glad to place at her disposal the best rooms of their cottage. Charley made frequent trips to Marion, always stopping on his return at Bristol. On one of these visits, Abby expressed with deep feeling her regret that she had not yet seen his youngest daughter, Dodie, and she added: "The child must be going on three years old." Therefore, since Beth was now old enough to order meals and look after Annie, it was arranged that when the family left Marion she and Annie would return to Flushing with their father and Bessie would stop at Bristol with little Dodie for a short visit at Longfield.

Lulu's crib, which had not been used for many years, was again placed in the north chamber. Neighbors and relations were invited to tea to greet Bessie and her youngest child. Naturally they were all pleased with their reception of Dodie for she was not only a pretty child but a very friendly one. Her principal parlor trick was to shake hands in the manner of an older person and say "How do you do";

but she was asked to perform so often during the afternoon that it lost some of its cunning. Dodie was the first to tire of this and was glad when it became time for her to be tucked in her crib.

But this was such a large room, she felt very small and lonely after her mother's good-night kiss. An owl hooted in the spruce tree just outside her window. This was an unfamiliar sound. She knew about katydids and crickets; for Beth had held her near a window one night in Flushing and told her about them. Dodie had pretended to be afraid and hugged Beth very tight, which Beth enjoyed very much. But to-night she was really afraid and there was no one to hug and tell her what was making that funny sound. A sudden flash of light followed a loud rumbling sound caused her to cry out: "Mama! Mama!" There was a voice in the hall saying, "I think the thunder must have waked Josephine, for she is calling you, Bessie."

It was Aunt Lulu's voice, and soon her mother and aunt came to her bedside.

"I did see the sun come quick," Dodie's voice said softly—There was much more she wanted to say, had her mother been alone. But since both her mother and aunt treated what she had seen and heard quite lightly and as entirely usual, she decided it was only in Bristol that a rain storm made such sounds and flashes of light, for it was the first thunderstorm she had ever seen.

CHAPTER 30

A Letter

LILLY FRENCH'S baby was a boy, christened George Barnard, after his father, but called Barnard. Although a few months younger than Josephine he was quite as large and was much at home at Longfield, being taken there almost daily by his mother. The cousins, Lulu and his mother, Lilly, were again united, Barnard being accepted by both as *a must* and accompanying them everywhere. A still greater bond between these cousins was the fact that Lilly's cousin, Sam Swett, was an ardent admirer of Lulu.

That summer bid fair to become the most eventful in Lulu Gibson's life. Invitations were received from all quarters of the globe, or so it seemed to Abby, who was lonely for her daughter's companionship when she was away, even when Longfield was filled with guests. This, Lulu made ample arrangements for as there were always friends and connections eager to spend a week or two, of the warm summer months, in the cool sea-air of Bristol and where could better entertainment be found than at Longfield?

Every one was eager to return to Bristol for July fourth, at which time its doors were open to old and new friends alike. A warm feeling of friendliness was in every one's heart and Charley and Besie were sorry not to be among those happy gatherings that recalled so much of their first meetings. But this year the great Cup Regatta on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia was to take place on the 4th and Lulu had been invited to go with them, as Langdon and Dana were to be contestants.

The pleasure of going to Philadelphia was enhanced by the thought of staying with their cousin John Marston and his family at Merion Station, just outside of the city. And for such an occasion there was a large family gathering.

Langdon and Dana were two of the best oarsmen on Flushing Bay and had been invited, on this occasion, to row with the New York Rowing Club. In testing their craft for the big race the day before, they made a good showing by winning the first heat. Time—9:17. The Institute Boat Club was second. Time—9:33. The Ariel Boat Club was third. Time—9:40.

Cornell College won the second heat. Time—8:44 $\frac{1}{4}$. The College Boat Club was second. Time—8:51. And Newark Athletic Club was third. Time—9:44.

There were single shells and four-oared gigs but Lang and Dana were in a four-oared shell. Dana's position was bow; Lang was No. 2; W. A. Harper No. 3, and J. C. Livingston stroke. To quote from the Philadelphia newspapers, the race on July 4th was an outstanding event.

"Two Hundred Thousand People watched athletes at the oar."

"Of the 250,000 people estimated to have been in Fairmount Park during the afternoon of July 4th, fully 200,000 lined the banks of the Schuylkill River to catch a glimpse of the Cup Regatta. The weather was charming, but a stiff breeze made the water choppy, and it was what might be called a slow course, compared to the trial run the day before.

In the junior singles E. C. Brown, of Farragut Boat Club, pulled away and finished in 11:48.

In senior singles—G. G. Psotta, of Cornell University, took the lead but within 500 yards of the finish line J. F. Corbett, of Farragut Boat Club, Chicago, passed him, and just as the race was becoming exciting, Corbett gave up and rowed leisurely to the finish, leaving Psotta a winner in 10:54.

Four-oared gigs—Triton Boat Club of Newark won, Columbia 2nd, Penn 3rd.

Pair-oared shells—Three hundred yards from the finish, Undine's bow-oar (Middleton) was seized with a fainting spell and they were compelled to drop down to a leisurely pace, allowing Union Boat Club, of New York, to win.

Four-oared shells—Cornell University finished first with the New York Rowing Club a close second.

Prizes were awarded the victors at the Iona boat-house that evening by Commodore McMillian and the officers of the Schuylkill Navy."

In reading the account of the race brought back by Lulu, Abby noted the name of W. H. Gibson as coxswain, on a Columbia four-oared gig, and wondered if her husband's cousin, Hamilton Gibson, had a boy old enough to take part. She had cherished a word picture he had sent her, and though he was a well known artist with his brush, she saw, in his words, more than she had been able to find in his pictures. It was called "A Winter Picture" and she often read it even when flowers were blooming in her mother's garden.

Alice Bogert and her brother Harry had spent the 4th with Abby while Lulu was away, they were often among the group of young

people that gathered around the piano and added merriment to an evening at Longfield.

It was some weeks later that a young man called and, being announced, was shown by the maid to the parlor where Abby was having tea. Introducing himself, he explained that he was under the impression that Miss Alice Bogert was a guest, and his call was on her as he had not the pleasure of knowing Miss Gibson.

Abby greeted him warmly, saying: "Come right in, my dear. Alice, bless her heart, has been our house guest but is no longer here. We are expecting her sister Julia and her mother next week, but at present they are elsewhere. Can't I offer you a cup of tea and tell you of the distressing news we have this very day received?"

With an air of sympathy and interest the young man seated himself at Abby's side. She smiled with renewed appreciation of his good looks, and proceeded to tell him of the announced possibility of street cars passing their door.

Having expected a much greater disaster and having no idea why this modern form of transportation should be so disturbing to this very sweet old lady, the young man ventured to exclaim:

"Outrageous! I call it. Are they going to condemn any of your property in order to lay tracks?"

"Gracious no!" Abby challenged him. "What put that dreadful idea in your head?" Recovering from the thought of such a possibility she continued:

"Isn't it enough to have the dreadful things run down the center of the road? Think what our horses will do when they see them whiz by. Our lives will be in danger."

"I can understand," he answered, "it might be terrifying to a horse that had never seen a train."

Having made the reason for her concern plain, Abby remembered she had invited her guest to partake of tea and proceeded to serve him, while he, having walked two miles from the village, was in no hurry to be off without it. At Abby's insistence, he drank two cups of tea and ate several large slices of home-made orange cake, a specialty of the D'Wolf family. He endeavored to make polite conversation, during which he mentioned her daughter's name.

"I understand you have a very beautiful daughter, Mrs. Gibson?" No subject could have been closer to Abby's heart and she responded graciously:

"Yes, my daughter is considered very handsome. How is it, I wonder, you have not met Lulu?"

"I have the promise of meeting her from my friend Sam Swett. He has often spoken to me of her."

"Dear Sam," said Abby affectionately "is a devoted friend of my daughter and she is at this moment on her way from Boston, having visited the dear Misses Swett. Are they among your acquaintances?"

"Yes indeed. Our families have been close friends for many years." Being thus assured that her visitor had a 'family background' known to Boston society, Abby suggested that he stay and meet her daughter on her return that afternoon. He thanked her, but another engagement made this impossible, for which he must return to Boston. But having no means of transportation, Abby suggested he make the trip to the station in her carriage which would be sent to meet Lulu's train.

This offer was gratefully accepted and that evening when Lulu returned she was greeted by her mother with the question:

"Did you see him?"

"Did I see who, mama?"

"Why, the young man in the station, of course."

"I saw no one that I knew."

"He was tall and very handsome. I gave him tea and he was charming, showing real concern for the horses being frightened by the trolley cars."

"If he has anything to do with the street cars, I hope you didn't encourage him."

"Bless you no, my dear. He came to call on Alice, and not finding her here, spent the afternoon with me."

Lulu took off her hat and gloves and kissed her mother, saying:

"I'm glad you were not alone. They all sent you much love and think you should go to Boston more often." Then changing the subject suddenly: "You say this young man is a friend of Alice? What's his name?"

"He must have told me, but I didn't like to ask him a second time. He left here in our surrey when it went to meet you."

"Come to think of it, I did see a stranger in the Warren station. Was he dark and tall?"

"Yes, and such lovely curly hair that grew charmingly off his temples."

"Oh! mama. You and your eye for beauty. I wonder who he could be. Did you tell him I was arriving on the train from Provi-

dence? He must have had a long wait in the station before another train came through or was he going to Fall River?"

"He was going to Boston or he would have waited to meet you dear, he seemed very anxious to know you and said Sam Swett had promised to introduce him."

"I think I know who he is. He must be Frank Pratt. I wonder why he didn't speak to me in the station."

"He's most charming, Lulu, and he said that he would come again."

Several days later a few lines addressed to Miss Gibson and signed only by the initials "F. B. P." arrived by post. If read charitably, they made a rhyme.

"Warren Station.

Were I to accost a lady fair
And tell her that I knew her 'mere'
She might, and quite rightly so—
Say you're too bold and you 'can go'—
Whereas I viewed her pretty face
Her manner and her charming grace—,
Then told myself I would call soon
And meet her as a young man should."

F. B. P.

That this verse of Frank Pratt fell on fertile ground and grew into romantic proportions far beyond their intentions, shared only by Lulu and her mother, is to express it mildly. For, in those conventional days, when nothing but a formal meeting with a young man in proper society was possible, such a beginning forecast serious consequences.

Days of anticipation passed. Never did Lulu and her mother leave the home at the same time for fear of missing the promised call from Mr. Pratt. Word reached them through George French, relayed by Lilly (now one of the circle who knew of the great romance) that Frank Pratt had spent a "Most *delightful* afternoon in company with Mrs. Gibson." But the promised call at Longfield to meet Lulu, did not eventuate. Instead, it was learned, he had visited Bristol and called on Miss Bogert without attempting to stop at Longfield. This, Lulu and Lilly decided not to tell Abby and consoled themselves with the knowledge that nothing could come of his friendship with Alice, as she was engaged to Theodore Guerard, a young man from Charleston, S. C., although it had not been formally announced.

Bristol was teeming with pretty girls that summer, but none more lovely than Lulu who was younger than many of the unmarried

young ladies, such as her cousins, the Middletons, Maria Norris, dainty Ida Usher and the truly beautiful Minnie Perry. So when at the wedding of Alice Bogert she walked up the aisle on Frank Pratt's arm all eyes were turned in her direction.

Alice Bogert and Ted Guerard were married at St. Michaels church with the reception following at Longfield. On this occasion Lulu was particularly lovely, dressed in a new pale blue silk with hat trimmed with rose buds. As she placed her hand on the arm of the young man who escorted her up the aisle, their eyes met and she felt a slight tightening of the muscles of his arm against her fingers.

"I'm Frank Pratt," he said.

"Yes, I know," she whispered.

When they reached the family pew where Abby was already seated, he bowed respectfully as he held Lulu a moment by the hand.

"Wait for me," he said.

His words had little meaning except to tell her that he would return after the service to escort her from the pew, but they seemed to mean much more to Lulu. "Wait for me," "wait for me," echoed in her ears. Had she at that moment been asked for an answer, she would have said: "Yes, Mr. Pratt, I will wait the rest of my life for you." What was there about this Mr. Pratt that held so much attraction for her? It was an emotion she had never felt before.

As Lulu left the church on Frank Pratt's arm, it seemed to her she was floating on air, her feet carrying her over the carpet without effort.

During the reception he was often by her side; though there was little opportunity to say more than the usual things. Lulu could think of no one else from that day. She remembered every little thing about him, the touch of his hand, the tone of his voice, the kind expression in his eyes. He seemed to be the embodiment of all the qualities she had dreamed of in the man she would some day marry.

One evening seated on the foot of her mother's bed, Lulu confided her emotions:

"I'm in love, mama, and I think I'm loved in return—ever since Alice's wedding. That day I asked Mr. Pratt if Alice didn't look beautiful, for she truly did, mama. His answer, and the way he looked at me made cold chills run down my spine. He said: 'I have no eyes for anyone but you, Miss Lulu'."

"He called you Lulu?"

"Yes, but he did put 'Miss' before it. They do that quite often in the South, you know."

"You don't think him too bold?"

"No, mama, he's most respectful, yet a bit of a devil withal."

"Well, dear. We will ask him here to dine."

"Indeed he asked to call and said he was tired of waiting for Sam to bring him."

"This is an exciting time in your life, dear, but you must not lose your head. Remember to always conduct yourself with dignity. Men don't like the girls, they marry, to be bold."

"I understand. But you know I think he liked Alice because she is more free than the girls brought up in the North. She is more like a Southern girl."

"Ah! yes, my dear. But he did not marry her. Take my advice and don't take him to see Minnie Perry. She has a way of diverting young men. As Mr. Wainwright once said 'She has a way of making a man feel good.' You know about the young Naval officer from Newport who Alice liked so much? She took him to call on Minnie and that was the last time she ever saw him."

"That's absurd, mama. Cousin Minnie is very attractive to every one not only to men, besides she was engaged to Pomeroy Colt at that time."

"I know she was, and I also know the engagement was to be broken. That's why his mother took him to Europe."

"What a pity," Lulu pondered. "It would have been such a good marriage for cousin Minnie, now that she has little Lavinia to bring up. Have you seen her? She is such a pretty child."

"I understand that Pomeroy's wife doesn't get on too well with his mother."

"You know why, don't you? She thinks his children are smuggled into the house. I understand that Bessie sees a lot of them in New York. She has done well to keep in touch with the Cutting's and Aspinwall's while living on Long Island."

"You must remember they are her first cousins, whereas, they are the great-grand-nieces of *your* grandfather. The Mount family have always kept together. All except dear Posy. I should go to see her more often. Now that Willie has brought his family there, I think she is more lonely than ever."

These little gossips at the foot of the bed evenings, made for Abby the happiest time of the day but when they finished and kissed good night Abby would say:

"Come, my dear, you must get your beauty sleep for, who knows, there may be some one calling on you tomorrow."

"No, not tomorrow, mama. He is in Boston and I understand he has many financial interests. In fact he is quite rich."

"That, my dear, is all in his favor. A man that can give you comforts makes a better husband. Boston is within easy reach of Bristol now. In my day it was quite a journey. You will be able to spend much time here with me."

"I'm very happy in the thought that perhaps he loves me. I would always be so proud to introduce him as my husband."

"Sleep well, my darling daughter, and may your dreams be happy ones." Such happy dreams were with Lulu night and day. Every poem she read expressed her thoughts of love. Music and flowers spoke to her of love. She wrote Frank's name and hers a hundred times and cut it on her window pane.

There were many evenings spent on the foot of Abby's bed and after a gathering which included Frank Pratt among the guests, Abby would ask her daughter: "Did Mr. Pratt propose tonight, my dear?"

Lulu always made an excuse, often the same: "There was no opportunity for anything like that."

One occasion, when during a large gathering of young people at Longfield the men had retired to the piazza to smoke, Sam Swett held a match to enable Frank Pratt to light his cigarette, saying:

"Handy things, these little sticks of wood, easy to carry around. How are you getting along in the girl department? I rather thought this occasion was to announce the engagement of the charming Miss Gibson to the wealthy, young and handsome Mr. Pratt?"

"You're not jealous are you, old man? You can't expect to count for anything better than best-man place."

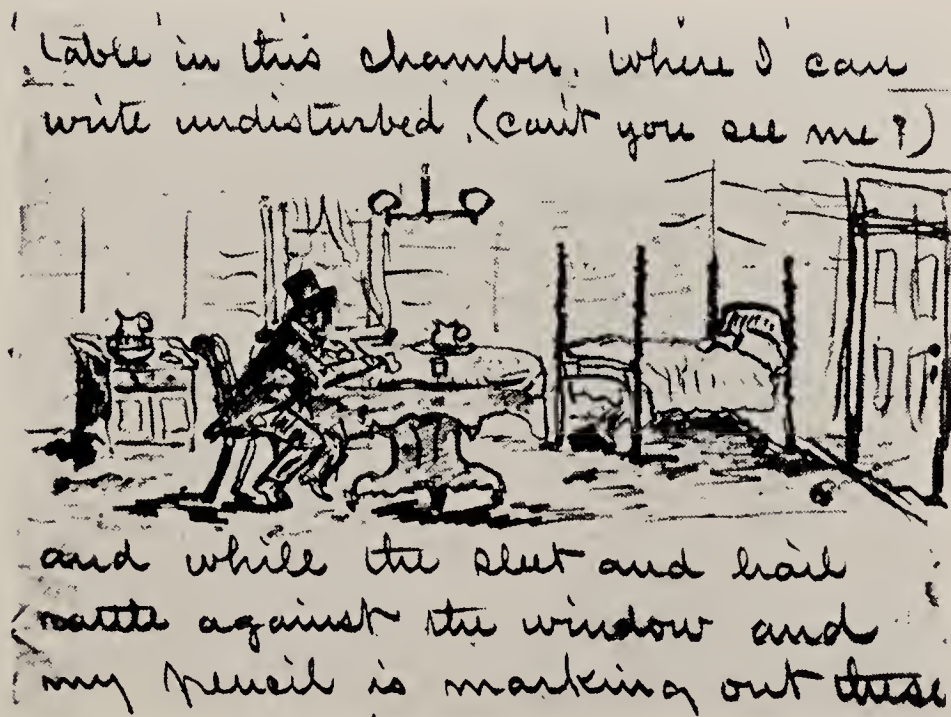
"No fooling, haven't you gone far enough to give the young lady in question the idea that you mean to marry her?"

"Perhaps I have at that, but I find her as cold as —, hang it all I got myself into this principally because I never before met a girl whose reserve was so difficult to break through. You know we are only just beginning to address each other by our given names. You can't get very far with a girl you have to call 'Miss', can you?"

"Well, I happen to know, never mind how, that she's madly in love with you and I should think it time you told her that your intentions are serious, or get out altogether and let someone else have a chance."



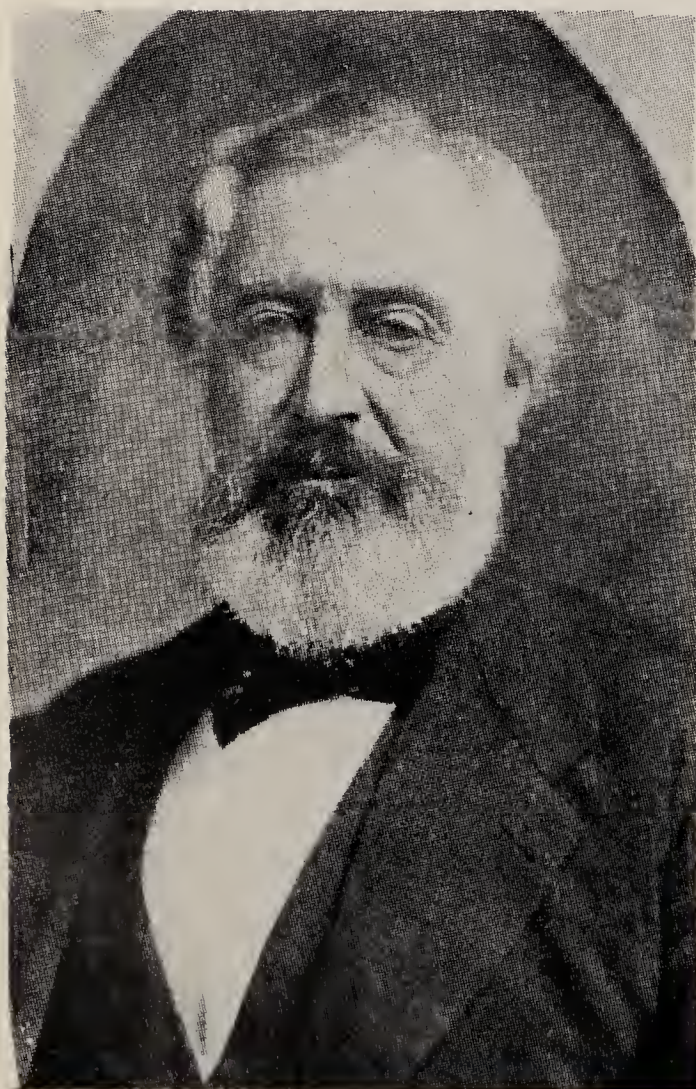
FLORENCE ELLIS, nurse in the Gibson family for over 30 years, reading to DODIE.



Drawing made by Charley of himself when taken ill in a Hotel room with "LaGrippe".



UNCLE JIM LOVETT AND HIS DAUGHTER ALICE



JAMES D'WOLF PERRY AND HIS WIFE JULIA (JONES) PERRY



PHOTOGRAPH OF LANGDON GIBSON TAKEN IN GREENLAND ON THE PEARY EXPEDITION, JULY 30TH, 1891.



KATHERINE BURDETT



LANGDON GIBSON



DODIE GIBSON AND HER COUSIN LAVINIA HODGKINSON



AUNT ANNIE MIDDLETON in the East parlor at "HEY BONNEY HALL"

"You, for instance?"

"No one has a chance with you mooning about. Besides, I don't think it fair to her. She's too nice a girl to be strung along."

"You're darned right she is. Shall I pop the question tonight?"

"Why not? You couldn't have a better chance."

"What makes you so sure she will have me? I don't want to be turned down. I've just brought my horse from Boston and put it in their barn so as to ride here week ends. It was Mrs. Gibson's idea. Now *there* is a sweet old lady. I wouldn't mind having her for a mother-in-law. We get on famously. I like the kind of people the Gibsons are. Look at this party tonight. Everyone having a whale of a good time, yet, everyone as sober as a judge. You don't find fun like this in Boston. Not where I go, at least."

The Virginia-reel was in full swing when Frank and Sam entered the door. Lulu and her partner, Harry Bogert, were the end couple and as they led the march around the room, Frank Pratt, who stood at an open French window reached out his hand as Lulu passed and swept that young lady through the window into the darkness. With a little cry she protested:

"What are you doing, Frank? What will my partner think of me?"

"They will be as interested in what I'm about to say as why I snatched you from the arms of another man. Don't you know I can't stand seeing any one else hold you in his arms?"

Rather frightened at this unexpected outburst of emotion, Lulu pulled herself free of his eager grasp, and explained:

"Don't say such things, Frank. You know Harry Bogert is almost one of the family. Anyway he was not holding me in his arms as you say. Let us go back in the house, do."

"Wait, Lulu. What I have to say all the guests may hear as soon as you give me your answer. May we announce our engagement tonight? That will be excuse enough to satisfy anyone. Tell me if this isn't the perfect time and place?"

Although Lulu had dreamed of this moment, her first thought was "tonight when mother asks me I can tell her *he did*." It was not as she had pictured it would be, there seemed to be something needed to make it right and it had to be *just right*. She hesitated a moment then answered with dignity:

"Don't you think there is something we should talk over before deciding so important a question, Frank?"

This unexpected answer made rather an unexplained break in the evening's gaiety and Frank sought the sherry decanter where he was joined by Harry Bogert who with the accusative tone of a relative, asked:

"Didn't you get what you wanted, Pratt? Better go back to Boston and let the girls in Bristol alone. I'm glad my sister Alice didn't fall for your charms."

"Give me time, Bogert. Besides you can't get mad with a chap for trying."

"The girls around here aren't used to your methods. Lulu's a lot too good for you."

"I'm well aware of that. Suppose *you* tell her so. I'm awfully poor when it comes to talking about myself."

This conversation was abruptly ended as Mrs. Gibson joined them, asking if they were being properly served and suggesting that two such charming young men should not be left out of the games. To which Mr. Pratt replied:

"The game I want to play, Mrs. Gibson, no one here seems interested in."

The significance of this last remark was lost on Abby. Her answer was irrelevant:

"You dear boy."

Soon after Frank Pratt's proposal Abby urged Lulu to obtain a clearer understanding of just what he meant by his sudden outburst. It was not easy to be the one to speak first but uncertainty was unbearable. The occasion seemed right when Lulu having learned that Frank was to arrive on an early train to dine at Lilly's, drove to the station to meet him.

Frank, wearing a blue suit and looking especially handsome, Lulu thought, was plainly pleased at seeing her. They had not met since that evening at Longfield when his pride and confidence were badly shaken.

"What a delightful surprise, Miss Lulu. You're much too kind to a good-for-nothing fellow like me."

"Don't say such things, Frank. I had to see you before tonight, as we may not have a chance to be alone later."

"And why not, pray?"

"You know how it is when we all get together—never a chance to talk alone."

"Then we'll make a chance. I'll walk home with you after dinner and ——."

"No. It'll be late. Lilly is giving a large party. Telie Erskine is here from Chicago and Alicia and Charlotte Middleton are coming, and you have your train to catch."

"I'll get someone to put me up for the night."

"No, Frank, that will not be necessary. What I want to know is, what you said to me the other night—was it a proposal?"

"What do you think, Lulu dear? You don't think I go around——? But never mind. Of course, it was a proposal."

"But you have never told me that you loved me. I should think that would come first?"

"Bless you, Lulu dear. Do you think a fellow wants to marry a girl he doesn't love? Of course I love you. And we'll tell the world about it tonight."

That evening was undoubtedly the happiest in Lulu's life. The excitement of telling her friends and relations of her engagement. The walk home with Frank along the lonely road by moonlight. The long kiss that made her feel weak. The great, good love she felt for this wonderful man. The happy talk that night at her mother's bed side. *All* was to be long remembered. During those few hours Lulu lived a lifetime of happiness. And the next day she wrote her brother Charley of her engagement.

The wedding was planned for the following Spring in order to give Lulu ample time to plan and have made a suitable trousseau. But the exact day was not set. Something always interfered. Frank continued to make frequent visits to Longfield during the succeeding months and he and Lulu had many happy times together. One day when he was expected to arrive for a short visit, Lulu left Lilly French and Julia Bogert on the piazza while she drove to Warren to meet his train. The girls talked a few moments and then Lilly suggested that they walk to her house, adding:

"I don't want to be here when Lulu returns. Frank won't be on that train. He often tells her he is coming and then doesn't show up."

"What's the cause, do you think?" asked Julia.

"I don't know. I never discuss it with Lulu. It must hurt her very much. She is so in love with him and believes anything he tells her."

The girls walked slowly along the road in silence and were not in sight when Lulu returned alone. But she had in her hand a letter from Frank which would explain his not coming. She puzzled somewhat over the fact that the letter was addressed to Warren.

Frank had never written her there before and it was just by chance that the postmaster saw and handed her the letter. She left the horse and trap at the stable and walked with one of the dogs along the lane away from the house to be alone with her precious letter. Reaching the big rock where she had often sat with Frank she broke the seal.

At first reading she couldn't believe what she saw and reread the first line. "Dear Lulu," it began. He hadn't started a letter like that since before they were engaged. How strange, she thought. The next line explained the first. Was she having a terrible dream. She turned to the last page to see if it was truly from Frank. Her Frank? Yes, there was his name just as he always signed it. There could be no doubt of that. Then she read again the cruel words. "Our marriage can never take place." Her eyes were blinded with tears, the paper before them became blurred. She could read no more. What was this terrible thing that was happening to her? How was she going to tell her mother? How could she face Lilly and Julia who she supposed were still waiting for her to return with Frank? These questions raced through her mind while her heart was breaking. The dog beside her pressed his cold nose against her hand as though to remind her that she was not alone. She lay her head on his neck and wept, the only outlet to the dreadful pain in her heart. How long she remained there she had no idea. She wished tomorrow would never come. She had lived her life and now wanted to die. She clasped her hands together and cried, "Oh! God, show me the way to die. I have nothing, no nothing to live for without Frank."

As her tears subsided she became resigned to face the world. The sun was sinking into the Bay and, as the shadows lengthened and the path grew dark, she slowly walked toward the house.

CHAPTER 31

A Late Train

JUST leaving the stable was the figure of a man. In the dusk of the evening it seemed to Lulu that he might almost be Frank. She stood still as she realized he was coming down the lane toward her. The mastiff at her side made no demonstration, as he would have done had it been a stranger. Lulu waited. She would rather not meet anyone just now. As he came nearer she saw that it *was* Frank. The overwhelming emotion that she experienced was impossible to describe. Reaching her, he held out his arms:

"My dearest Lulu," she heard him say. His kisses were real, his breath was hot against her cheek.

"Frank! Frank!" she cried.

"Give it to me, Lulu. You were never meant to receive that letter. *She* made me write it. I sent it to Warren, for I thought I would be able to get and destroy it. Give me the letter, dearest, and try to forget you *ever* saw it."

Lulu was too happy to ask why the letter was written, as she lay in his arms and he tenderly stroked her hair.

"Now, my dearest, we will go to the house as every one is concerned about you. I went there first and learned you had gone to the station to meet me, and had not returned. Then I went to the stable and was told you had left the carriage and walked toward the woods. I knew you must have the letter as I stopped at the post office to pick it up and found it was not there. Can you *ever* forgive me, dearest, and believe I didn't mean to hurt you? I wouldn't hurt you, Lulu dear, for anything. I love you and we will be married *right away*."

* * * * *

When Bessie learned of the engagement she told Charley that she had heard that Frank was "epilectic." This information was so disturbing to Charley that he asked her never to mention it again and expressed his belief that it must be vicious gossip, started by some jealous person trying to make trouble. He described Lulu's happiness and what it would mean to him to see his sister so well married. Needless to say, Bessie said no more. And the matter was

not again referred to until one evening, at Longfield, when they were sitting on the piazza waiting for Lulu to return from the Warren station where she had gone to meet Frank.

"You will see at a glance," Charley said, "what a fine healthy fellow Frank is. So, dear, do put the idea out of your head that there is anything wrong with him. Lulu has too much sense to marry an ill man. She isn't a child, and just think how generous he has been to mother. Have you noticed that the old registers have been removed and the house will be heated this winter by steam; quite new and satisfactory, I understand; and an expensive thing to install in a big house like this. I couldn't have done it for mother and I'm most grateful."

Lulu returned from the station with the disappointing news that Frank hadn't arrived on that train. There were no questions asked and Lulu offered no excuse. Nor did he arrive at all while Charley and Bessie were in Bristol.

During the months that followed letters from Abby to Charley repeatedly spoke of Lulu's happiness and numerous gifts given her by Frank Pratt. The engagement ring was described as a modest solitaire. Yet, there was nothing said as to the time set for the wedding.

Lulu kept her emotions to herself. The depths to which she sank when Frank did not arrive when expected were balanced by the joy she experienced when she was with him. There were occasions when she went to Boston to meet him but he failed to keep the engagement; and, to save her mother from worry, she was obliged to invent a story "of the happy day spent with Frank." These fanciful days, so often described in detail, became almost as real to Lulu as her mother accepted them. Lulu painted so graphically the picture of what should have been real, that the incidents she related were often referred to in their conversation. "Is that the cloth Frank helped you to select?" Abby might ask, or "Did Frank send me a message when you were with him today?" Lulu always had a ready answer in reply to any question and Abby basked in the sunshine of her child's romance, and wished that her own had been more like Lulu's.

Frank's repeated failure to meet Lulu as promised were most disturbing; and in an attempt to reach a better understanding, she questioned him:

"Can't you tell me, Frank, where you were, the day I waited for you in the Boston station?"

"I can't, Lulu. You will just have to trust me."

"Well then, will you tell me who it was that made you write that dreadful letter—the one I received in Warren and you didn't intend me to see? You told me that day *she* made you write it. Who is s-h-e?"

"Did I say that? I don't know, Lulu. You ask too many questions, dear. Let us enjoy this beautiful day and talk about those things some other time."

Again Frank told Lulu that there was "someone" who took care of him when he was sick. He explained that he had to have someone take care of him:

"It will all be different, Lulu, when I have you, dear."

That this would be so, Lulu tried desperately to believe. And a wedding at Longfield was planned for the following week. Invitations were delivered by hand to close friends and relatives only, with engraved announcements to follow by post.

Longfield became the scene of much activity. Gifts were arriving and notes had to be written. Maitland was chosen to be "best man", and it was his responsibility to see that the groom was on hand. For several days he had been trying to get in touch with Frank, but had been forced to tell Lulu of his failure to do so.

A telegram was dispatched to New York, asking Charley to attempt to locate Frank and naming the Hotels in the city which he patronized.

The wedding-day arrived, January fifteenth. During the night snow had fallen, and the sound of crunching ice under the wheels of passing carriages could be heard. In the morning the Reverend Doctor Locke of St. Michael's Church came to the house to talk over the service with Lulu while his daughter, Mary, and Evy Bache looked at the presents on display in the library. Lulu's heart was heavy with anxiety, but not even Lilly French, whose role was matron-of-honor, knew to what extent.

Later on alone in her room at the head of the stairs she was dressing slowly. She felt miserably unhappy. The sound of a quick step on the stairs startled her. Lilly burst into the room.

"Frank's here, Lulu. He and Charley just arrived. The train was late; delayed by the storm. I have come to help you dress, dear."

Lilly closed the door. She looked very fresh and pretty in a light brown taffeta dress with pink flowers in her hair and at her waist. Lulu turned quickly away so that Lilly could not read her

thoughts. She was trying hard to remember the happiness she had imagined would come to her at the news Lilly brought. There was no reaction of joy—of the joy she had felt so many times, when disappointment was followed by the happiness of having him with her. Then, it had been enough to know he was safe and to hope it would be the last time. *This would be the last time.* She faced Lilly as tears streamed down her face.

“What is it, dear?” Lilly asked, taking Lulu in her arms. “Tell me. You are just excited and overtired, or are these happy tears?”

“No, Lilly, it isn’t that. I would give anything not to go through with it. Tell them all to go home.”

“Lulu! you can’t be serious? You can’t mean what you say?”

“Yes, Lilly, the whole thing has gone stale. If it were not for mama I would never leave this room while Frank is in the house.”

Lilly could think of nothing to say. It was all too terrible to grasp. She tried to smile, while telling Lulu how handsome Frank looked when he arrived:

“His face had a pleasant odor of lavender when he kissed me. Come, dear, it’s time to put your veil on.”

As she took the veil from the bed where it had been spread, Lulu stooped down, as if in a dream, so that Lilly could arrange it, leaving a bit of tulle over her tear-stained eyes.

Lulu’s eyes were still filled with tears that only seemed to add to their beauty, as she stood before her mirror for the last time as Lulu Gibson.

In response to a knock, Lilly went to the door and said:

“Frank is here, Lulu. Do you want him to come in?”

Turning her head to hide her face Lulu answered:

“No, Frank. It is considered bad luck for the groom to see the bride just before the wedding.”

Lilly returned to Lulu and they were silent a moment.

“I couldn’t, Lilly. I just couldn’t.”

“I understand, dear. You look lovely, Lulu. I never saw a more lovely looking bride.”

The cousins kissed each other, just as Abby entered the room saying:

“Lulu, dear. Frank is eager to see you. The wedding must not be late you know.”

Assuring her mother that she was ready, Lulu gave her final instructions to Lilly:

"Remember you are to stand beside me and hold my flowers and you are not to leave me for a moment."

As they stood at the top of the stairs, the piano and violin started to play the wedding march and Charley ran up to take Lulu's hand and lead her to the altar.

"How lovely you look, dear sister," he said.

But his thoughts were troubled. Was he doing the right thing or should he have listened to Bessie's warning. Finding Lulu's hand cold, he patted it to bring back the circulation and then drew it through his arm as they walked slowly between the line of friends and relations standing along both sides of the parlor.

Lulu raised her eyes for the first time and saw, standing before her in front of the large gold framed mirror, Doctor Locke and her brother, Maitland. Between them stood Frank Pratt. He stepped forward and took her hand. There was a murmur of voices as she passed.

"Isn't she lovely." and "I forgot how lovely her eyes are, they shine like stars even through the veil."

Then all was silent. Frank's hand was trembling and she tried to steady it. The feeling kept returning . . . That she couldn't go through with it. She felt Lilly by her side and the minister was speaking. It was not too late. They weren't married yet. She *could* turn and say "I'm sorry but there will be no marriage." Then the thought, what would her mother say. Frank was now saying something after the minister. He looked down at her and there was that smile on his lips and in his eyes that always melted her. It was just a trick that no longer worked. Lulu tried to feel its charm, but there was nothing there. She was now repeating after the minister, dear Doctor Lock. He was so kind he would feel dreadfully if he knew what he was doing. As she spoke her voice sounded strange to her. Then she heard the words: "I now pronounce you man and wife."

Frank held her in his arms. He was kissing her. She turned after embracing Lilly and Maitland and they received congratulations from family and friends.

Directly after these usual amenities Frank urged Lulu to change to her traveling clothes.

"But, she protested, "we are to serve breakfast, Frank. Shouldn't we stay until that is over?"

He reminded her that they were to catch the four o'clock train and that the service was already half an hour late. Lilly helped her change and without any refreshment they left Longfield amid falling

rice, good wishes, tears and laughter. As their carriage moved out of the north gate on its way to Warren, a station cab arrived by the south gate. Maitland, who was the last to shower the bride and groom with rice, waited to receive it, thinking it brought a late guest.

A rather pretty woman in her late thirties alighted, and demanded rather than asked to see Frank Pratt.

"I want to see Frank Pratt," she said. "He can't get away with this. He belongs to me."

Stunned by this unexpected announcement, Maitland asked her into the library and closed the door after calling Charley.

"I want to see Frank Pratt," she repeated.

Charley introduced himself and in answer said:

"Frank Pratt has just married my sister. What do you want to see him about?"

"Tell him I want to see him. That's all."

Charley left the room and met his mother in the hall.

"Who is it, Charley?" she asked.

"Some one to see Frank."

He tried to guide his mother away from the library, but she insisted on entering, saying that "Any friend of Frank's is most welcome." Then she turned to the stranger and held out her hand.

"Why, you poor dear, you must come to the dining-room and have some wedding cake. You came to see Frank married and arrived too late. Won't you come in?"

Abby's sweet face and sincere welcome were disarming even to this irate caller, she answered civilly:

"No thank you. I just want to speak to Frank."

"Why, my dear, they left some time ago."

At this unexpected bit of information she dashed out the front door demanding as she left:

"Where's my cab?"

Charley met her on the top step of the piazza, and answered her:

"I sent it away as I thought you would stay and have some breakfast. There's not another train out of Warren for an hour and you wouldn't care to spend all that time in the station, would you?"

She controlled her rage, but refused to re-enter the house, saying:

"I wish to leave at once, and if he thinks he is going to get away with this he's mighty mistaken."

Charley felt sure that the time had passed when she could possibly catch the same train and offered to have her driven to the station. But he added:

"I advise you to make no scene of any kind either here or in the station should you meet."

His last words had the sound of a threat, as he handed her into the family coach.

CHAPTER 32

The Year 1889

GREATLY disturbed by such abrupt arrival and departure of a woman claiming that the man to whom their sister had just been married belonged to her, Charley and Maitland sought the advice of doctor Locke. The kind minister offered to try to locate and inform Lulu of the occurrence, but since the whereabouts of the honeymoon couple was not known, this seemed impossible. And, therefore, the brothers decided to defer solution of their problem until after the wedding guests had gone.

Charley asked, "What kind of a man is Pratt? You must have had a chance to size him up during the years he has been devoted to Lulu?"

"Always seemed a pretty nice kind of fellow to me," Maitland replied. "Lulu is so head-over-heels in love with him that, even if you heard anything against him, one would hesitate to tell her."

"Did you ever hear that he had any kind of illness?"

"No. Did you?"

"Never mind that now. It's risky business to interfere with anyone's love affairs. But this concerns our sister's happiness and it seems we should have taken steps to find out more about him."

Maitland agreed, and they joined the wedding party, trying to act as though nothing unusual had happened.

After the last guest left the brothers said good-night to their mother and, entering the library, closed the door. Maitland's first question was:

"Where did you find him, Charley?"

"He was at the Brevort Hotel and showed no surprise at seeing me. He was dressed and shaved. I had gone directly to his room, for to tell the truth I didn't know what to expect. I was wholly disarmed by his cordial manner and we left together. That's all."

"Strange, his going off like that. I wonder what Lulu thinks of his behaviour?"

"I don't know, but I won't leave a stone unturned until I find out all there is to know about Pratt and that woman. I feel I have been negligent in not doing so before."

"Don't blame yourself, Charley. Here I am right on the spot and I know no more than you do about him."

"We have both been to blame, Maity. I confess I formed my opinion through mama's letters. But I intend to do something about it now; only hope it's not too late. If there is any truth in what this woman said, steps should be taken at once to free Lulu."

"Do you understand from what she said that she is his wife? We will have to be careful until we have a chance to talk to Lulu. I doubt that she will take anyone's advice. She's been in love with him too long to be suddenly told he's a villain."

"You're right, Maity, this is a difficult matter to handle properly. I'd like to horse-whip the fellow, if he has deceived Lulu. Yet she may still love him and her happiness is our chief concern."

"It'll be hard to have him around and treat him as though nothing had happened, which is a thing you will be spared, Charley. But I must be on my way, for Margie left early and will be wondering what is keeping me. She and mama don't hit it off too well. In fact the only disputes we have are based on that. You can't make mama over and, after all, she is the head of the family and will always come first in my affection."

"That's alright, perhaps, but you must consider Margie's feelings. She is alone in a very closely knit family."

"By the way, to change the subject, do you think I might take father's Atlas? Margie and I enjoy traveling about the world on paper, evenings. I remember father used to take us on trips in that big book of his."

"Certainly, take it. If mama ever wants it, she will let you know. Better tell her you have it."

"That's the funny part of it. She doesn't want anything taken from this house. I asked her for it once and she told me I could look at it any time I wanted to but not to take it out of the house. It's there in the book-case where father always kept it and I would be willing to bet it hasn't been looked at for years. I feel we must do something this evening to cleanse our minds of what has taken place today."

"Take it, Maity, and I will be responsible if anything is ever said. Just see that it gets back to Longfield some day."

The two brothers parted, Maitland with the Atlas and Charley to the north chamber for a wakeful night of anxiety over his sister's marriage.

Two weeks passed before word was received from Lulu. This came in the post and expressed her wish to tell her mother in person of her happy honeymoon. The letter read: "We will arrive next Wednesday. Please have a single bed placed in the sewing room."

This letter was read to Maitland who, in turn, wrote Charley, saying: "If you plan to come to Bristol, stay with Margie and me because Longfield is crowded. Cousin Eliza Bogert and Julia are visiting mama."

Charley decided to await further word from his brother before taking any active steps.

Frank and Lulu were met at the station by Lilly French the following Wednesday and driven to Longfield. As she stepped from the carriage Lulu looked radiant, her face and manner disclosing only happiness. After embracing her mother she went to her room to change and Lilly followed her.

"You look divinely happy, dear Lulu. I hope your looks are not deceiving?"

"No, Lilly dear. Frank has been wonderful. I know all about the woman that followed Frank here the day of the wedding. I only hope it didn't cause much talk and that mama knows nothing about it?"

"You may rest assured, she knows nothing about it."

"I'm very glad, for it would have upset her. Frank worried about that, too."

"But Lulu I understand she said she was Frank's wife?"

"I hope no one believed *that*? Of course it isn't so."

"And you're quite happy? I have been so anxious about you." The cousins kissed and Lulu repeated:

"Quite happy, dear."

After a pleasant evening with the family, Lulu and Frank went upstairs. Lulu led the way to the east room which used to be the nursery but, for many years, had been called the sewing room.

"Will you be comfortable here, Frank?", she asked. "It is next to the bathroom and also next to my room, so in case you want anything in the night you may just speak to me."

Leaving the door between their rooms open, Lulu unpacked Frank's luggage and placed his clothes in the bureau.

"Are you never going to let me share your room, Lulu?"

"Must we talk about that to-night, Frank?"

"Have you ever heard that the duty of a wife is to allow her husband to sleep with her?"

"I am still waiting to hear a good reason why my brother had to find and bring you here from New York the day of our wedding. That did something to me, Frank, that I may never get over. If I do you will be the first to know."

"Did it ever occur to you that a man needs to satisfy that side of his emotions and that if not permitted by his wife he is apt to look elsewhere?"

"I'm quite aware of what you say and also know that you have already looked elsewhere even in the short time we have been together. The thought is most distasteful to me and I would rather not discuss it, if you don't mind."

So saying, Lulu closed the door between their rooms.

The account Charley received from Maitland's second letter assured him that "all seemed happy and normal", giving little reason to go further into the question of Frank Pratt's past. This was confirmed by a letter from his sister, in which she assured him that their home in Jamaica Plains was a happy one; that Frank, although not active in business at the time, had much to interest him and that their evenings were spent, whenever possible, listening to good music of which they were both very fond.

* * * * *

It is entirely natural for boys to plan their future along the lines their forebears have traveled. Some inherit a calling; others are pressed by their parents to follow a profession recognized in their family as an inherited gift, while many feel that it's enough to get a proper education by going through school and college and find themselves a nitch in the business world, when they graduate. But all the time the principal factor of success lies in personality, which we may say is a gift from God—personality of some description. Without it education reflects no more of one's ability than a limp handshake.

Charley Gibson, because of his early marriage, had jumped into a man's world of competition and found that his youth was looked upon with more consideration than that given to older men who were holding like positions. For one thing, his expense account when on a business trip was much less because of the hospitality offered him. This was appreciated by his firm, which was at the time Vose, Dinsmore & Co., Railway and Steamship Supplies, with their home office at 32 Warren Street, New York. His interest in what he was commissioned to sell and his patience in suiting his time to the convenience of a prospective buyer often resulted in his obtaining an order. And any dissatisfaction he had with his work, which separated

him from his family, was only expressed in his letters to Bessie, because of his longing to spend more time at home. But, for his sons, he wanted them to have a chance to see the many things they were interested in, for he had instilled in them a wide range of interests. Therefore, when his oldest son expressed a wish to join an expedition to explore the Canyon of the Colorado River, he gave his consent.

When describing this venture to his mother at Longfield, it was evident that she entertained some doubt as to the advisability of his permitting Langdon to join so hazardous an expedition as he described.

"The journey through the Canyon has to be made in small boats," he told his mother. "They are carried by the swift current. There is little known of this great river and therein lies the thrill of romance. Lang will be among the first to explore it and, of course, they hope to travel its full distance from source to mouth."

"Aren't you exposing the boy to unnecessary danger, Charley? What does Bessie say?"

"I believe Bessie feels as I do. Lang is restless at home. He finished his studies at the Flushing Institute and has no wish to go to college. He has been working as a runner for the Stock Exchange on Wall Street. He bought his first dress suit and had a taste of society with engagements nearly every night, as Lang is very popular and a first rate dancer. But that's no kind of life for a fellow that loves the great out-of-doors as he does and, I'm not sure the Canyon isn't a safer place for a young man his age than New York City. He has set his heart on this trip and we feel it will give him the kind of education he will most value. I plan to see him off in order to size up the kind of men he will travel with. It is just the sort of adventure I would have enjoyed at his age; so I am in great sympathy with his wish to go."

Anxiety ran high, however, when Charley learned from Mr. Stanton, whose expedition Langdon was to join, of earlier attempts to explore this hazardous body of water. It appeared that a man named Powell, commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution, had made two such attempts, the one in 1867 and the other in 1871. Although both these attempts met with disaster, complete scientific records were kept, supplying accurate knowledge of the river for the distance covered. It also appeared that Mr. Stanton had already attempted the trip down the river and through the canyon. He was chief engineer of the newly organized "Denver-Colorado Canyon and Pacific Railroad Company" and his first task had been to make a preliminary survey

for a railway through the canyon. On May 25th, 1889, an expedition, made up of Stanton, Frank M. Brown (president of the company) and others, started down river, but the first week they lost 1200 pounds of food. By June the remainder of the provisions was gone, three men had left the party and soon after five more departed. Nevertheless, after obtaining new provisions, the remaining men had pushed off again in three boats.

On June 9th, they entered "Marble Canon, where the river seemed to be bottomless. It was here they met with great disaster. One of the boats was upset and Mr. Brown was caught in a whirlpool. He issued orders to the men until the whirling water closed over his head. They had run twenty-four rapids without mishap but the next day two more men were drowned. With only five men left to help with the heavy boats over the portages, Stanton had to give up the trip.

But once caught in the dream of such adventure, the desire to feel again the rushing water carrying you in and out of hazardous rocks as you guide your boat that holds all you possess, including your life, is as difficult to abandon as is a stream full of fish to an angler.

Stanton had seen men die for what he wanted to try again. His experience was of great value; he returned to Denver and revived the spirit of the directors and outfitted another expedition on which Langdon was to go. Three boats twenty-one feet long were built, each divided into three compartments, the two on the ends being so decked as to form water-tight cabins. Provisions were assembled for twelve men to last ten months. They were to start at Green River, Wyoming, and travel the ruthless waters to the Gulf of California.

A letter from Langdon to his father was forwarded to Abby which told her that the trip had started and that few, if any, letters would be possible after its date. It read as follows:

"September the tenth, 1889.

"Dear papa:

This will be the last chance I will have to send mail back by a runner.

Everything is going well. We have the boats packed and descend into the Canon this afternoon for the long run. We know how many feet we have to drop before we reach the Gulf, and we hope our boats can take it safely.

This is a wonderful experience and I deeply appreciate you and mama making it possible and giving me your confidence.

I love you both dearly and my dear little sisters. I can hear mama say 'be careful'. Never fear, I will.

Your loving and grateful son,

Lang

P. S.—Thank you, papa, for giving me your ring. It will remind me every moment of the dear ones at home.

L.”

* * * * *

After Dana finished high school at Flushing he was anxious to earn some money during the summer, which he felt must be obtained by doing something he didn't enjoy. Since he enjoyed drawing, he did not regard it as work but asked himself, "Would anyone actually pay me good money for something I enjoy doing?" Art was all right but he wanted to study the art of making money, and at the age of fourteen Dana became a messenger in Wall Street. But as the days grew hot and the sun beat down on the New York pavements, he began to think of Bristol and sailing on Narragansett Bay. And the urge to become rich seemed less important. The following winter he went to work in the studio of Saint-Gaudens, as it was thought possible that sculpture would be the outcome of his unusual talent, but Dan Beard, himself an artist, encouraged Dana to "stick to his drawing". While working in the studio of Saint-Gaudens Dana had watched his friend, Fred MacMonnies, and felt that he was in the right surroundings as Saint-Gaudens' assistant, but, for himself, statues seemed cold and dull. At his father's suggestion he entered the Art Students' League of New York. To meet its entrance examination he submitted a mask of Voltaire done at Dan Beard's studio. And there he worked beside other struggling artists, including Fred Remington, former Yale football star, and Robert Chambers, who later gave up art in favor of writing novels.

Dana had worked hard and earnestly all winter, mostly in charcoal, but he felt that his goal was a long ways off, and wrote his father, who was away from home on one of his western trips, that if he waited to finish art school and came out a polished artist, he might get sadly left, whereas, if he commenced now to build up a little trade he might not be entirely unknown when he started to make his living.

It was about this time that Dana met Mr. John Ames Mitchel, who founded "The Harvard Lampoon". Mr. Mitchel had started as an artist and had studied in Paris painting and architecture; he had written two books and illustrated them. But returned to his first idea, when leaving college, of having his own magazine. He invested ten thousand dollars, converted his studio into an office at 1155 Broad-

way, New York, invited two of his college friends to join him; designed his own cover and the weekly magazine "LIFE" was borne.

Dana was introduced to Mr. Mitchel's partners, Edward S. Martin and Andrew Miller. That they were as glad to see him as he was proud of meeting them, was not learned until many years later. They needed artists and Dana was, in their opinion, an artist of great promise. He also learned, much later, that had his name begun with "M" he might have become one of the firm, as Mr. Mitchel added two more partners, Mason and Metcalfe.

Dana was told that LIFE would buy one drawing each week at \$4.00 a drawing. This was enough for him to feel that he was in business and a room was arranged as a studio on the third floor of their Flushing home where Dana worked early and late. He was no longer a peddler, going from office to office, the most objectionable feature of selling anything. Dana had none of his father's gift of salesmanship. Besides he was dealing with something of his own making and often thought it wasn't very good himself. On the other hand his father sold something important to the safety and comfort of train travel; the first really efficient steel springs for railway passenger cars, in which Dana's grandfather had been financially interested. He had often looked at the English patent which was kept under lock and key in the Longfield library bookcase. This document was lengthy and from it there hung by a cord the great seal of Britain, fashioned of wax and picturing Queen Victoria seated on her throne on one side and on her horse, on the other side, all encased in a round metal container about eight inches in diameter.

By 1889 Dana had a good market for his drawings, they being in demand not only by LIFE but by other publications as well. And the popular weekly, "Tid-Bits", had used one of his drawings for its cover. But the young artist was ever mindful of the fact that LIFE had given him steady work and it was only when he had drawn more pictures than that magazine had need for, that he offered them elsewhere.

His father and mother looked on with interest and encouragement, adding their approval. There was no longer any need for Bessie to think up subjects for her son to illustrate. His publisher was doing that, the latter's requests for drawings even taking Dana into the field of political cartoons. One such cartoon drawn during Grover Cleveland's campaign for Presidency is well remembered. Cleveland and the democrats stood for free trade and opposed the policy of maintaining "high protective tariffs" on the ground that they denied to the country the advantage of cheap goods manufactured abroad. On the

other hand, the republicans, when in power, had maintained such high tariffs in the view that they were essential to protect the growth of American industry and to ensure ample employment for the American workingman. Reflecting the republican views Dana's cartoon pictured a life-sized Cleveland lying in bed with only a sheet across his ample middle and over half of his body colored black to represent free trade. Standing at his bedside two physicians were shown (one being a likeness of Senator Samuel Randell and the other a likeness of Editor Charles A. Dana) who, after discussing the cause of Cleveland's condition, decided that he had a case of "Black or Jungle Fever" which by November (election time) would spread over his whole body.

While these political cartoons (and there were many) increased Dana's bank account considerably, they could, and often did, place him in an embarrassing position, if and when meeting one of his targets. And in the case of President Cleveland, it seemed almost certain that he was destined to meet this victim who he had blackened with so much ink and "free trade fever".

President and Mrs. Cleveland spent their summers at Marion, and were often at the studio of Richard Watson Gilder (poet and editor of the Century Magazine) a meeting place for young and old alike. Dana, Charley and Dick Davis, Jim Dekay, Tom McIlvaine, Betty and Helen Campbell, Lucy Beamis and many others were members of the younger group, and the older ones included Mr. and Mrs. DeKay, John Burroughs, Joseph Jefferson, Stanford White, Admiral Harwood, the Austins and Mrs. Peabody. The Gilder studio was constructed out of an old stone building, which had first been used for refining whale oil, afterward for making charcoal from wood cut in the surrounding forest. In converting the building into a studio, a roof and large fireplace were added, designed by Stanford White. The furniture included a piano, and no evening festivity was complete without a song by Bessie Gibson.

It was now that Dana turned his drawings away from political cartoons to that of society, in which he placed a few of his friends, some being sketched from memory and others very willing to pose. He had reached a place in his work where he no longer had to jump at the call of Mr. Charles Wolcott Balestier, who instigated the political series and often ordered a drawing at noon "to be drawn, cut made, to the press at 2:45 the same day". By drawing fifty pictures a month, Dana figured he could earn \$184.50. He was living at home and had no expenses, except his carfare to New York and back, and his lunch.

Now, suddenly and unexpectedly, the boy of twenty-two found himself the sole supporter of his mother and three sisters, his father having died in his forty-seventh year while still climbing the ladder of success, with a bright future in view.

“What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated.
Begin, and then the work will be completed.”

—*Goethe*

CHAPTER 33

Forget Not Our Father In Heaven

WHEN death takes from the world one who has filled the full measure which the Psalmists assign as the "days of our years", we are apt to say———"It is the order of nature, we cannot repine." But, when the spirit of a strong young man passes away, who to wisdom and experience, adds the love and devotion of vigorous manhood——, when that passing away sunders the association of a young and happy couple, making a cruel gap never to be filled,——then the thought comes upon us with shocking force that, however common a lot it is to die, however surely and without exception, it is the "order of nature"——death still brings with it grief always new and none the less poignant because "In life we are in the midst of death."

Charley Gibson returned home after seeing Langdon off at Green River, Wyoming. He had contracted a heavy cold while there and was sorry to find that his company wanted him to again travel West on an important order that only he could handle. He had been transferred from the Dinsmore Co. to the Ramapo Iron and Steel Works which made the railroad wheels and springs he had so successfully sold throughout the country. It was owned and operated by Fred Pierson, a neighbor from Newport, R. I., and a friend in New York since the time Charley moved his family from Chicago to Flushing.

Mr. Pierson, although only five-foot ten, had been an amateur boxer in his youth and at the time when soldiers were being enlisted for the civil war had been assigned to the Bowery as a man particularly well fitted to demand respect and secure recruits from the rough element predominant in that section of New York City. During this assignment he had, in fact, been obliged to "take on" several "toughs" and had done so with so much success as to make for himself a name respected throughout the Bowery. Forthwith he had been made an officer and later in life was known as General Pierson. He and his general manager, Mr. Snow, were men of sterling ability and Charley was happy in his work, but it involved many miles of travel. The trains were slow in those days and often overheated, while the Hotel rooms were apt to be cold.

During the months that followed Charley spent only a few weeks in the New York office. He was at home for Christmas and New Years

but soon after was obliged to go to Milwaukee from where he wrote Bessie that he had been forced to send for a doctor and that his ailment was a new and very stylish illness called "La Grippe". He returned home a very sick man and lay for weeks at death's door with pneumonia. Doctor Hicks was a constant visitor but medical knowledge of the disease and its cure was then very limited, and recovery, therefore, depended largely on the strength of the patient. The consideration that Charley was a man of moderate habits, having a stocky build and deep chest, were all thought to be factors in his favor. The turning point came, the fever broke, the lungs became clear and it seemed only a matter of regaining his strength. But the heart had worked so hard in the fight for life that it failed to respond. Charley grew weaker and weaker as the days passed and on Dodie's birthday, February nineteenth, death came. He was conscious until the end. His last words were:

"Isn't this someone's birthday?"

Dana was at his bedside and, of course, Bessie had not left him during the entire illness. At the age of forty-seven Charley was not prepared to die. Life was just beginning to compensate for the hardships he had faced with Bessie when at the age of nineteen he had assumed the role of husband and father. Courage for what lay ahead had never left him. Bessie was his guiding light. Each of his children was the outcome of a happy union. Each child was perfect in mind and body. He had been blessed with good health and strong constitution. There were many, many years ahead for him to live and develop the comforts one needs in later life. His father had died a young man, but his mother was hale and hearty at seventy-eight and all the Marston family had been long lived.

These were the thoughts that occupied Charley's last hours as he felt his heart growing weaker. Dana was to have had such training as would enable him to devote all his time to art. "Why had he not acted sooner in order not to have these thoughts torture him on his death-bed. Was he really going to die?"

Charley had given little thought to such a possibility. He owned his home and had a good salary. His children were young and there was plenty of time to plan for their future. But, as he lay on his bed and watched his wife who always carried her fears for his recovery with a cheerful reminder that he was better each day, he could feel his heart making a great effort to continue beating. What would this brave girl do without him? What would the future of his family be? *He could not leave them. He must not leave them.* He fought with

all his strength to live. He wanted to know that Langdon was safe. He wanted to see his girls grow up. There was *so much* to live for. And Bessie, his wife, he *could not* be separated from her.

It was the morning of the last day that he pressed Bessie's hand to his lips and asked her to sit by his side as he wanted to talk to her. It was something they did every day as she told him little bits of news about the children and his friends who inquired regarding his recovery. But today he wanted to do the talking. He fondled her hand and pressed it to his cheek.

"Such busy hands," he said, "such wonderful hands. What would this family have done without them, I wonder?"

Not giving Bessie time to answer, he continued:

"I am glad, dear Bess, that you continue to read the Sunday lesson to the children. I can hear your dear voice up here. 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her and happy is everyone that retaineth her. The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath he established the heaven. By this knowledge the depths are broken up and the clouds drop down the dew'."

Charley kissed Bessie's fingers as their eyes met and his voice became faint from lack of breath. It was at such times as this that Bessie felt that her husband knew her fears, the fears she tried so hard to hide. She called Dana to take her place at his father's bedside while she tried to control her emotions.

"Dana, my dear son, your mother will need you if I can't fight this illness. My heart is very tired. Open my book of Proper Lessons and read the second paragraph on page 694. I know it by heart but my voice will fail to give you its true meaning in the words of our Lord."

Dana found the page and read as his father requested:

"My son, let not them depart from thine eyes; keen sound wisdom and discretion; so shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh. For the Lord shall be thy confidence and shall keep thy foot from being taken."

Dana finished and thought his father was asleep as his eyes were closed but he said:

"Go on, Dana, or follow me and let me know if my memory is at fault." Charley again closed his eyes and quoted from the Lesson:

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbor, 'Go, and come again, and tomorrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee. Devise not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth by thee.'"

Charley's voice became so faint that Dana read on to finish the paragraph:

"Strive not with a man without cause, if he have done thee no harm." Dana lowered his voice as he was sure his father had dropped off to sleep but, being interested in the subject, he read on, half to himself, for he feared the sudden silence might disturb his father.

"Envy thou not the oppressor and choose none of his ways. For the froward is abomination to the Lord, but his secret is with the righteous."

Leaving his father's bedside quietly, Dana walked across the hall to his mother's room where his little sister Dodie was in her crib. Her lack of understanding of what was taking place, a precious gift of youth, knew only that her brother suffered deeply as he held her in his arms and wept:

"It's papa, Dodie," he cried. "It's our dear papa."

Long afterwards Dodie was told of her answer, when the memory of seeing her big brother cry as if his heart would break: "I will never have another happy birthday."

"Eternal God, who committest to us the Swift and Solemn Trust of Life, since we know not what a day may bring forth, but only that the Hour for Serving Thee is Always Present, may we wake to the Instant Claims of Thy Holy Will, not waiting for tomorrow, but yielding Today."

CHAPTER 34

Another Milestone

MAITLAND drove his mother and Lulu to Cambridge where they were met by Bessie and Dana. The funeral service at the grave was conducted by the Reverend John Cotton Brooks, husband of Bessie's sister Hattie. Charley was placed beside his little son LeBaron in the family lot at Mount Auburn Cemetery.

It was a sad gathering that bowed their heads in prayer. Standing beside Bessie were her mother and brother, Jim Lovett (Charley's boyhood friend), and her sisters, Annie Gibbs and Hattie Brooks, all grief stricken by the sudden death of this forty-seven year old, dearly loved member of the family. Their sympathy for Bessie knew no bounds as they watched her leave the grave on Dana's arm.

Abby, being overcome with grief, was taken to a friend's home in Boston where she spent several days under doctor's care. Lulu returned to Longfield with Maitland and together they tried to find justification for this cruel loss that had stricken them all and caused their aging mother to suffer. Maitland wrote his mother on his return, realizing how little he could ever fill Charley's place in her life.

Bristol. Feb. 25th, 1890

My dear Mother,

It was my intention to have written a line to you yesterday, but my time was occupied until evening and then I felt rather used up and put it off until this A.M. I trust that you are well and that you have not suffered any physical ills from your trip. I shall be anxious until I hear that you are well and strong.

I could write pages on the grief we all feel at the loss of dear Charlie, but what good will it do. He is gone, and we have nothing left, but the memory of one of the most manly unselfish, loveable, noble of men. A good son, a kind and Christian father to his children, a good husband to his wife and the best of brothers; and as time goes on and we realize that his letters and visits have ceased and that his presence which always left one feeling strong and better has gone forever; then it is that our sorrow will cause our hearts to ache and we shall miss him. Yes, dear mother, we will indeed miss him.

But life must go on, and the daily duties, cares and routine must be taken up and crowd down the tears that come to our eyes.

My heart goes out to you my dear Mother. May a kind God give you strength, and bless you.

I cannot write more. Your affectionate son,

Maity

When Abby returned home she requested Lulu to go to Flushing and report on Charley's family, as she felt some concern regarding their ability to get along without the generous support he had been able to give them. Lulu's report on her return was comforting. Charley's life insurance was sufficient to pay off the mortgage and leave enough for the family to live on for awhile. Dana was now the man of the house and assumed the responsibility with a confidence beyond his years. He was no longer drawing for fun but to support his mother and sisters. Charley's company had shown its gratitude by sending a full month's pay for the time he had been ill. Also several officers of the company had sent boxes of fruit and flowers. The two older girls would continue to attend their private schools and Dodie would continue to have her colored nurse, Florence. Dana assured his aunt that when the time came for Dodie to go to school he would see that she had a good education, and that he was determined that she would never have a chance to miss a father's love, if he could fill that place in her life.

News from Flushing came less frequently. Bessie was not a ready correspondent and the children only wrote at Christmas time to thank their grandmother and Aunt for gifts sent them, but seldom included any family news. So, the fact that Dana was going to France to study art in Paris reached Longfield only through the newspapers.

Before sailing, Dana had filled his assignments (mostly contracts) in advance so as not to be hurried on this all important trip into the unknown wonders of "Paris, the city of mystery" that all artists dream of. "Paris in the Spring!" He was anxious to know what it would do for his art. After two months in the "Atelier Julien" he crossed the Channel, welcomed the clean air of England and sailed home from Liverpool.

The loss of his father made the wish to visit Longfield even more urgent, for he felt particularly close to him there. Realizing his neglect, for want of time while away, he wrote his grandmother that he and Dodie were spending two weeks in Marion, and that on their return trip to Flushing they would like to stop at Bristol to see her and Aunt Lulu. This word from Dana Abby felt warranted some preparatory arrangement; for almost over night this grandson of hers had become famous. The newspapers had made much of his recent trip,

his drawings were now appearing in all leading magazines and few books were thought successful without his illustrations. Having read in the paper of the extravagant entertainment Dana had received in Paris, she felt he should be treated in the manner he had become accustomed to and ordered a Providence caterer to prepare and serve the food for a reception to which she invited practically the entire town of Bristol.

The long dreaded trolley-car service had been in operation for some time when one morning a car stopped in front of Longfield and Dana and Dodie alighted. Abby was seated on the piazza and quickly recognized her grandson.

"They're here, Lulu," she called, "come and welcome them."

Dana embraced his grandmother warmly.

"My! but it's good to be here again, grandma. The place doesn't change. That's what I like. I'm anxious to show Dodie all the things about Longfield that I remember."

Abby reached out her hand to Dodie, saying:

"You dear, dear child. Do come and kiss your grandmother. We are hardly acquainted and have much time to make up."

Then turning to Dana:

"Lulu will show you upstairs if you wish to freshen up, dear."

Lulu, having embraced her nephew and little niece, led them first to the room at the head of the stairs.

"This used to be your father's room, dear," she told Dodie.

"Yes," added Dana, "and on the window pane he wrote his name."

Holding Dodie by the elbows, Dana lifted her until she could see, written on the glass with quite a flourish, the name "Chas. D. W. Gibson".

"That," he told her, "must have been done with a diamond, when he was a young boy."

There were certain calls to be made and Lulu brought the two-seated surrey to the door. Abby busied herself about the house while they were gone, and, on seeing Maitland drive past, she stopped him and urged that he be on hand for the reception that afternoon in Dana's honor.

"It will be misunderstood were you not here, Maity, for at least a few moments."

"I can't come without Margie, mama. She will not accept your last minute invitation. As you know it makes me very sorry to have her so pig-headed, but she feels that we are doing our share of farming and that there are certain things the farm needs that you could

provide instead of spending your money foolishly. Do you think this expense you are incurring today in order to impress Dana is necessary or justified?"

"My dear," said his mother, "isn't it very seldom that we are honored by a visit from Dana? He is a person of importance and we wouldn't want him to think we were in need of any help or in any way hard-up. Dear mamah used to say 'never act poor'. So, I want to make the effort to appear as your father would wish me to."

"That's all very well when you have something to fall back on. Dana would have been just as happy if you had asked a few friends in, while I understand you have asked about everyone in town. Dana isn't interested in all those people."

"The list grew as we addressed invitations, Maity. We had intended to have not more than fifty but, as dear mamah used to say, 'one more can't be too many.' So, if you don't come I'm sure it will cause unnecessary comment, and what will Dana think?"

"I doubt if he will think at all. Tell him I'm out of town."

"I'll do no such thing, and as for Margie expecting a written invitation, she should understand that she is always welcome. Besides, little Josephine is here, you should see her."

"Where's Bessie; isn't she with them?"

"No, Dana has had the child all to himself. He told me he found her looking pale on his return from Europe and decided to take her to the seashore. She looks the picture of health now. I think he just wanted an excuse to get off alone with her."

It was lunch time when Lulu returned with an account of the way their morning was spent. They had gone to Papposesquaw and Dodie had seen her great-aunt Annie. Lulu's description of the call in the privacy of her mother's room was quite different from the impression Dana received.

That Annie Middleton was beautiful in her early nineties was an acknowledged fact. Seated in her wheel chair amid antique furniture of the finest period, dressed all in white with lace cap and shawl, she made a picture that Dana and Dodie never forgot.

Following the death of Robert Rogers, the Aunts Charlotte De-Wolf and Maria Rogers, continued to live at "Paposqua" until Aunt Charlotte died in 1885 at the age of ninety-two. Her sister then moved to her house in the village.

Annie Middleton's husband having died in Charleston, she decided to make her home in Bristol, and with her aunt Maria's consent, moved her family from Hayfield to "Paposqua" and chris-

tened the house "Hey Bonnie Hall". At her aunt Maria's death the property including the house was left to her nieces and nephews, the children of Henry and Nancy D'Wolf. The house and land were placed on the market to be sold at public auction while Dana was in Paris. He had sent a cable to uncle Maitland to bid it in for him, as he knew he would never see a more beautiful place or one he would rather own, but this dream was shattered when Annie Middleton dispatched a cablegram to Paris urging Dana not to bid against her. Dana responded by sending word to his Uncle, cancelling his request to buy. This was a great disappointment to Maitland who had looked forward to having his nephew as a neighbor.

In telling Dana about it, Maitland admitted to having "boosted the price an extra thousand dollars just for good measure" but was then obliged to let his aunt have the place when she topped his bid.

Later that year the heirs all met at Longfield and decided that Annie had gotten more than her share by keeping all the furniture which should have been divided before the house was sold. This was opposed by Annie who felt the place had been well paid for, including the furniture. It was then thought necessary to use drastic means. Their brother, William Frederick, had arrived from Chicago to be in Bristol only a short time and was anxious to have his share of family belongings for his children. A plan was carefully laid, to be carried out at a time when Annie and her family were known to be away from the house. FitzHenry, having little interest in possessions, provided the wagon and assisted in removing the furniture. Abby chose a few things, including her grandfather's Bible. Cecilia took what she wanted to give houseroom to, and William Frederick selected pieces that could be easily shipped to Chicago. It was a bit disappointing not to find more treasures, but the excitement of doing something against Annie's wishes gave satisfaction, and after all they were only taking a small part of what was rightfully theirs.

They awaited the result of the raid with interest. It was not long in coming. Annie reported the entering of her home to the police and each house of the suspected families were searched for the missing articles. This in no way cemented closeness of family feeling, and it was only Charley's children, who knew nothing of the family feud, that were welcome at "Hey Bonnie Hall." Therefore, when Dana arrived with little Dodie to see their great-aunt, Annie Middleton, they were *most welcome*.

At the reception that afternoon Dodie, seeing crowds of people in Longfield, decided to play by herself under the trees. Early in her life she had invented a playmate "Billy Stone" by name, and like her aunt Lulu's "Bumble twins", Billy was always available. She was interrupted in her play by the arrival of a blond, curly haired young man, with his hands filled with cakes. He introduced himself, saying:

"I'm your cousin, Jim Perry, and I thought you and I might enjoy some refreshments here under the tree."

He spread a napkin on one low branch of the tree and placed an array of different colored iced cakes to be eaten one at a time as he called off the colors. This left little opportunity for either of them to speak because their mouths were filled with cake. As this race soon exhausted the supply of cakes they both laughed. Jim was the first to speak as he swallowed his last mouthful:

"In the absence of your sister, Beth, you will have to be my best girl. When you get home, ask her where the necktie is that she was making for me. Tell her I'm still waiting."

It had been a nice day to remember, as was every day that Dodie spent with her big brother, Dana. On their way to the Fall River Boat, Dana told her who all the different people were, and of the good times he had as a boy at Longfield; how he once tried to buy the old home on Papposesquaw and how much he would have liked to live in Bristol.

This was the first and only time Dodie could remember seeing her grandmother at Longfield. But all the news from there seemed more real after that visit with Dana.

* * * * *

Langdon's return from the Grand Canyon was anxiously looked for and his first trip, after spending two weeks at home in Flushing, was to visit his grandmother at Longfield. Seated in the parlor, the family listened breathlessly as he told of the first news he received of his father's death which brought tears to their eyes. His description was graphic:

"For days at a time we traveled, hearing nothing but the sound of the rushing water, when, high above us, a voice called 'is there a fellow named Gibson with you?' The words 'with you' echoed through the Canyon, again and again. Then the voice and the echo called, 'I have a telegram.' The voice was that of an Indian boy. 'It's his father,' he said. I felt as if my heart stood still as his next words told me that the news was not good. It was necessary for



DANA AND LANGDON GIBSON



A DRAWING BY DANA OF HIS BROTHER LANGDON



ELIZABETH LANGDON GIBSON
"Beth"



MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON



MRS. FRANK PRATT
"Aunt Lulu"



STUDIES OF A HORSE

me to verify the message. I felt sure there must be a mistake, for father was so well when he left me at Green River. I made the climb out of the Canyon, only to find the boy had not been trusted with the telegram. It would have been impossible for me to go on without more definite knowledge, I was half crazed by the news and started to run back to the trading post where the telegram had been received. The country was wild and the going rough. I ran most of the way. I passed a full-feathered Indian on horseback who turned in his saddle to watch me and no doubt wondered why this strange, distracted pale-face was crying as he ran."

Abby, with clasped hands, could not hold back the tears, as she sobbed:

"Had you far to go, dear?"

"It took me two days to reach the post. I don't think I would have continued the trip after I heard, but I knew the men were waiting for me. We had already lost one of the party by drowning and they needed me. I felt that papa would want me to go on."

"I'm sure he would," his uncle Maitland agreed. Langdon continued:

"I had taken nothing with me and on the second day I was faint from lack of food and water. I saw a fawn nursing its mother, and although it was against my code of sportsmanship, I shot the mother, and before the milk stopped flowing I laid down beside the fawn and drank from the dying doe's teat."

"What a picture," Lulu said.

Maitland who had endeavored to acquaint himself as much as possible with former attempts to explore the Canyon, asked:

"Were there any signs of the Powell expedition?"

"Yes, we found Captain Brown's skeleton, partly dressed. All the flesh had been washed away. He now lies beneath a monument of marble 3000 feet high. We carved his name and record on it. I can think of no finer monument anywhere in the world or one I'd rather have."

"Is there any gold in the Canyon?"

"There is plenty there but it would cost more than the gold is worth to get it out."

"Didn't you fill your pockets?" asked Lulu.

"All the weight we could carry was our food; every ounce counted."

As her grandson talked, Abby watched his handsome face with wonder and admiration and occasionally added words of praise,

such as "You are a dear boy, you are a *dear*, brave boy." The thought of how very proud her Charley would have been of him and how much she wished that he was with them at this moment. When Langdon stopped, for a moment, at the sound of the dinner bell, Abby kissed him and said:

"Thank God you're home safe, Lang; and now what are your plans? Everyday life will seem pretty tame to you. It will be hard to settle down to a desk, won't it?"

"That's my big problem, grandma. No one can understand what it means to come back from such an expedition and take up the kind of life one must live here. One morning in the Canyon, I awaked in my sleeping bag and brushing the snow off the glass window, found myself the only living thing in sight. My companions not yet awake, were all buried in snow. The feeling I had I'm unlikely to ever experience again. One night I felt some creature tugging at my sleeping bag. We had been traveling for days without a possible stopping place and I was in need of sleep. I shot through the bottom of my bag with the thought to frighten the intruder away. In the morning a dead wolf lay at my feet."

"But, I thought the Canyon was too deep for things like that to happen?" questioned Lulu.

"For days we would travel with only a strip of blue sky overhead and would view the sun for only moments as it passed between high cliffs. Then we would come to a small beach where, if there was room, we would camp for the night; also there were places where we could climb out of the Canyon and stretch our legs. You asked me what my plans were. They are to get away again just as fast as I can."

"Where to, this time?" asked Maitland.

"I don't know yet but it is impossible for me to live at home and have Dana paying the bills. He is practically supporting the family. Imagine how that makes me feel. As the oldest son, I should be doing that."

"But I should think it would be no time before you could help him, and your mother must need you?" Abby observed.

"It's not easy to pick up a paying job, grandma. Don't think I haven't tried. Besides, I have no liking for city life. I would be the happiest man alive if I could do what Dana is doing for mother and my sisters. You'll see. I'll be on the next expedition leaving this country. No matter where it's headed."

"We heard, Lang, you arrived home with a beard. What became of it?"

"Yes, I was quite proud of it till Dodie saw me and didn't recognize me. I couldn't get it off quick enough. It was an awful feeling to have her look at me with no sign of recognition, after all the months I had dreamed of taking her in my arms. That's the one thing I don't like about being away for so long a time; the changes that take place in her while I'm gone."

The aroma of jonny-cake proved more interesting to Langdon at the moment than any thing else and he remarked:

"If I could have tasted a jonny-cake on that trip I could have asked for nothing better this side of Heaven."

"We are having them in your honor, Lang, so I hope you're good and hungry?"

After Langdon had been taken to the station to catch the train that connected with the Fall River boat to New York, the family sat for a time in silence, but with the thought uppermost in the mind of each member that "Lang was a most unusually attractive young fellow."

"Why pray, didn't you tell him, Maity, that you were running for the presidency of the Town Council?" asked his mother.

"What interest do you think he would take in that, mama? He is only interested in what he has done and what he is going to do. It's quite natural and after all that is what we were interested in hearing. Besides I haven't been elected yet."

Margie, being more interested in her husband's ambition, proudly announced the fact that Maitland was sure to win over Mr. Coyle. To this Maitland agreed:

"Yes, my dear, it will be Charlie Herreshoff or myself, that's sure. I'll run till I make it. I feel I know what the town needs and I want to see it accomplished."

Abby watched her son's glowing face and encouraged him:

"That's the spirit, dear. As my dear mother would say, 'Stick to a thing long enough and it's yours'."

"I guess that's the method aunt Annie has followed. Have you heard she has had all her Charleston furniture sent on from the South, and means to live in Bristol? She has even given the old homestead a new name. And the newspapers have written all about it as being one of the finest adaptations in wood of an European model in America."

"I've no doubt it is. Mamah and papah had excellent taste and Richard Warren was the finest architect of his day. Your father consulted him when this house was built. That's why it's so perfect. There is no attempt to immitate stonework in its design or finish, which is an attribute rare indeed in the so-called modern Gothic buildings."

"I still like the Colonial better, mama. This has too much gingerbread for my taste."

"What nonsense you talk, Maity. This house is not made of gingerbread, as you say, and, will outlive a dozen Colonial houses. How in the world is Annie going to keep warm over there after her southern winters?"

"She has already solved that. I hear she is putting in a furnace and has taken coal over from Hayfield and dumped it in the drawing room, so as to have it handy. She also intends to have grates put in the fireplaces. She has her mind all made up as to what she wants, now that Maria is married and living in the South. She will try to find Northern husbands for the other girls."

"That won't be so easy," responded Abby. "Once you see Alicia's ears and her thumbs you forget how pretty her face is, and, as for little Annie, I believe she's quite crazy."

"That's an awful thing to say, mama, but I think you're right. Have you heard that cousin Telie's brother, Frank, is courting Lottie?"

"That's impossible. He's her first cousin. Annie wouldn't allow that."

"He's been on here twice to see them. He was in Charleston when young Russell died and made himself very useful to Aunt Annie."

"You mean to say my brother William Frederick's son has been here in Bristol and not come to see me?"

"That's what makes me think it's serious; he has taken on the family feud."

* * * * *

The following June, Abby received a letter which told of Langdon's departure "three days hence," as ornithologist on an expedition to the North Pole, headed by Mr. Peary. It read as follows:

June 3rd, 1891

"Dear Grandmother:

I am doing something I feel sure I shall never regret. It is with the full consent of mother, who has been most generous

in fitting me out with all necessary clothing made at home on her sewing machine.

I will have no news of home for a year; that is the only thing wrong about going so far away. But you must all keep well, so my home coming will be filled with only the things I will long to hear all the time I am away. And on my return I will be able to tell you how the top of the world looks; for we are headed for the North Pole.

My love to you, dear grandma, and to Uncle Maity and Aunt Lulu from your loving grandson,

Lang."

Several weeks later Bessie received a letter from Langdon, which she enclosed in a letter to Abby, asking that it be returned. This letter was sent from McCormick Bay in latitude 77 degrees and 40 minutes North, and longitude 70 degrees and 40 minutes West. It was headed "Greenland" and read as follows:

"Cape Cleveland Headquarters
McCormick Bay.
July 29th, '91

My dear, darling Mother:

This is my last will and testament. The 'Kite' sails in a few minutes and I go ashore in the whale boat. Mr. Peary is on shore in a tent and all is well.

Our house is roofed and floored and we will sleep in it tonight. We sailed, as planned, on the 6th, from the foot of Baltic street, Brooklyn. We sailed on time, and soon became much at home on the ship, she is a Barkentine-rigged, steam sealer, and good and sturdy. I can tell you that enthusiasm ran high in anticipation of the adventure which was to be ours during the ensuing year; and after the usual vicissitudes attending ice navigation. We have made camp two and one-third miles from Cape Cleveland, on the southern shore of McCormick Bay.

The house is placed about thirty feet from the beach, and about ten feet above sea level; the surrounding country is not particularly fertile, but here and there among broken rocks grow a liberal sprinkling of long grass and the omnipresent Arctic Saxifrage, with its pretty little purple flower. Immediately back of our house are some brown trap rocks presenting a front two or three hundred feet high where a pair of Northern Ravens have a nest. Back of us rise the iron-stained cliffs, from which, most appropriately, our house is named by Commander Peary, 'Red Cliff House'.

It is hard to express the beauty of the cliffs that range from one thousand to eight hundred feet in elevation, with here and there a valley of rather steep ascent, offering access to the inland ice or 'Mer de glace' above and beyond.

I know that my love for my little sisters will bring me safely home, and for you, dear mother, no words can express my love and appreciation for all you did in making this trip possible.

The chewing gum you slipped into my box was, and is the best surprise ever, as no one else thought of it and I offer a piece on occasions as a great treat.

Well, my darling mother, God bless you. I hate to say it but, good-bye, my darling, for a year, perhaps more, but do not worry. You will be in my heart and thoughts all the way.

Your loving son,

Lang

P.S.

I have entrusted my ulster and marine glasses to Mr. Ashurst who is going to return them for me. The more I think of the glasses the more I value them and I wouldn't have anything happen to them for the world. My valise, Dr. Sharp is going to take care of, also a Narwhal's tusk that I traded with an Eskimo at the settlement at Itebleon. So, once more, dear Ma, good-bye.

Lang''

CHAPTER 35

McCormick Bay

HAVING satisfied the desire to find out what a broader knowledge of the world would do for him, Dana went to work harder than ever to sell the American way of life. Often finding it necessary to work late into the evening he gave himself the luxury of a studio in New York. He remembered the blizzard of 1888 when no trains ran out of Flushing for three days and in order to get his drawings in on time he had walked seven miles through high drifts to reach Long Island City; crossed the ferry and found all transportation at a standstill in New York.

It was at the Alpine Building Studio, on 33rd street that Dodie spent so much time at an early age and became a familiar figure at the theatres with her big brother who seldom missed a "first night".

Models cost money and Dana had use for all he made so he welcomed his friends who were more than anxious to pose. The girls brought their chaperones, usually their mothers, and the men were Dana's friends who dropped in often, but this involved much time, which he could little afford, as he often served tea from the restaurant on the first floor. He had to give up using his friends as models for a paid model might be through in half an hour and a *good model* could cut the time in half. This would enable him to get his work far enough ahead so as to return to Europe for a longer stay, not as a student but to study the people in different parts of the world. He needed an uninterrupted time to do his work and at the end of the day he was tired. Here was where Dodie's presence helped him. Aside from the pleasure he felt in seeing her about the studio, he could use her as an excuse and often was heard to say over the telephone, "Sorry I can't accept. My little sister is with me and I can't leave her alone." This being followed by a wink at Dodie and he would say:

"Come along, get your hat and we'll go out for dinner. I feel as if I could eat a big thick steak. How about you?"

Although Dana had found less glamor than dirt on his first visit to Paris he needed to go back this time to spend more time in London. At the end of a busy winter, he felt the need of new

faces, new subjects and new thoughts. He was sure that Langdon would soon be home from Greenland and he would see that Dodie was never lonely and his mother and the girls would spend the summer months in Marion. So he sailed again, this time with more money in his pocket, for a longer stay, but not long enough to be forgotten; each week one of his delightful cartoons in the center page of LIFE told where he was and what he was doing.

* * * * *

A year in the country seems to pass more quickly than anywhere else. The simplicity of life leaves no marked change on the people or in their wardrobe. In the summer the red wool shawl is put away in a safe place to protect it from moths and a lighter pasley one is taken out of safe keeping for use on cool evenings. Heavy blankets are taken from the beds and lighter ones put in their place. Damp tea leaves are spread on the carpets for the purpose of keeping down the dust when they are swept. White paint is washed throughout the house and the blinds are kept closed. In the fall most of this is in reverse. The sun plays an important role in keeping the chill from the rooms before the fires are lighted; wood is stacked in convenient places and a large quantity of coal is delivered and placed in a bin in the cellar. The changing pictures out of the many windows marked the seasons. Here nature puts on a show that never tires. The first fresh green on the trees with white blossoms mingled through them from the pear trees, then the dogwood and locust trees and the delicate pink of the apple blossom. Later in the season the contrast is not so marked that it takes your breath away; you get used to the green lawns and flower beds. But again in the fall of the year you marvel at the rich colors in the foliage that seem to be reflected in the sky long after the sun has set. And still again the picture changes when all the fields are white with snow. How important contrast is to make one appreciate what is going on around us.

Abby could hardly realize that more than a year had passed since her grandson Langdon left on the expedition to the North. She was glad to learn of his safe return and almost his first letter to her, told of his engagement to Miss Burdett. This was news indeed and a letter was composed in which she earnestly requested Langdon to bring his bride to Longfield as she would be unable to go to their wedding. It was late October before the day was set. And as Longfield was to be included in the wedding trip, Lulu gave up any idea she had of going to Flushing for the ceremony.

Langdon arrived with a handsome brown eyed girl on his arm and proudly introduced her to the family in Bristol:

"This is Kate, grandma."

There was no question in anyone's mind but that Langdon had chosen well, in spite of his many months away from civilization. He anticipated their query and answered:

"I know what you're thinking. You wonder how I found a girl like Kate. She was good enough to wait for me. Her family did all they could to discourage her while I was gone, even calling me a rolling stone; but I've promised to stay home and I believe she'll make that possible."

Kate won her way into the hearts of all who met her, and her admiration for Langdon was obvious as she explained how she had sought news of him while he was away by calling to see his mother. And she added:

"Josephine was in the same gymnasium class with me and I saw her every week. She was the smallest and I was the tallest in the class. I used to talk to her about Langdon and we became good friends. So you see I have had Langdon in my thoughts for a long time."

"But now you must tell us about the wedding," urged Lulu. "We were sorry none of us could be there but you know Maity is a farmer and I was getting things in order here to receive you."

"We were married at our church in College Point, where I live," Kate explained. "It's not far from Flushing. Josephine was our maid of honor with Amelia Harper the young daughter of a dear friend of mine. We had no bridesmaids. Dana was very good to come home to be Lang's best man and the reception was at our home. We went to New York from there by ferry and from here we will spend a day at Marshfield with Lang's aunt Alice Lovett."

Kate's eyes were bright and she tossed her head as she talked, while Langdon listened and glowed with pride as he watched her. All the cousins were invited to Longfield and were equally charmed with Langdon's choice of a bride. But it was natural for Langdon's Arctic trip to take first place after the first meetings were over, and with his rare gift of making even simple things interesting, he held his audience spellbound by his account of the North.

"To begin with," he started, "I was making eight dollars a week in Wall street when I learned of the Peary Expedition. I went to see Mr. Peary at his home in Pittsburg. He and Mrs. Peary

were just leaving the house when I arrived and I had no time to tell him *why* I was there. He asked me in, and told me to make myself at home. There was a cab at the gate and they drove away. I waited several hours before I was informed by the maid that I was expected to remain until their return which might be in a few days. As this trip meant a great deal to me, I waited. Imagine my enthusiasm when told by Mr. Peary, on his return, that an ornithologist was needed and that he paid fifty dollars a day. I afterwards learned that this was his little joke and that the days in the Arctic are six months long."

"And you were there a whole year?" asked his grandmother, who could hardly believe a year had passed since he said good-bye.

"Yes. I found plenty to do and the time passed quickly. The Eskimos are a fine race with a good sense of humor and many of them have unusual talent. Using a bit of metal from barrel hoops they made useful knives with ivory handles, and from the Narwhal tusk they made figures of each man on the expedition that were easily recognized. I sent Dodie a beautiful little ivory polar bear. It was just about perfect in detail and proportion made by one of the Eskimo men."

"How do you suppose they learn to do things like that?" questioned Abby.

"It goes to prove that art is born in a person," replied Langdon. "Like Dana, nothing could have kept him from drawing things right, it was just because he saw them right. As for me I couldn't draw anything if you held a gun at my head."

"I think you have something there, Lang," Maitland said. "Your father could draw anything he wanted and Lulu has always known how to draw. Long before she took lessons her pictures looked right to me and mother has always been a good artist. The attic is filled with her paintings, and, of course, Bessie has a lot of talent in her family. All the Lovetts were clever with their hands. But let's get back to the Eskimos and Lang's trip."

Kate suggested that Langdon tell them about the Eskimo children.

"*Children*," Abby repeated, "what about the children?"

Langdon smiled but responded. "The children are especially attractive; they look like the Chinese dolls I used to buy for Dodie. I took a small boy, about two years old, and gave him a bath. The only one he had ever had. At the time I had no idea what the consequences would be. It seems that they are allergic to water.

It may have something to do with their religion. Anyway, when the time came for the little fellow to leave the camp, his mother wouldn't take him back and so he lived with me the rest of the time, having his bath at regular times each day. He became the pet of the camp and on cold nights the other men would ask to borrow him. When the time came for us to leave and we were all packed, it looked very much as if I was going to have to bring him back with me, but at the last moment (we even had him on the boat) his mother held out her arms. I rather think Kate wouldn't have had me if I had returned with an Eskimo child."

Many questions were asked regarding the purpose of the trip and the reason the Pole was not reached, but their greatest interest lay in the little human bits that Langdon told so well.

"Wasn't it awfully cold up there all the time? You say the child was asked for on 'cold nights'. Were there any warm nights?" asked Lulu.

"I've felt colder walking down Wall street in New York, and I've seen heavier snow storms in Flushing. Of course it's cold and easy to freeze your face and hands but the air is dry and mostly too cold to snow."

"Did you have a doctor with you, dear?" asked his grandmother.

"Yes, doctor Cook was kept busy. His principal interest, however, lay in his wish to see an Eskimo baby born, and he passed the Iglo of an expectant mother every morning with the hope of being on hand when the time came. I happened to be with him one day and there stood the woman at her door with the baby in her arms, looking cross-eyed at doctor Cook. I discovered that that was their way of expressing humor, for at another time it was practiced on me. I think you know Mrs. Peary was with us and one of the men was assigned to stay with her each day. Once, while taking my turn, I fell asleep in the main room of our house. I was disturbed by the sound of the door moving on its hinges and opened my eyes in time to see an Eskimo girl as she dashed out. I gave full chase, for I thought she had stolen something; my leather boots were no match for her seal-skin moccasins on the smooth ice. We ran, it seemed to me at least a mile before I caught her. Sure enough she had taken all our spoons. It just happened that, before leaving Flushing a friend of Beth's gave me a silver spoon to take on the trip, and this was missing. I told the girl, in my best Eskimo, that I would turn her upside-down and shake her if she didn't give it to me. She finally produced it from her shoe, while looking cross-eyed."

"Do Eskimos have any religion?" asked Lulu.

"They are very superstitious and this might almost be called their religion. On one occasion they about convinced me. We were anxious to obtain the skull of an Eskimo and I was assigned the job of bringing one back to camp. The graveyard is a sacred place with them as it is with us; instead of burying their dead, they make a sign in the ice which to them protects the bones as well as though they were six feet under ground. On this occasion we were warned not to touch any of the graves as to do so would cause us to all be drowned on the way back. You can imagine how little credence we gave to this warning. Having securely packed a skull in the locker under the tiller of the boat, when they were not looking, we announced to the men that handled the boat, that we were ready to return. Just as we were about to launch it, a wave which must have been twelve feet high, struck the boat broadside and dashed it against the ice. The cupboard in which we had hidden the skull, opened and it rolled out on the bottom of the boat. We had a hard time explaining its presence and were obliged to return it before they would take us back. Had that wave hit us in open water we would undoubtedly have drowned."

"How do you explain that?" asked Maitland.

"Waves of tremendous size are often caused in those waters by an iceberg turning over or by the Sun Glacier, at the north-east corner of McCormick Bay which throws off its inexhaustible supply of bergs into the water. In the summer months, great Cathedral-like paleocristic masses of ice bound south drift lazily on their way to plough furrows in the Tosca Banks. It is something wonderful to see. While I'm through with that kind of life, I can't help thinking about it at times and when I get good listeners like you I lose myself."

"What about the birds, Lang. Were there many that far North?"

"The number of birds that live there during the summer months is very surprising. It was my job to bring back as many species as I could. I was sorry not to bring back a Snow owl but the only one I saw in Tucktoo Valley was late in the season and he looked pure white at a distance, sitting sphinx-like on top of a small fragment of a stranded berg. At first I thought I was looking at a strange bit of ice sculpture. On seeing me he flew into the valley. After a 'wild goose chase' of more than a mile I had only the satisfaction of seeing it disappear in the distance."

"I guess you'd call that a 'wild owl chase'. Wouldn't you, dear? But tell us what do the birds feed on?" asked Abby.

"There is plenty of food. Many of the water birds live on small fish and shrimp, which are very plentiful. In June there is always some open water to be found. In the valley at the head of the Bay, flowers bloomed in abundance along grassy slopes at sea level. Reindeer, blue fox and Arctic hares were what we hunted. I sent a dandelion home to Dodie in a letter before the supply ship left us. It looked much as our dandelions do, except that it had a heavy down beneath the blossom as if to protect it from the cold ground."

"Were you any where near the Pole, Lang?" asked Maitland.

"It would have to be just the right season to go further North. To live up there through two long winters and fight the ice, waiting for spring, would be hard but it could be done and it will be done. I believe Commander Peary is the man who will do it. He has the spirit and knowledge and will to succeed and were it not for my promise to Kate I would be on his next expedition, for I feel surè that he will try again."

Lulu reached across the table and took Kate by the hand:

"You'd better hold on to him, my dear," she said, "or he will be taking you to the North Pole."

Kate's answer was full of spirit as she tossed her head:

"When Langdon talks about it I feel as if I might like to make the trip myself."

This was seconded by Maitland, who said:

"Do you think I'm too old to go, Lang?"

At this suggestion his gentle wife exclaimed:

"Pray put any such idea out of your head, Maity. You know you don't like cold weather."

"I know, my dear. But Lang says you don't feel the cold up there the way you do here. Tell me, Lang, how did you get your fresh water supply?"

"There are plenty of fresh water lakes and we melted the snow when the lakes were frozen. One day I had melted a saucepan of snow and was waiting for it to get hot, when an Eskimo boy offered to help me. I left him to watch the water while I made the toast and when I returned he was sitting with a finger in the pan. He explained that when the water got hot he would know it and take his finger out. The coffee tasted none the worse for it."

A chorus of voices asked:

"Did you bring back a blue fox skin?"

"Everything we shot belonged to Commander Peary but I did bring home a female Eskimo dog and her pup. They are at home in Flushing. A beautiful Narwhal tusk is the most valuable thing I have. I gave that to Beth as a wedding present. She may not want it known yet but she thinks she is going to marry Harry Fairchild some day."

"Isn't she very young to be engaged?" his grandmother asked.

"Beth has been in love with that chap ever since she was fourteen, and I believe mother approves. You know she and father married young, but not all marriages turn out as well as theirs."

"What else did you bring home, Lang?"

"A pair of embroidered moccasins. The work the Eskimo women do with seal skin and the seals' hair is truly remarkable. I went to a 'blubber party' which calls for the ladies to wear their very best clothes. By way of conversation, which was rather limited for me, in their language, I admired the moccasins one of the girls had on; much to my surprise she took them off and gave them to me. I would like to have admired her dress, but I didn't dare, as I don't know what an Eskimo girl wears under her dress and I was afraid she might think I was asking her to give it to me, but it was equally handsome. I gave the shoes to Dodie as she was the only one who could put them on. The Eskimo's have very small feet."

"And, your plans now, are to settle down, with this sweet girl? Where will that be, Lang?" asked his grandmother.

"I have a job with the General Electric Company in Schenectady. I went to see them almost at once on returning home. Kate and I will start from scratch, but it has been done before and I have some wonderful friends there and know they will love Kate."

What an evening of adventure Langdon brought into the quiet lives of those who lived at Longfield, as he told of the beauty of the lights and shadows on the moving ice and the magic of adventure he had experienced until the air fairly sang around the corner of the house as if blown off McCormick Bay in the far North, instead of across the fields from Narragansett Bay.

CHAPTER 36

Dana's Return From London

MAITLAND had been busy in the interest of the town of Bristol and Margie had had all she could do to keep track of his appointments. He had been beaten in 1891 by Charlie Herreshoff for the office of President of the Town Council by only a small majority and was determined to try again in 1892. As this was uppermost in his mind he was telling the story to his nephew, Dana, who was making his annual visit to Longfield.

It was one of those cool summer days when the sound of a bee makes one feel drowsy. Abby had provided an ample meal (which she knew so well how to do) with plenty of Jonny-cake and pure maple sirup, always expected by her grandsons at Longfield. After dinner coffee was served on the piazza, and, as they seated themselves behind the screen on which the honeysuckle hung heavy, Lulu said:

"Your father planted that honeysuckle, Dana. He loved it and the smell of lillies-of-the-valley."

"I know he did, aunt Lulu, and mother keeps lillies-of-the-valley by his photograph whenever she can get them. I believe she still has the ones father planted. He loved lilacs too, and we have some beautiful bushes that he planted around the house in Flushing."

For a few moments they sipped their coffee in silence, disturbed only by the sound of insects and the tapping of Abby's feet against the floor of the piazza. In his thoughts, Dana was a little boy again.

"Tell us about your stay in London, Dana. The newspapers gave a glowing account of your activities. I understand you were entertained by Royalty. How do you know what to do; don't you ever make mistakes?"

"I know one thing, uncle Maity. I wouldn't know how to run the town of Bristol. And I have made many mistakes, the most embarrassing, I think being one I made in London. I had received a very impressive looking invitation to dine at Parliament House with members of the house of Lords. I spent more time than necessary grooming myself for the occasion and started out with

my invitation in hand. The cabby seemed to know where I wanted to go after I showed him the address and I arrived just as Big Ben struck the hour. The man at the door, after one look at me told me I didn't belong there and directed me around the building where I followed several young men in evening clothes. I also had on a white tie and tails and was admitted and given a cap and gown to put on. At the door of the dining hall I was asked for my ticket. Not having one I showed them the invitation. Several men looked at it with interest and then handed it back, saying 'good God man you don't belong in here!' They directed me to the main entrance which I recognized as the place I had come from. This time I was determined to get in as it was becoming late. I rather ignored the man at the door and showed my invitation to a knowing looking fellow inside. He was even more interested, I thought, as he looked from me to the invitation and then burst out laughing, asking what was I doing in a cap and gown. He told me to take it off and come with him. He'd been told to look out for me. You can imagine that by this time I was justifiably confused. All went well from then on, but my ability to make mistakes was established."

Dana's audience listened with little sounds of "Oh's" and "Ah's" as he progressed. He explained:

"It seemed that Oxford University was holding a banquet that same night and the door-man mistook me for one of the students."

A hearty laugh followed and caused Dana to add:

"It may sound funny now as I tell about it but when you're in a strange country and want to do things right, mistakes are not conducive to putting you at your ease. But the English are nice people and they took the whole thing as a joke."

"Do tell us more about your stay over there," urged his grandmother.

"I learned a lot about the people and I feel it helped me in my work."

"Did you find the English sense of humor lacking?" asked Lulu.

"No, they have a little different idea of what is funny than we, perhaps, but some of their comedians are extremely funny."

"Do tell us some of the outstanding people you met?"

"The DuMaurier family come first in my opinion. Mr. DuMaurier had much to tell me that was helpful."

"Why do all his women look alike? Does he always draw his daughters?"



DANA IN HIS STUDIO AND A SKETCH OF "DODIE"





DANA AT HIS DRAWING BOARD



SKETCH OF IRENE LANGHORNE



Two dedications of his first and last book with ten years in between. Dodie looking at herself as sketched in the first book as "The Little American Girl".





CHARLES DANA GIBSON



"KATE" (BURDETT) GIBSON
holding CHARLES D'WOLF GIBSON.



IRENE LANGHORNE GIBSON hold-
ing her daughter "Babs".

"He does draw his daughters and they are quite remarkable girls. By drawing them he has set for England a type that seems to be universal. I saw very few short, stout women such as Leech led us to believe was typical of English women, but, instead, saw many that looked as though they had just stepped out of a Du-Maurier drawing. I should like to have the world believe that all American girls looked like my sisters and certainly you couldn't find a finer type of matron than mother. My greatest difficulty is in doing them justice. You want to be awfully good when you draw people you love. That's why I prefer to draw models. I can give them the kind of looks I want them to have, it's the pose that's important."

"Would you like to live over there, Dana?"

"You do live over there, while you're there. You get much more out of London on your second visit. For one thing you are older."

"Did you ever feel lonely?" asked his grandmother, who could not put out of mind the little boy her grandson used to be.

"There was no reason to be lonely, grandma. No one ever knows London, and before you have been there long you are showing Londoners about their own city with the pride of a part owner in its history; for to an American the old part of the city is his—as much as the portraits of his ancestors. The pictures may not be on his wall, but he stands as good a chance of being like their original as the man who owns the house in which they hang."

"That's an interesting observation," Maitland agreed, but urged Dana to continue. "You can't stop there; we want to hear more of the high spots."

"To begin with, I lived in Sargent's studio, which was an experience in itself. Phil May became a good friend. In fact one becomes a friend of the man in the street. You walk in London; a cablecar or trolley would be sadly out of place and the horseless carriage would be a calamity. I made friends with the 'rat man', the 'recruiting sergeant' and the 'sidewalk artist'. They all had something to give me that I needed."

"What about the London fog we hear so much about?" asked Lulu.

"The fog is there, but one pays little attention to it after awhile. You can always find your way to Nelson's Column and the National Gallery."

"Isn't there a great class distinction in England?" asked Margie.

"Yes, no where is caste more noticeable than in a London audience. A little board fence divides the ground-floor of a theatre into orchestra stalls and a pit. It would cost you ten shillings less and your social position to sit on the wrong side of this fence. It does not follow that sitting on the right side of it assures your position. But it does give you an uninterrupted view of the stage. No hats are worn, and that alone makes it worth the extra charge."

Aunt Lulu wanted to know whether the ladies wore evening dress at the theatre. This Dana assured her was an established custom and he volunteered the information that all the men wore white ties and tails. He drew quite a different picture of the Music Hall:

"In the Music Hall the audience is the most demonstrative and amusing. It will applaud the longest, hiss the loudest, and some times join in the chorus. From the moment the number is posted announcing the next tune, it is easy to tell what the performer's reception will be. On both sides of the orchestra are bars and when a London barmaid stops work to listen and laugh you may be sure that the tune is a good one. The men keep on their top hats and the air is filled with tobacco smoke."

"What a contrast," observed Abby. "How can you tell a gentle woman in such a place as that from the others?"

"An Englishman can tell at once in just what walk of life every other Englishman is; consequently, at home every one is made to know his or her place, but at the Pavilion, every person attending, no matter who, is just one of the audience. A music hall audience is very charitable and will patiently listen to a singer long after his fame has outlived his voice. It will shout itself hoarse over a song which mentions Tom Sayers or any favorite of bygone days."

"I have always felt that Britons looked down on Americans," announced Maitland. "Did you get that impression over there, Dana?"

"It works both ways. We are apt to wear sensitive, patriotic chips on our shoulders, and, for that reason, don't give the English people a chance to know us, or give ourselves a chance to know them. English speaking people have been introduced to each other by a long line of clever draughtsmen. They have laughed together about the same people in the truest and sweetest-natured way in all the world. The fact that Phil May is a prophet in his own country should alone clear Englishmen of the suspicion that they are slow to see fun. And DuMaurier has done more to awaken

the interest resulting in people knowing themselves and others better."

"Now that you're home, Dana, what will you do to take the place of all that wonderful experience?" asked his grandmother.

"I have moved into my new studio. LIFE has a splendid new headquarters. The old Alpine Building hardly held us, the magazine has grown in the past few years. I was well settled before I sailed. I brought back a valet with me to keep my clothes in order. Langdon has teased me some, accusing me of no longer being able to put on my own shoes, but it's nothing like that. He's a man I had over in London; he took care of my quarters and I found it convenient to have studs put in my shirts; he was anxious to come to this country, so I brought him. He is sometimes in the way, I find. Dodie and I used to have such cozy times alone. I only have one bed room which we shared. Now, for appearance sake she sleeps on a sofa in the studio. Thomas, my gentleman's gentleman, might not understand otherwise as I have only the one double bed. He is a convenience in getting rid of people I don't want to see and he has also been helpful in meeting the train from Flushing and bringing Dodie to the studio Friday afternoons after her school."

"Where is she, Dana, and why didn't you bring her with you?"

"Dodie is with mother and Annie in Marion. Beth is there, too, visiting Lottie Knowlton, a friend of hers. Uncle John Brooks has built a summer cottage and uncle Jim Lovett is there with his family. They have one little girl. Aunt Annie Gibbs and her daughter, Julia, also spend the summer there. So mother is seeing all her family, as you know her mother lives with the Brooks."

"It's a pity you couldn't have spent more time with them."

"I was there long enough to have some good sails in my canoe, the 'Josephine'. She has proved to be a fast boat. There is a class of sailing canoes in Marion now and with Dodie acting as ballast in the bow, we won nearly every race."

"Isn't there danger of a small boat like that tipping over, Dana?" asked Lulu with some concern for her young niece.

"Dodie swims like a duck; we often go out in deep water over her head and practice life saving. She knows how to hold on to me in case we have an accident. What you say is only too true. Dick Davis lost the last race that way. I am meeting him tonight on the Sound Steamer to talk over a book he is writing and wants me to illustrate."

"Any girls in the background, Dana?" asked Maitland.

"What a question to ask him," protested his mother.

Dana responded goodnaturedly:

"There are plenty of girls, but I'm waiting to find one I can't live without. Then, perhaps, she won't have me, and I will devote my life to giving Dodie a good time. She's the best company I've found so far. She fits in everywhere and goes every where I go. If they don't include Dodie, then I don't go."

"Did it ever occur to you, Dana, that it will be pretty hard on her when you marry?" suggested Lulu.

"What makes you think that, aunt Lulu?"

"I understand she spends every week end with you. You say you take her every where you go. She goes to the theatres and on yachting trips. Bessie wrote mother that she was with you at the boat races on the Benedict yacht this year. Wouldn't all that have to stop when you marry?"

"Perhaps I haven't given it the thought I should have; I still think Dodie has too much sense not to understand. Besides I see no reason why she couldn't spend a lot of time with me just the same. I don't think I would marry a girl that didn't love Dodie."

"You have taken your father's place, Dana, in her life, haven't you?"

"Both Lang and I have, grandma. Only I have had a better chance than Lang in the past year. Dodie spent a month in Schenectady with Lang and Kate right after school this Spring. Have you heard that I am going to be an uncle?"

"Yes, Kate wrote us. That will make Dodie, as you call her, a very young aunt."

These trips of Dana brought a lot of happiness to the family at Longfield and after he left they would sit and talk over his visit. It was through Dana that Dodie was known by her relatives in Bristol as she seldom had an opportunity to visit them at that early age. In fact few letters passed between the Flushing home and Longfield. But just as Dana brought Dodie to the minds of those at the old homestead, he also brought Longfield very vividly to Dodie, which destiny was to bring still closer, until it became the most important thing in her life.

CHAPTER 37

A New Generation Is Born

CECILIA Swett's untimely death, on the day after her sixty-sixth birthday was more deeply felt as time passed. Abby missed her dear younger sister who had greatly helped to fill the gap in her life left by her mother's death. She still had her beloved son and daughter, Maitland and Lulu, but she longed for the companionship her sister had given her. Lilly, too, keenly felt the loss of her mother and spent a great part of her time at Longfield. Barnard was too young to understand her grief. He could not remember his father and, being only three years old when his grandmother died, the memory of her loving ways was passing out of his mind as he reached his eighth birthday. Lulu had helped Lilly close the little stone house where Cecilia had lived for so many years, and Lilly was planning to rent her home for the season.

Having decided to spend the summer in Charleston, South Carolina, Lilly had asked Lulu to accompany her on the journey and stay with her until the hot weather set in. Being glad of the chance to be with congenial friends in a place where the question of her husband's whereabouts would not necessarily be the topic of conversation, Lulu had accepted. During her absence Abby was well entertained by her niece, Telie Erskine and her daughter, Margaret, who had just announced her engagement to James Carey Evans. Margaret, a tall, handsome girl in her early twenties, was radiant as she told Abby about the young man she was to marry and that they planned to make their home in Chicago, not far from her mother. This was well, for Telie would then be left alone with her father (now confined to a wheel chair), her son Albert having married and her younger son Jamie, having settled in New York. Left a widow at an early age, Telie had devoted her life to making a home for her father, William Frederick D'Wolf, and to the care of her three children. She was still a very handsome woman, and her daughter's engagement and the fact that, when married, she would live near her in Chicago, had brought a new interest into her life. She enjoyed her visit to Bristol and returned to her home in Chicago with an account of Longfield which greatly

gladdened her father's heart, though he knew he would never again see his beloved homestead. It was but a short time thereafter that the end of life came to Telie's father. He had lived a long and useful life and his death was mourned by many. Telie, being grief stricken, joined her brother Edward who had married his cousin Charlotte Middleton in Charleston.

Warm weather brought Lulu back from the South to be with her mother, who was naturally feeling her brother's death deeply. Every detail of the time they had been separated was talked over. It had been arranged that Frank Pratt should visit Longfield once a week during the months when the house was apt to be filled with guests, thus trying to give the impression that all was congenial between Lulu and her husband. On one such occasion Frank caused an emotional outburst by announcing that he had read in *Town Topics* that Dana Gibson was paying court to a girl in Virginia.

"What perfect nonsense," Abby said. "As though *we* wouldn't be the first to know if such a thing were so. Pray, what kind of a paper would be likely to print such gossip?"

"*Town Topics* is the kind of pamphlet, mama, that makes its living on gossip," explained Lulu. "Once before it reported a like story about Dana and one of his models and there was not a bit of truth in it."

"It seems to me that such a pamphlet, as you call it, should not be allowed in the home."

Frank protested, "I can see no harm in such a report. Surely there is nothing wrong in the announcement."

"Not if it's true, Frank dear," said Lulu. "But we feel that it can't be so, or we would have heard of it."

The subject was dropped for the time, but the next day a letter was dispatched to Bessie in which the question was tactfully raised, and after days of anxious waiting a reply was received.

Bessie knew nothing of a "serious nature" but her letter went on to say:

"Dana often makes a visit to Virginia as he has many friends there. He and Dodie are with the Langhorne's in Greenwood, Virginia, at this time of my writing."

* * * * *

Early in August news arrived from Schenectady of Abby's first great-grandchild. Langdon wrote his grandmother that a fine big boy had been born; that Kate was well and happy, and that their baby would have his grandfather's name "Charles DeWolf."

This good news caused Abby to shed happy tears, for she had been deeply disappointed that none of Charley's children had been given his name. Neither Bessie nor Charley had wanted a "junior" and it had long been the custom of the Gibson family to name a child after a grandparent rather than after the parent. The name DeWolf was disappearing from Abby's branch of the family and that had made her very sad. She and Lulu talked of little else until a letter from Bessie confirming an earlier report, that Dana *was* interested in a "very lovely girl" whom they were to have the pleasure of meeting soon, as her mother was bringing her to New York. This was followed by a letter from Dana to his grandmother with a small sketch of Irene Langhorne. The drawing confirmed the report in Bessie's letter that the young lady in question was "very lovely". It was several weeks before the engagement was officially announced and the wedding was set for early November.

Abby confided in Lulu her desire to have Dana bring his bride to Longfield as part of their wedding trip, just as Langdon had done. She said:

"If they come, the north room will truly be the 'bridal chamber'."

Lulu wrote her nephew expressing her mother's wish and received an acceptance by return post which made all the problems of life seem to fade into thin air for Abby and her daughter.

Bristol was a town where joys and sorrows were shared alike by the neighbors. Although the local newspaper, "The Bristol Phoenix" carried all important happenings and was considered one of the leading papers in the country, by all who read it, there was even a more sure way of communicating news: Telegraph, telephone and tell-a-neighbor. Thus the entire town was gladdened by the happy news that Abby would have her grandson at Longfield on his wedding trip in November.

Nowhere in the country were the New York newspapers more eagerly read than they were in Bristol. There was a personal interest in the marriage of a "home boy made good". Headlines were as follows: "North and South Unite in Blessing the Nuptials of Genius and Beauty." Another headline read "Artist Gibson Weds Miss Irene Langhorne of Richmond." A private train ran from New York to Richmond to carry the groom's family and friends. Among the guests were many notables. An account of the wedding was in all the papers, and Lulu was kept busy cutting out the different accounts for her mother.

Nov. 7th, 1895

"The marriage of Charles Dana Gibson and Irene Langhorne was solemnized at noon at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Virginia, by the Rev. Dr. Hartley Carmichael, rector of the church. The Choristers sang a hymn composed by the rector and the organ played throughout the service. The groom accompanied by his brother, Langdon Gibson, entered from the vestry and awaited the bride at the chancel steps.

The maids of honor were the Misses Nannie and Phyllis Langhorne, sisters of the bride. The brides-maids were Bessie Martin, Alice Connally, May Jones, Ellen Hobson, Sally Pemberton and Beth Gibson, sister of the groom. The ushers were Dick Davis, Jim DeKay, Tom McIlvaine, Thomas Hastings, Algernon Craven, Lilburn Myers, Juan Smith (from Bristol) and Harry Langhorne, brother of the bride.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, Chiswell Dabney Langhorne."

There was an elaborate description of the costumes worn by each and every one, of the flowers, and the menu served at the wedding breakfast. These were accompanied by drawings done by one of the staff artists of the newspaper, no doubt, but which had little resemblance to the people they were supposed to represent.

Every word was read with interest, and excitement ran high as the time grew near for the bride and groom to arrive in Bristol. Many of the people in the village had seen Abby's grandson grow up from a curly headed little boy to become world known as the first artist in America in black and white.

What a handsome and distinguished looking couple they made, thought Abby, as she greeted them at the door. Irene in her stylish new traveling suit and Dana in a dark blue suit and boulder hat. They were enchanted by Irene's southern accent and found it even much softer than the Middleton's way of speaking, so admired by strangers.

Dana had told Irene so much about Longfield as he remembered it from childhood days, of its size and grandeur, that he felt sure it must have shrunk since his last visit. But Irene assured him that it looked to her the way he had described it, and expressed her pleasure at being there with him.

"It isn't old and shabby at all, Dana. I love it because you had such a good time here as a boy. Now I can picture it myself. It wouldn't have been right for me not to know Longfield and love your grandmother. She looks as if she had just stepped out of a picture."

Later that evening, after they retired to the north chamber, Dana asked her:

"You're sure you're not homesick, honey?"

"I was homesick when uncle Maitland sang tonight; it reminded me of father and I just couldn't help crying. I hope we see him again so I can explain."

"We will, for I have a feeling we haven't heard all there is to know about his being elected President of the Town Council."

"He told me he whipped Charlie Herreshoff by the largest majority ever counted in Bristol. Is that the boat builder?" Irene asked.

"All the Bristol Herreshoffs are related, no doubt, but he isn't the designer. I believe the youngest brother, Nat, is the real designer. The blind brother, Johnny, has the reputation of being, but I am afraid he is a bit of a fake. They tell a story about his putting his watch together in a dark room after taking out the works. That would be impossible for a man to do with both his eyes and I find it difficult to stretch my credulity that far."

"Uncle Maitland told me that the blind brother could tell by just passing his hand over the side of a boat, that it was right."

"No doubt he can, but his brother, Nat, has already seen that it is perfect before Johnny has a chance to pass on its condition. There is great skill in designing a race-boat and I guess Nat Herreshoff is tops, but it makes an interesting picture to see a blind man do anything. While Nat is not a picturesque person and has little to do with the business end of it, it is *he* that makes it impossible for the British to take back the cup."

"Will we see any of the defenders tomorrow?" asked Irene.

"We will, if there are any here. I want you to meet Lewis Herreshoff. He is another brother, also blind. Don't be shocked if he offers you a cracker from a Loisdorf chamber. He will likely feel your face and hair, that is his way of knowing what you look like. He sees with his hands. He lost his eyesight quite late in life, I believe he was all of eighteen before he started to go blind and he fought it and openly blamed his mother. It was an awful thing to do, and his brother Nat has never spoken to him again, although they live but a few yards apart. But imagine the suffering of an active young man knowing he was going blind. You have a lot to see tomorrow, so you must have a good night's rest."

"I have heard so much about 'The Mount', can we go there?"

"I believe so, if cousin Posy DeWolf is able to see us. And the home I nearly bought at Papposequaw, you will love. That is where aunt Annie Middleton lives. She is royalty."

The following day was a busy one. Irene's sweet, gracious manner captivated all who met her, and the visit to Bristol was often referred to by Dana and Irene while on their wedding trip which included most of the interesting places in the world. Even in Egypt while looking at the Sphinx they recalled their first night in the north chamber at Longfield.

The honeymoon over, they returned to New York and took an apartment in the LIFE Building, across the hall from Dana's studio. Dana's pictures now took on a new look, a glorified Gibson girl; Irene in Paris, in London, in Egypt and the American girl in all her familiar places, radiant, charming and loveable. Irene was the perfect wife with understanding interest in her hard working husband. She took her place in the Gibson family as if she had always been a part of it and was loved by each, especially Dodie, who perhaps knew her best of all as she was a constant visitor at Irene's request. On Sundays Dana and Irene dined with the family in Flushing and holidays, such as Christmas and Thanksgiving, were shared.

It was the second winter of their marriage that Dana drew the Charles Dickens series, all characters he knew and loved from the days when he and Lang stretched out on the floor in front of the open fire, and together with their father listened while Bessie read aloud by the light of the student lamp in the dining room.

There were many pictures drawn that winter which Irene was unable to pose for, as they were to have a baby in February. Dana dedicated his tenth book to Dodie, pictured as a young lady looking at herself as a child in the first book which he had dedicated to her ten years before.

Dana and Irene's first baby was a girl, named for her mother but called "Babs." She was taken to Longfield at an early age and introduced to all the wonders of the farm as her father hoped to impress upon her young mind, so that in later years she could recall having seen cows, chickens and pigs for the first time at Longfield. Babs, was the last great-grandchild Abby lived to see. Her room had photographs of their generation, as her niece Telie Erskine sent pictures of Margaret's children and she kept a lively interest in all that went on, in and outside of the immediate family. She encouraged Lulu to visit in order to bring her news, having realized too late, that she had demanded much of Lulu's time. She never told her daughter but the knowledge that her Lulu's marriage was not a happy one had been known to her for some time. She never

discussed it with her and went to her grave, trying to persuade herself that there was some happiness in the world for her wonderful talented daughter.

It was a long illness. Her life had been, from all outward appearances a tranquil one, and in death it was so regarded. She asked about the different members of the family and showed great interest, when told of a baby boy being born to Dana and Irene, to be named Langhorne. This, she thought should be prevented and asked Lulu to write Bessie and see if she couldn't have the name changed to "Charles Dana the 3rd" before it was too late.

Abby took unusual interest in Maitland's activities feeling that he so well deserved the success he was having as President of the Town Council. He had retained many of the former members and started a new commission of "Highways for Outlying Districts." The full committee was Ezra Mason, Charles Church, William Thayer and Charles Barbour. There were few changes made in the general setup. George Peck had taken the place of John Taylor in 1888 as Town Treasurer and Collector of Taxes, and was again elected, as was Maitland in 1896. He became interested in the development of his land that led to the shore in front of Longfield and formed a small committee to help develop a wooded area, including the skating pond, around which he had a stone wall built and called the whole area "The Children's Grove." This, he felt, would provide a safe place for children to play and the woods would be protected, as there were few places left that could be called a bird sanctuary so near to the town.

Langdon continued his visits with his young son DeWolf who was now old enough to be shown the wonders of Longfield and introduced by his father to raw oysters eaten right out of the shell on the shore; and on one occasion he was instructed by his uncle Maity how to throw an apple from the end of a stick. The result proved disastrous for the apple in question hit the cook on the head, causing such a commotion that it was never forgotten and will doubtless be told to his grandchildren as his earliest memories of Longfield.

While Abby lay in her bed or sat by the window watching the leaves as they fell one by one covering the lawn with a carpet of red and gold which marked the end of summer and the beginning of winter, she thought of the many years she had welcomed the Fall of the year as the most beautiful season of them all and felt grateful for the chance to once more feast her eyes on the November sunsets as each evening was like a painting in the sky.

News that Langdon and Kate had another son to be named for his mother, Burdett, caused Abby to say "For every life that comes, one must be taken." She urged that they be invited to Longfield as soon as the baby was old enough to travel; "that time was short and life fleeting." She asked Lulu to go to New York and on her way home to stop at Langdons in Schenectady thus bringing her a report on both of her new great-grandchildren and their dear parents. That Abby was not as strong as she used to be was accepted by the family but no concern over her changed condition was felt or shown. But Abby knew that any delay of her slightest wish was thoughtless. She would say:

"My sweet sister Cecilia was only sixty-six when she passed away and surely I can't expect to live for ever."

Then she would be reminded of her sister Annie Middleton who was seven years her senior, and again Abby would say:

"I have no wish to be a burden to my daughter as Annie is. Were Alicia not a saint, she could never answer all her mother's whims."

Lulu made frequent trips within the family circle in order to bring her mother interesting reports, not realizing how close death stood by Abby's bed side. Maitland had written Lulu that he felt it wise for her to return home from her visit on Long Island where Dana and Irene were living at the time Langhorne was born. Although there was little change in his mother's condition, the doctor had spoken with more concern regarding her strength. Maitland spent many hours of the day with his mother and his news of the farm conditions were always of great interest, for Abby was a true farmer at heart.

"Are you there, Maity dear?" Abby would ask.

"Yes, mother. Is there anything you want?"

No, my dear. Just sit beside me so I won't be alone. I have been very much alone of late. I never wanted to be alone, Maity. Has Lulu come?"

"Not yet, but she is on the train. She will be here in the morning."

"Is she with Frank? I'm afraid I have kept her too much with me. I never intended to be selfish. You tell her that, dear, won't you?"

"Yes, mama. Lulu is always happy when she's with you."

"I wanted to be with my mother too much. It isn't right for a husband to be left alone. Will you tell Lulu that?"

"Yes, but don't worry about that. Lulu is happy with her art and Frank is a good fellow."

"I hope so, dear. I hope so."

There were long spells when Abby seemed to be scarcely breathing, and Maitland would lean close to her pillow to listen. The doctor had left certain medicines to be given in case of any sudden change.

Margie brought Maitland's tray and sat by the bedside while he tried to take a bite of the supper that she had prepared. The time dragged. The clock in the hall struck the hour as the night was passing slowly. Maitland returned to his mother's side and told Margie to get some rest:

"There is nothing you can do here, dear," he said. "I have so much I would like to tell mother, but I know it's too late. I have so many regrets that I'd like to make right. Why do we do and say things we are sorry for, I wonder? It would be so easy not to at the time and they are so hard to forget and hurt no one as much as the person who says them."

"Maity, dear, you will make yourself sick if you don't stop worrying. You have been a wonderful son."

Left alone by the sick bed, Maitland gave way to his pent-up feelings and sobbed softly close to his mother's pillow.

"Can you hear me, mama? I love you. I once told you not to come to my home. It was long ago and you have forgotten but I haven't. I never meant it, mama. I always did everything for you. Not even Margie took your place in my heart; no one could. Do you hear me, mama? I knew when you were lonely and I should have come to you. I'm with you now, mama. I will not leave you. I'm with you now."

Abby opened her eyes. There seemed to be a new light in them and Maitland was glad for he felt sure his mother had heard and understood what he was trying to tell her. But his mother passed her hand across his face and said:

"I knew you would come, Charley. You were always my favorite child. Tell me where are you taking me?"

Maitland stood for a few moments, then in reverence, knelt by the bedside and prayed. His mother's hand was cold as he pressed it to his lips. Then he seated himself beside her and slept till morning.

Lulu's home coming was a sad one. She hadn't been able to believe the message she had received that "she had best come

home" could mean that the end would come before she could reach her mother. Maitland stood by the open door to meet her. His face told her what she most dreaded to hear. He embraced her and in those few moments Lulu realized that she would never see her mother alive again.

"I'm too late?" she whispered. "Could I have done anything to help had I been here?"

"No, dear. Mama asked for you but she knew where you were and did not expect you until today."

"And she couldn't wait?" Lulu sobbed.

"No. It was early this morning that the candle of life flickered and went out. I think Charley came to take her."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Mama spoke his name as if she saw him just before she died. She said 'I knew you would come for me, Charley.' I like to think that it was like that for he would know the way to make her happy as he always did in life, and it's good to feel that they are together."

Lulu kissed her brother tenderly and bowed her head in assent, but her words were choked with tears as she entered the house.

CHAPTER 38

The Heart Goes Out Of Longfield

IT was a day in late May, a dreary day. Though the air was sweet with the fragrance of blossoms on the fruit trees, the branches drooped, heavy with fog and rain. Everything about Longfield, so well loved by Abby, seemed to mourn her passing.

Jim Martin stood at the south entrance to tell the carriages where to go and his younger brother, Fred, was stationed at the north entrance, as one by one the friends and relations drove slowly through the grounds.

The morning of the funeral, Bessie and Dana with Irene were the first members of the family to arrive, having traveled on the Sound Steamer to Fall River, where they were met by a carriage and driven the eight miles to Longfield. Maitland met them at the front door and led the way upstairs where Lulu was waiting. Chairs were arranged in the upper hall, on which they were asked to be seated while Margie made notes of the kind of flowers that corresponded with the names on the different cards. In a few moments Lilly French, who had been down stairs arranging the flowers, joined them and could not long restrain her feelings as she made them known to Lulu. It seemed that Annie Middleton had arrived with two of her daughters, raising the question whether she should be asked up stairs with the family or left down stairs with the friends. It was decided that Dana should ask her to join them. This he did and Annie declined the offer, the long flight of stairs being her excuse. But, as all Bristol knew that Abby and her sister were not on speaking terms, her presence there caused many tongues to wag.

Langdon and Kate arrived by train from Schenectady and were met at the Warren station. The lower hall was crowded and all the chairs in the library were occupied. When all the guests had arrived, Dr. Locke opened the prayer book and his voice reached the family seated in the upper hall with the solemn words of the burial service.

Lulu was softly crying, Margie and Maitland standing by her side. A hearse with great plumes on top stood at the piazza steps

and the drive was filled with carriages. After the service the coffin was carried from the parlor. Maitland led Lulu down the stairs and into the first carriage. Many of her friends were heard to sob as she passed. The departure from Longfield was dignified and orderly. At the cemetery a tall good looking man stepped to Lulu's side and put his arm around her. This caused more comment, for some recognized him as Frank Pratt. Lulu seemed to relax against his arm and to gain strength from his presence.

Abby was buried at Juniper Hill Cemetery beside her mother and father and grandparents. It was here too that Maitland asked to be buried, he having relinquished his claim at Mt. Auburn, in favor of Charley's family.

On returning to Longfield, no one was interested in the tempting dishes that were spread on the dining room table. They sat and talked of Abby in loving terms. Dana recalled how she used to laugh when he and Lang jumped on the bed, and Langdon spoke with deep affection of her patience when he shot half the barnyard fowls for game. Bessie recalled her goodness to all the strangers that came to the door begging for food.

At the end of the day Lulu was left alone. Margie had urged her to spend the night with Maitland and herself but she had felt there was much she could do at Longfield and that the servants would expect her to stay there.

It was a lonely house filled with memories of her mother but she wanted to be alone and think. She was conscious of a feeling of freedom that she had not felt before. Her thoughts reviewed the day. She recalled seeing her mother's coffin lowered into the ground and at that moment felt Frank's arm around her. "It was good of him to come," she said to herself. "What now, would he expect her to continue pretending to be his wife? This new feeling of freedom had to do with Frank. Yes, she could now be free." It was a tired girl that finally lay down on her pillow and went into an unreal dream of being, once more, a child at her mother's side.

Lilly and Barnard had returned from the South and Lilly was with Lulu all day. Between these cousins there were no restrained feelings. Lulu placed her problem before her.

"We must remember Frank had not been to see mother in months; yet he came to her grave and everyone saw him. He thinks I'll not have the courage to divorce him. That woman will be waiting for him and he'll not be able to escape her. His marriage to me was his only protection."



TELIE ERSKINE AND HER FATHER WILLIAM FREDERICK D'WOLF



TELIE'S DAUGHTER MARGARET ERSKINE AND HER HUSBAND JAMES EVANS, THEIR TWO CHILDREN CECILIA AND JAMES EVANS, JR.



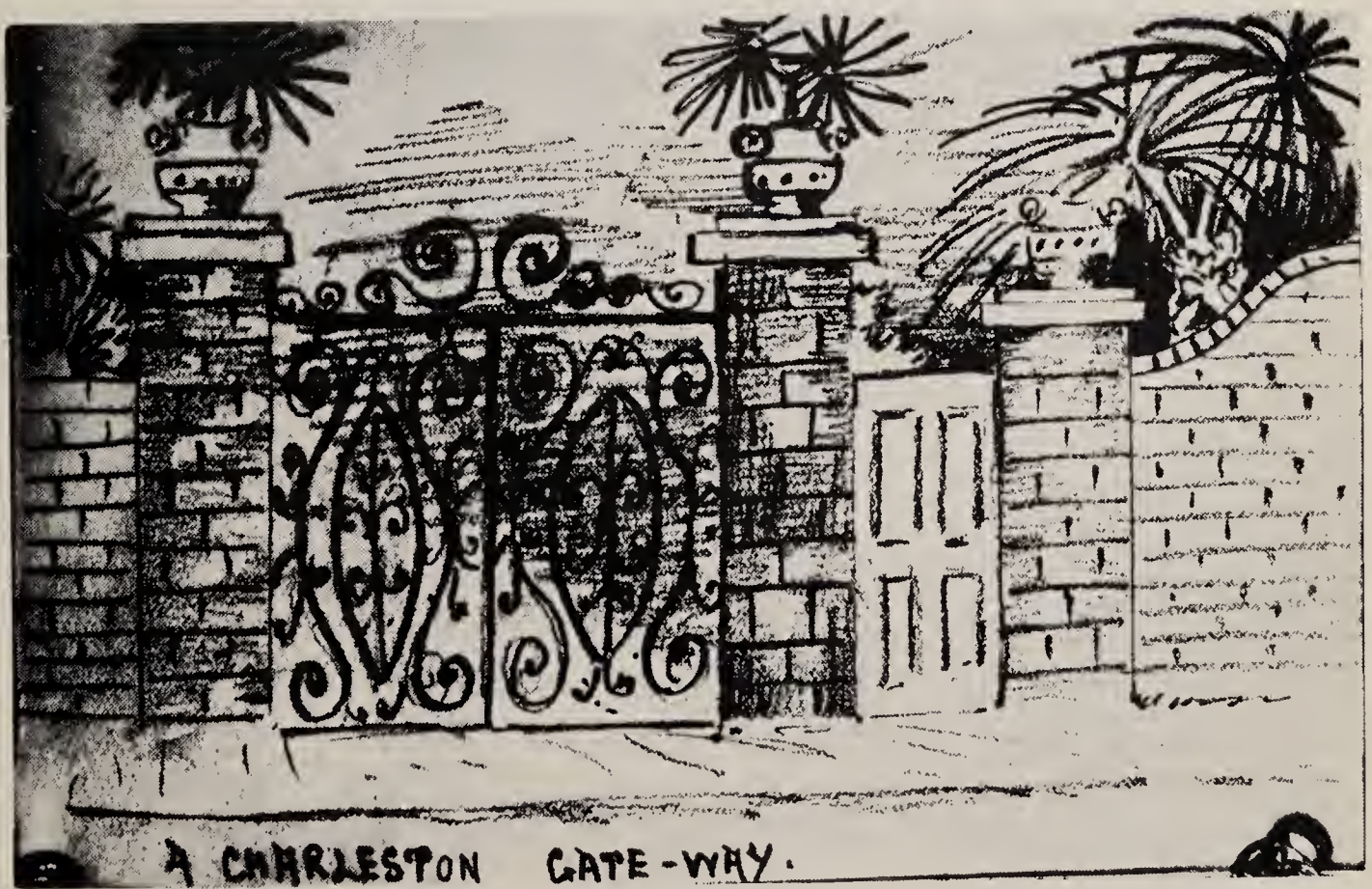
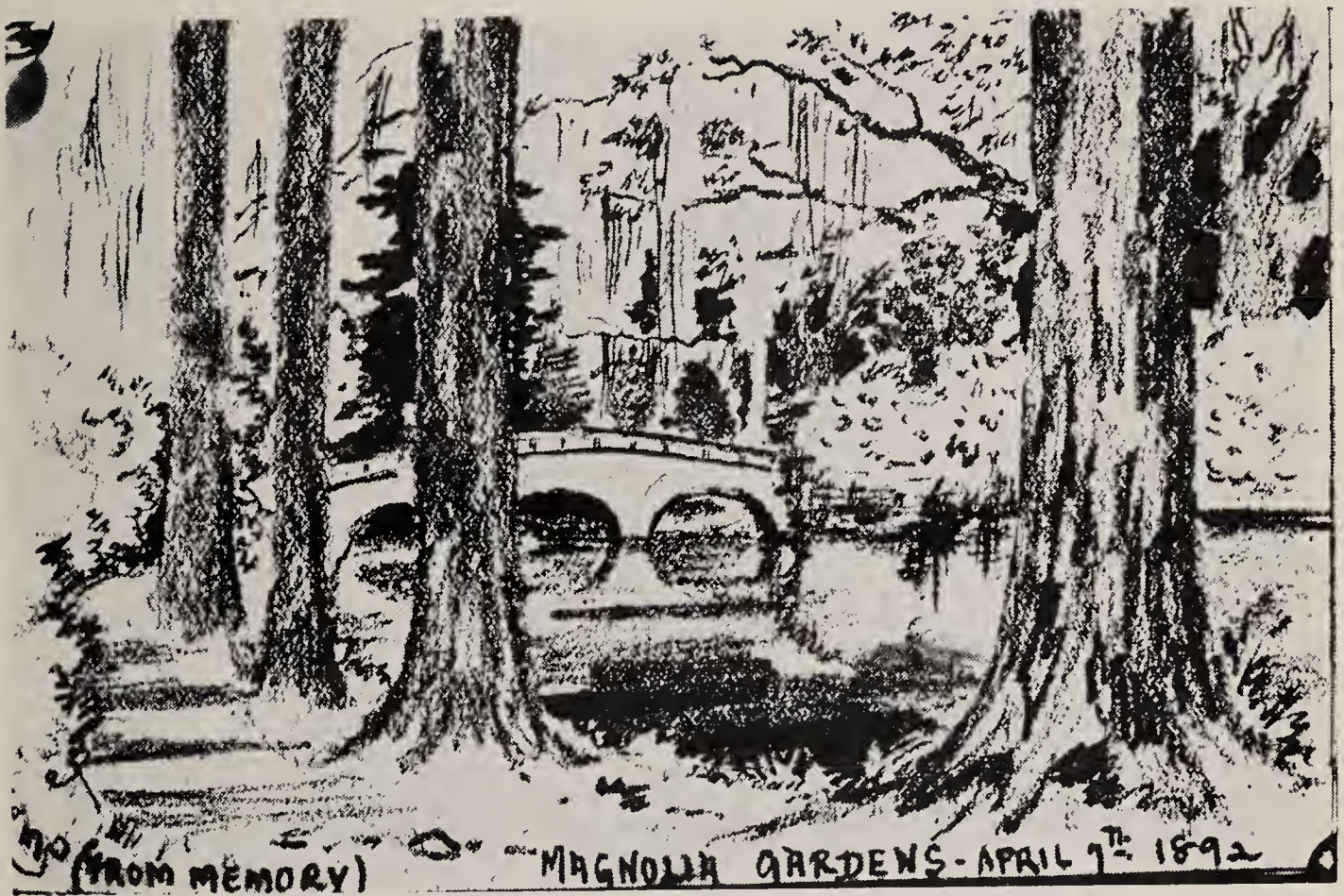


"On the Steamer 'Cherokee'—Barnard, Lilly and Lulu, also the Captain.

Lulu joins Lilly French and her son Barnard on a trip to Charleston, South Carolina. Sketches by Lulu.



"BARNARD ON THE BATTERY"





Doorway at Longfield, Dana, Grandma Abby and
Irene holding "Babs"

"You know, Lulu. I think Frank was very fond of your mother."

"So do I. He did so many things for her comfort. It may sound foolish but I think mother was in love with Frank."

"That's not unusual; many older women fall in love with men younger than themselves."

"That may be so but it's hard to believe mother would do such a thing."

"Let's say she loved him as a son, then. Too bad he turned out the way he has; he's still very good looking. Did anyone speak to him?"

"Yes, Dana and Lang both spoke to him after the other carriages left."

"What happened to Frank? I didn't see him leave."

"He had his own carriage and went right back to Boston."

"To change the subject, Lulu dear, how lovely Dana's wife is? I missed seeing her the last time they were here. They have two children haven't they?"

"Yes, their daughter, Babs, is quite a big girl and the little boy is nearly two."

"How nice they have a boy to carry on the name?"

"Only he doesn't. He's named Langhorne after his mother's family. But Dana hopes he will be called 'Lang'. Kate did the same thing, their youngest son is named Burdett after her family. There are no juniors."

"I thought Kate looked well. What a handsome couple they make."

"You always had a soft spot for Lang, Lilly. I remember when he was a little boy you used to admire him."

"Lulu, dear, what are your plans? Will you return to painting and go to Philadelphia?"

"Not right away. There is a lot to be done here before I can leave. Mother left some requests and I want to see that they are carried out. Telie Erskine is on her way here; she wired me from Charleston. You know her brother Edward has married Charlotte Middleton. It isn't right for first cousins to marry. I can't understand aunt Annie allowing it. But when did anyone understand her? I feel sure if uncle William Frederick had been alive he would have put a stop to it. I don't believe Telie is too pleased about it; we will know more when she gets here."

Lilly agreed, and changed the subject:

"I don't think I've ever seen her daughter, Margaret. Has she been here often?"

"No. She and Telie were here just before her marriage you know, while we were in Charleston, but I saw her when I visited Telie in Chicago before I was married. Oh! Lilly, I'll be so glad when all this is behind me, I sometimes wonder if I'm strong enough to go through with it. Just as soon as Telie leaves I'll go to Boston and see Frank. I shan't sleep until it's settled."

The day for Telie Erskine's visit arrived; Lulu met her at the station and after a few words of sympathy and a message from Charlotte Middleton saying how badly she felt about her dear aunt Abby's death and how happy she was married to her dear cousin Edward, Lulu felt there was little need to doubt Telie's sincerity and changed the subject.

"You know, Telie, I think mother's death came sooner than it otherwise would have because of the grief she felt over the loss of your father and aunt Cecilia, also the inexcusable rift between herself and aunt Annie has meant more to her than she ever let anyone know. They were very close as young girls. It's too late to do anything about it now but I wonder if I shouldn't have done something. It has worried me quite a lot since mama died. We behaved rather badly when aunt Annie came to the funeral. But it's hard to forget and forgive all the many acts that aunt Annie seemed to delight in accusing the family of. That law suit she had with your father over the land was so unnecessary. But now that mama has gone I don't feel like making up. It would seem too much as if I was taking sides against mama. I'll be here less in the future and perhaps it won't be necessary for me to ever see her again, and strangely enough, that makes me feel very badly."

"I know, dear," Telie agreed. "But I think Charlotte and Alicia feel the way you do; they regret the break in the family but of course they could never admit their mother was in the wrong, so the feud will go on to the end. Tell me, Lulu dear, will your mother's death make any difference in your married life?"

"My marriage has made very little difference *in* my life. As dear Miss Annie Munroe once said, 'You'll have Mrs. on your grave stone, Lulu, that's more than I'll have.' Do you remember her?"

"Yes indeed, Miss Annie Munroe. I do remember her, surely she can't be living? She made us a visit once when mother was alive."

"No, she lived only a short time after uncle Fitz' death. It would have been a fine thing if he had married her. Of course she was older but she loved him always; none of us knew it till after his death. Some one heard her say she loved him the day of his funeral."

"But, to go back to you and Frank, do you mean to tell me that you never slept together?"

"Telie, I'm no more married than I was the day I was born. By name only am I 'Mrs.' "

"What about your home in Jamacia Plains?"

"I spent some very pleasant weeks there between my visits to mama. Frank never lived there. He used to come and see me but that's all."

Telie exclaimed: "When I was staying with Aunt Annie, you seemed very much in love?"

"I *was* very much in love. I have never loved anyone else. Frank was the love of my life. It is as though he had died the day of our wedding. I think I knew all the time we were engaged that there was something wrong but I loved him so much I wouldn't believe it could spoil our life together. Then I learned on my wedding day that all during our engagement there had been another woman."

Telie interrupted:

"I remember hearing that someone came for Frank the day of the wedding but that doesn't mean it's always the man's fault. It has happened before and happy marriages have come out of it."

"It might be a marriage, Telie, but I doubt very much if a 'happy one'. It was too much of a shock for me and I asked for time to try and forget. He was very understanding, I thought, and seemed so very sorry to have caused me so much unhappiness on my wedding day. But I couldn't get it out of my mind and then, quite by chance, I learned he was still seeing her."

"You poor dear."

Lulu continued:

"It was not long after that I learned he was epileptic, a dreadful illness to witness. This made me feel awfully sorry for him and we formed a kind of friendship that worked out for a time. We were seen together. He is fond of music and, as you know, I am very fond of it. We took a few trips together but there was always that dread of his having an attack. I spent a great deal of time with mama and he came here quite often just to carry out the

pretence and not let her know how impossible our marriage was. I hope she went to her grave thinking I was happy. He was afraid I would divorce him and when I found out *why*, that was the end of any hope I ever had of feeling differently. He knew I would never do anything to disappoint mama; he was very sure of that. This woman had some hold over him, but he never wanted to marry her. I went South last winter with Lilly, as you know, and not one letter did he write me all the time I was there."

"I know, dear. They told me how badly they felt for you."

"They did notice it, then?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told you but you know how interested they are and they seemed to know that you had written him."

"Yes, I wrote twice, letters that should have been answered. I expect it gave all the Middletons plenty to talk about?"

"What will you do now, Lulu dear?"

"I'm going to get my freedom, just as soon as I can."

"How do you go about it? Have you a lawyer?"

"I will most likely go some place for the length of time required to get a divorce, after it is applied for. The only thing I dread is having Frank fight it, and I'm almost sure he will."

After Telie left Longfield, Lulu started packing her mother's things away in trunks and having them placed in the attic. She wrote a letter to Frank in which she asked to meet him in Jamaica Plains. There, she could dismantle her home and at the same time have an understanding talk with him.

It was cold and rainy the day she was driven to the Warren station. She didn't tell Maitland she was going for she felt sure he would not approve her plan. The financial side was worth considering he thought and the fact that Frank valued his status as a married man so highly, he would be willing to pay handsomely in order to keep it. But Lulu was not interested in anything Frank could give her. She thought that as "Lulu Gibson" she was somebody but every time she wrote the name "Mrs. Frank Pratt" she felt a sense of guilt and, sometimes, of shame.

There is too often in the heart of a woman the longing to be *wanted*; to be needed by a man like Frank Pratt was a cruel strain on Lulu. She had suffered through many years of heartache and humiliation. She had earned and wanted her freedom.

CHAPTER 39

There Is No Greater Love

IN order that Lulu should not be left alone her cousin, Lilly French, spent part of every day at Longfield. They talked over the past and planned for the future, but the present was seldom mentioned. Lulu had learned that the courts of Rhode Island would grant a divorce on various grounds, providing an applicant established that he, or she, had been a resident of the state for the length of time required by law. Frank Pratt had raised no objection, which left Lulu free to settle down at Longfield and wait.

Visitors became noticeably few following her mother's death. Langdon continued to divide his two weeks' vacation between Bristol and Marshfield where uncle Charlie Lovett's widow lived the year round. Bessie's brother, Charlie Lovett, though still a young man in the prime of life, had died at about the same time as the death of her husband, Charley Gibson. His love of sport had made him a familiar figure in Bristol where he had gone from Boston every fall to enjoy the duck shooting. He and his father, when accompanying him, had always stayed on Prudence Island with the Potters, who at that time were practically the only family on the island.

Dana had taken his family to Maine for the summer and was planning to build a summer home at Islesboro. Beth had married Harry Fairchild and their vacation was limited to two weeks in the summer which they spent cruising on their yacht the "Mist". Bristol was too distant from their starting point, College Point, to be included; Fishers Island being usually the last stop.

Bessie and her two other daughters, Annie and Dodie, were spending the summer at York Harbor, Maine. It was at this time that Annie decided that she preferred to be called "Nancy" (the name her father always called her). While in York Harbor, Nancy met and became engaged to Alfred Hopkins, a young doctor from Washington, D. C., who was traveling with his mother.

Lulu kept track of all these activities and relayed them to Maitland who, since his mother's death, had taken less interest in farming and was devoting more time to the development of his

land. Margie had persuaded him to build a house down the lane overlooking the Bay, and they sold their farm adjoining Longfield. In a letter written to members of Charley's family, Maitland told of his land development, that he had already sold several lots on his side of the lane and that the buyers thought favorably of allowing the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad to buy the water front to lay its tracks. He also offered to sell the land belonging to Charley's estate if approved by all the heirs. With the shore front gone, Bessie felt little interest or saw little hope of its becoming valuable, which opinion was shared by the rest of the family. His offer was graciously accepted and an acre of land given him for his home.

The railroad was put through with passenger service connecting with the trains from and to New York and Boston. A station was built with the name "Bristol Highlands" painted across its side and all trains stopped there at a signal. There was also a sign placed on the mainroad opposite Longfield at the point where the cinder lane led to the shore (now named "Gibson Road").

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Lulu had replaced the colored help at Longfield with Irish girls from Boston as she found them very satisfactory in her Jamaica Plains home. Usually there were few early morning callers at Longfield; so that Agnes, the upstairs maid, in answering the front door bell one morning had not stopped to put on a white apron and was embarrassed to find a young lady caller, who, after asking for Mrs. Pratt, said:

"I am Mrs. Pratt's niece, Josephine Gibson. I was told by the conductor on the trolley that Mrs. Pratt was away. If this is so, may I come in and wait for the next trolley back to town?"

As she entered the dark hall and waited for the maid to open the blinds in the parlor, the grandfather's clock struck the hour and Josephine bowed her head in reverence before speaking again.

"Please be sure to tell my aunt, when she returns, how very sorry I am not to see her. I am only here for the day, as I and my mother, who is with Miss Perry, are on our way to Newport."

Accepting a cordial response to make herself at home, Josephine passed the time looking about the room. There were many photographs of the family including some of herself she had never seen. She ran her fingers over the keys of the upright piano and noted its lovely tone. She was glad to see music books scattered about as though lately used, showing that her aunt Lulu kept up her music.

The room had a much lived-in appearance. There was a basket of sewing on the table and the carpet was slightly worn in places; heavy brocade curtains shut out most of the day light from the three large windows and the dark blue wall paper seemed to absorb what little light there was, making it difficult to appreciate all the beautiful old fans and china used as ornaments in the room. Josephine wondered whether the lamp light would make the room look more cozy. There were a brass standing lamp and two table lamps, each having fluted glass shades trimmed with lace around the lower edge. The door leading into the dining room was closed, so she spent the rest of the time she had to wait trying to determine what part of the deep flowered frieze, just below the ceiling, had been hand painted by aunt Lulu. This she had often heard, was one of her aunt Lulu's greatest achievements. The flowered frieze of the wall paper, having given out half way around the room, her aunt had hand painted the rest so skillfully that it was practically impossible to detect where her work began and ended.

Meantime there was much discussion by the girls in the kitchen as to the best way of having another glimpse of the young lady they had heard Mrs. Pratt speak of so often. Agnes said:

"She looks just like her brother's drawing. She has ever so small a waist and a long neck."

"Couldn't I go in and ask her to have some refreshments?" suggested the cook.

"And what would you be offering her this time of day—s-o-u-p?"

"Sure, I'll wait and have a look at her when she leaves."

"I'll tell her she can see Mr. Gibson if she walks down the lane."

Agnes buttoned on her white cuffs and smoothed her apron.

"How do I look?" she said, as she left the kitchen to give her message.

Josephine received the suggestion pleasantly, saying:

"I thought of that but felt my heels were too high to walk to the shore and back over the cinders in the lane, which I noticed when getting off the trolley. Where is the 'development' I have heard so much about? All I saw from the train were fields and stone walls."

Agnes answered with surprise:

"Why, didn't you see the *Station*?"

Feeling very much as Nicholas Nickleby must have felt when, as told by Dickens, he first viewed Eden on his arrival from England, Josephine confessed that she had not seen the "station".

This call at Longfield by Josephine was a welcome break in monotony for the maids who had little to do in a large house occupied, as it was, by one person. In the cities there were the cinemas and shops, whereas Bristol was still a country town and Providence too far away. Agnes announced that she was going to the village "just for the ride," and that she might stop in and help Ellen at the Norrises as Miss Maria was having people in for tea.

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Lulu's divorce was granted without any embarrassment and she closed Longfield, packed her sketch book and went to Europe for the winter. Things were happening on the "Neck". Changes were taking place. Lilly and Barnard had gone to Cuba where they lived several years. Maitland sold all the cows at Longfield and all the horses except what he needed for his own use. The land was selling well. Because of its convenience, the train service proved to be an asset rather than a drawback. Instead of selling small 70 foot lots, as first planned by Maitland, large tracts of land were purchased by a few families and charming homes were built.

Lulu returned from Europe in time to go to Flushing for Nancy's wedding the details of which and of her experiences abroad, afforded subjects of conversation between her Bristol friends and relatives for many weeks. Dana and Irene had met her at the steamer and gone with her to Flushing. On returning to Bristol Lulu described the brilliance of the gathering at the wedding, how handsome Beth was as matron-of-honor, how lovely Josephine as maid-of-honor and, as for Nancy, she thought she was the most charming and graceful bride she had ever seen as she walked up the aisle on Dana's arm.

After spending the summer at Longfield, Lulu went to Philadelphia where she could see her cousins, the Marstons, and the family of Herbert Howe, whose oldest daughter, Mary, was one of her closest friends and her companion on the trip through Europe. It was now that she was able to devote all her time to her art which she enjoyed so much. As her paintings were mostly landscapes she wasn't confined to a studio, and their merit carried her high in the field of art.

Lulu opened Longfield every summer and her love of the place never lessened but it was a lonely life with many hours spent over boxes of mementos. At every turn there was a sad reminder of what she had lost. Each room contained memories of by-gone days. Some were happy and she loved to recall the very early days

when Langdon and Dana were there. She remembered sketching Dana while he was drawing Julia Bogert, then a guest at Longfield and that picture of Julia drawn by Dana appeared on the cover of "LIFE". And then too, there were many happy days spent with her mother which she loved to recall. Her sketch book was her diary of good times and fond memories. But there was also the shadow of her great love that lurked in unexpected places. A card fell from a book on which was written: "To Frank with a Merry Christmas from Lulu." A ribbon marked a page she had wanted him to read. Lulu read a few verses of the poem:

"I leaned out the window. I smelt the white clover.
Dark, dark was the garden. I saw not the gate;
Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late.

The skies in the darkness stood nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hang like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet water flow,
And cross quickly to me.

Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night,
By the sycamore passed he, and through the wide clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright."

Lulu read till her eyes filled with tears and blurred the letters before them. How vivid was the memory of her feelings, long ago, and the pain those lines recalled. They were to have carried a message to Frank on Christmas day. But he had not come and the poem was never read by him. How short her happiness had been. Despite the pain in her heart that knew no mercy, had no pride, but raged in spite of all the doubts she tried so hard to disbelieve her love had been so strong it might have given much. The memory of that love Lulu tried to recapture, even the pain that she had felt she almost longed to feel again. But all she felt in her heart

was pity. The scar was deep but the wound had healed. She had only the memory of what a great love could be and the unanswered question: "Does such a love as mine ever last?"

Lulu kept herself busy, her art study was absorbing. Orders gave added interest. Her friends were many and demanded much of her time. But an unrequited love is filled with the dreams poets write of, for, when not tempered with reality they leave little to look forward to and less to remember.

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Bessie Gibson was traveling in Europe with Josephine when she received a cablegram from Maitland telling of Lulu's death. A letter followed enclosing an account from a Providence newspaper containing the details.

"OBITUARY

LOUISA MARSTON GIBSON PRATT
of Longfield Farm, Bristol, R. I.

Mrs. Louisa Marston Pratt, Bristol, Rhode Island, aunt of Charles Dana Gibson, the well-known artist, and herself well known in art circles, died at Bryn Athyn, Pa., on Saturday. Her body was brought to her home at Bristol last evening by her brother, former Councilman Henry M. Gibson of Bristol, and Charles Dana Gibson.

Mrs. Pratt's death was the result of typhoid-pneumonia. She spent the summer at the old Gibson homestead Longfield at Bristol but went away early in the fall.

She was visiting relations at Bryn Athyn when she contracted the illness that caused her death.

She was the only daughter of Charles Dana Gibson and Abby D'Wolf and was born at Longfield fifty-two years ago. She painted several pictures, principally water colors, before taking lessons or course of art study. She won a scholarship at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

Besides her brother, Mrs. Pratt is survived by two nephews and three nieces. Her funeral will be held from St. Michael's Church, Bristol, where she has been a communicant for many years. The funeral arrangements have not yet been completed."

Sudden and unexpected losses in a family leave other members confused and dazed. Maitland felt his sister's death deeply. Langdon and Kate were the only other members of the family to join Dana and attend the funeral. Beth had moved to California to live and Nancy was unable to leave her two little girls and her baby boy in Washington. Longfield was not opened at this time but flowers were placed on the front door, and neighbors walked their horses when they passed the house. There were a few motor car drivers

who, when they saw the flowers, cut down speed and shut off mufflers. The church was crowded with loving friends and relatives, paying their last respects. Not a person there but had a word of praise for some kind deed done by Lulu. All followed to the cemetery where she was placed beside her mother at Juniper Hill. The service, read by Dr. Locke, was simple and sincere, his voice showing the sadness he felt for the sudden passing of this noble woman in whose life he had figured importantly so many parts. There was not a person within hearing of his words who did not feel a deep personal loss, for Lulu had been a faithful worker in the church; a friend to the poor and an inspiration to all who knew her.

This was a milestone in the life of the old home, for Longfield was beginning to show its age and was now without a mistress. Lulu had done little in the few past years to improve the grounds, and one man on the place had proved inadequate. What had once been the most modern house on the "Neck" was sinking into the background of trees and shrubs. There was little progress in that part of Bristol. Although town water, piped from the Kickemuit river, was available, at Longfield water was still pumped by hand from the rain-filled cistern under the kitchen to a tank in the attic. And the cesspool took care of the drainage.

As Dana and Langdon drove past Longfield on their way to the Warren station they noticed its neglected appearance with deep regret and spoke of the place in loving terms:

"I wonder what will become of the old homestead now that aunt Lulu has gone?"

It was a question neither nephew could answer or anticipate. They both visualized the expense anyone undertaking repairs would incur. Their hearts were heavy with thoughts of their childhood spent at the dear home. They had lost more than a loving aunt. Lost, too, was the picture they had for many years carried in their minds of the "grandeur of Longfield."

A fine and sensitive letter touches on the verses by a correspondent which were recently given here. The subject, "Kindliness" was sung in lines as unpretentious and sincere as is this endearing human quality. Our reader today says:

"This morning the verses in your column were beautiful: 'For Your Quiet Lover.' Some years ago, after coming out of the hospital, I boarded. One evening after returning from my solitary evening walk I came into the dining room for a drink of water. There sat old Aunt Martha with a colored man and a box of drawings. She said,

"This man here lived with us some years ago, when the lady who made these drawings boarded here. She has passed from this world, but she was so lovable, so sweet at table with everyone. She had a class of colored children in a Sunday school. I am giving this man some of her pictures left here because when she drew, he used to like to watch her.'

"As I stood, a rather lonely figure, there came to me a sweetness. Quietly I stood there in wonder, this sweetness filling me like a presence, as it really was. I went upstairs to my room and could not speak, so scared because I 'felt' her. For three days, Eleanor Morton, her presence was with me and then gone, but there was left in me something astonishing. I knew I must draw. A young friend took me to the Art Alliance; I, who had not touched drawings since I was a little girl at school in Brooklyn. For a while I had to go back to the hospital again. But here is my interesting little folio of sketches, and they say much in few lines. The lady whose presence and sweetness I 'felt' was Louise Gibson Pratt, aunt of Charles Dana Gibson. Sweetness and goodness live on, both in this life and the next." Our reader concludes with: "Harriet Beecher Stowe must also have known this from her lines, 'So near they come, so near they are.' It is true."

CHAPTER 40

Longfield Suffers Surgery

MAITLAND and Margie had been driven to the cemetery by Nelson in the family coach, seldom used nowadays. Walking slowly from the grave, they were joined by Nelson, one of the most sincere mourners, who guided them to the coach.

As they neared the south gate of Longfield, Maitland asked Nelson to drive in. His excuse to Margie for this delay on their way home was that he wanted to remove the flowers from the door. The flowers were the only sign visible that Longfield had lost its mistress.

Nelson, who no longer lived on the place but occupied the part of the farmhouse that Maitland had moved down the lane, hitched fast the horse and started to walk away. Maitland called to him to drive Mrs. Gibson home and then put up the carriage as he intended to stay awhile.

"You won't be late for dinner will you?" Margie asked.

"No, I feel that the little walk will be good for me. I will follow directly."

So saying, Maitland unlocked the front door and entered. Margie started toward the coach but changed her mind and told Nelson he could go home and she would wait and drive with "Mr. Maitland." She returned to the piazza and asked Maitland to bring her a chair which he did, dusting it off with his handkerchief so it would not soil her black dress.

"I'm glad you waited for me, Margie. You can't think what this means to me. First Charley, then mother and now my little sister—all are gone. I'm the last of my family."

"I'm quite aware you loved Lulu deeply, Maity, and each member of your family. But death comes to us all. You will miss your sister. So will I."

"Look at me, Margie. What do you see? Do you realize what this means?" Maitland stood in the doorway looking at her.

"I don't know what you mean, dear. What is it?"

"Longfield *now* belongs to me."

"Of course it does. I know that, and the big question is what are you going to do with it?"

"Live in it."

"You can't mean that, Maity. What are you thinking of—leaving our little house; the view and all the conveniences we have there. I won't consider it."

"Margie, do you realize what you are saying? Think, my dear, *YOU* will be mistress of Longfield."

Margie could find no words to express how distasteful the idea was to her. She could think of a dozen reasons why she didn't want to be "mistress of Longfield". But Maitland had more to say:

"We'll paint the house after removing the gingerbread trim. We'll pipe water from the street, and *anything* you want done for your comfort will be attended to. It has been my dream to once again live at home, but I never thought I would, Lulu being so many years younger than I. It was of course to be her home always, and I had quite put any idea I might have had out of mind. I can hardly believe it yet, Margie dear. I ask for nothing more of life than to be able to finish out my days here at Longfield. I might even farm again. It is a gentleman's home. Where we now live is a makeshift."

"I beg of you, Maity, put farming out of your head. You have all you can do now to manage the sale of the shore land. Let Mr. Usher continue to farm on the land and content yourself with the feeling that you are living in the family homestead."

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It was Spring before Longfield was in order—Spring, the prettiest time of the year anywhere in the country. The leaves were just beginning to show on the branches of the trees and hundreds of jonquils, planted at Margie's request, were blooming on the south lawn.

Maitland had made some major changes in the house both inside and out. By removing the partition which divided his mother's room into a bedroom and dressing room, the room as a whole was made adequate for Margie and himself and also gave them a third window facing the east. The front piazza was rebuilt with a sloping shingled roof replacing the flat, Gothic tin roof. In the back of the house a new chimney was built in place of the one also of Gothic design. And all the Gothic trim was cut from the wooden gutters. The woodshed was enlarged so as to accommodate a coal bin and supply of coal for the kitchen stove.

Recognizing that her husband would be content only when living once more at Longfield, Margie had made no further protest.

She moved her personal belongings there but found that there was no room for the family treasures they had collected. Of course, she left many in their house overlooking the Bay, later bought by Mrs. Fitz, and the rest she stored with her sister, Lizzy Adams, who lived in the village.

The arrival of summer brought visitors to Longfield much to the delight of Maitland, who enjoyed showing friends and even strangers through the spacious rooms, pointing out the family portraits. Langdon, motoring his family from Schenectady to Bristol, was glad to find the doors of Longfield open again. Nancy, too, stopped at Longfield, she being the proud owner of an Oldsmobile in which she and her family motored from Washington, D. C., to Narragansett Pier, where they spent the summer with her husband's mother, Mrs. Hopkins. The trip from the Pier to Bristol, if made by way of Jamestown Island and Newport, involved three ferry crossings; so Nancy more often went through Providence, which route avoided the ferrys.

Longfield was again in the care of loving hands. Small boxwood bushes were planted along the edge of the driveway; the low branches of the spruce trees were trimmed to avoid the danger of fire that might catch among the dried leaves on the grass in the fall. Vegetables were plentiful in the garden and the fruit trees covered with blossoms, gave promise of abundant crops of apples and pears.

Maitland discussed every detail with Margie and sought her advice in most matters, but when it came to disposing of any family "things" in Longfield, he made his own decisions. He invited his nieces and nephews to select for themselves any furniture, not in use in Longfield, which they felt would be of value to them. This was responded to by Langdon who had recently moved into a larger house in Schenectady. And Nancy, when at the end of the summer leaving Narragansett Pier for her home in Washington, carried in her motor car a few treasures from Longfield.

"I have almost decided to sell the lots on the hill to Mr. Boynton. He wants to rebuild the large stone barn into a house and move it up there, and I have a mind to throw in the woods. He loves them and will never see them cut down. I will write Langdon about it to-night and he can get in touch with the rest of the family and let me know if there are any objections."

"Why should they object to anything you do, Maity?"

"They are the natural heirs, my dear, and I feel I should consult them. They were very generous to give us the land overlooking the

Bay which we built on. As you know it was on their side of the lane and enabled me to sell land at the same location on my side at a better price. But they will be paid many times its worth in my WILL."

"I doubt if any of them are much interested in what you do here."

"Perhaps you're right but I like to think they are. I have done my best to interest Langdon in Longfield, but he tells me that, to attempt to live here, would be too much for him to undertake at any time. Besides he is interested in the place of his Uncle Charlie Lovett at Marshfield. It is a small house right on the water and his widow has given Lang the idea that she will leave it to him. I am sure Dana has given up all idea of coming to Bristol, now that he has built a summer house at Islesbro; and Beth is settled in California. Nancy is happy at the Pier; so Josephine is the only one left. If she doesn't want Longfield I expect it will be sold to the highest bidder. The thought makes me very sad. So much of the family is here, its very walls breathe the desire to be lived in."

"If it depresses you so, Maity, why think about it. To change the subject, what about young Nat Gladding, are you going to let him have some land down the lane? He was here today asking about it?"

"Yes, I have told him he can have a lot next to the Grove. I will leave a lane west of him so as to make the back lots accessible. He can pay me a little at a time. He is a good fellow and I like to think it will help him. We want that kind of neighbors. I will keep the land across the way where the locust grove is. That still seems like a part of the Farm. I'm sorry mother ever let Aunt Annie have the field on the other side of the lane. Have you noticed she is having it plowed for farm land and Grandma's summer house has gone."

"It's impossible to prevent changes, Maity. Just look at mother's old house in town. Lizzie says the noise of traffic passing at night keeps her awake."

"Longfield, itself doesn't change, does it? You're happy here, aren't you, Margie dear?"

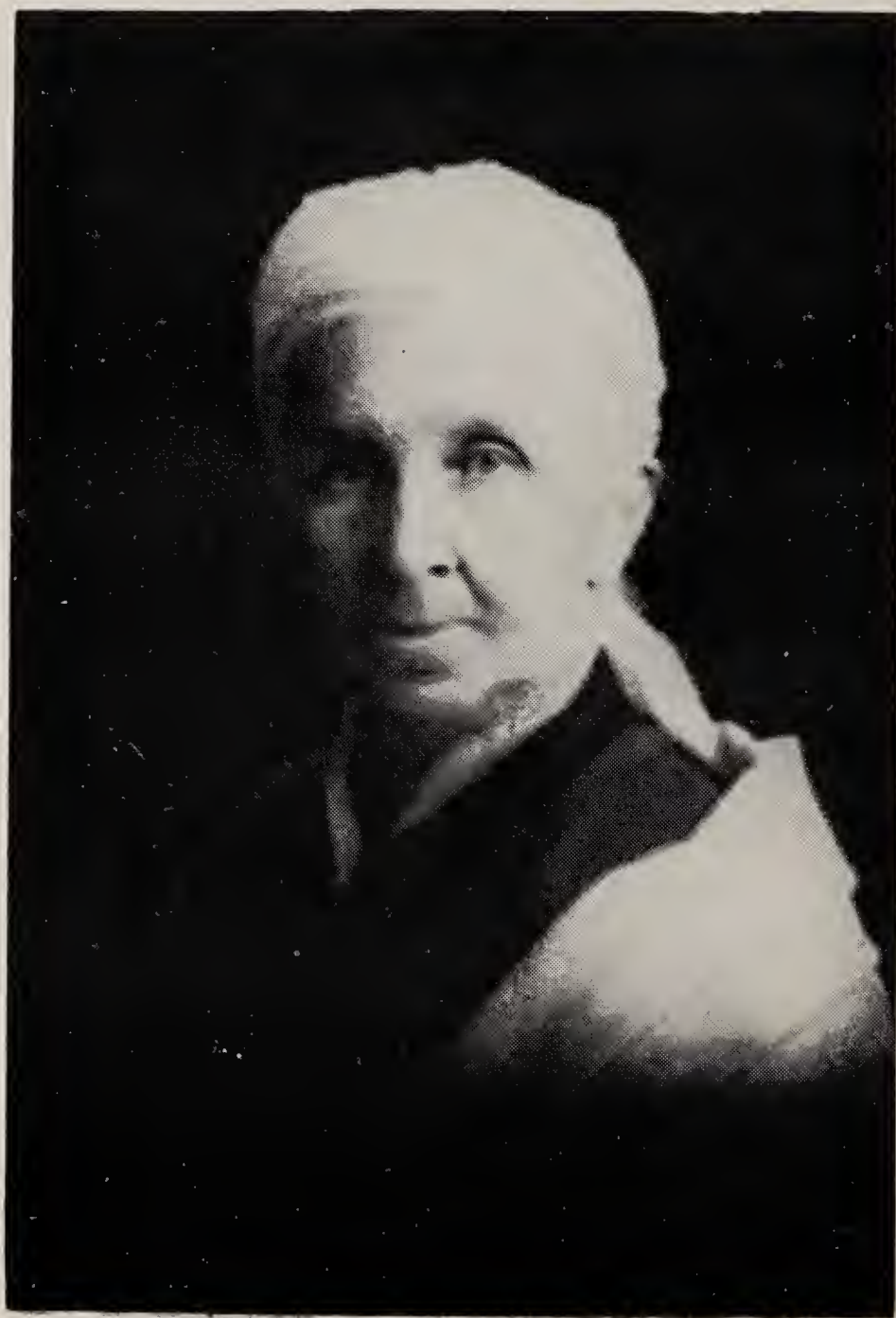
"I'm happy any place you are, but this last move to Longfield took it out of me and I'm wondering how we're going to keep warm this winter." This turned out to be a problem never dreamed of by Maitland. While his mother lived, there had never been any question as to the amount of coal burned, and Abby used the open fires freely in order to heat the high ceiling rooms. The steam radiators, of Gothic design to match the period of the house, were small. These



LANGDON HOLDING HIS SON DEWOLF



BURDETT GIBSON
Youngest son of Kate and Langdon Gibson



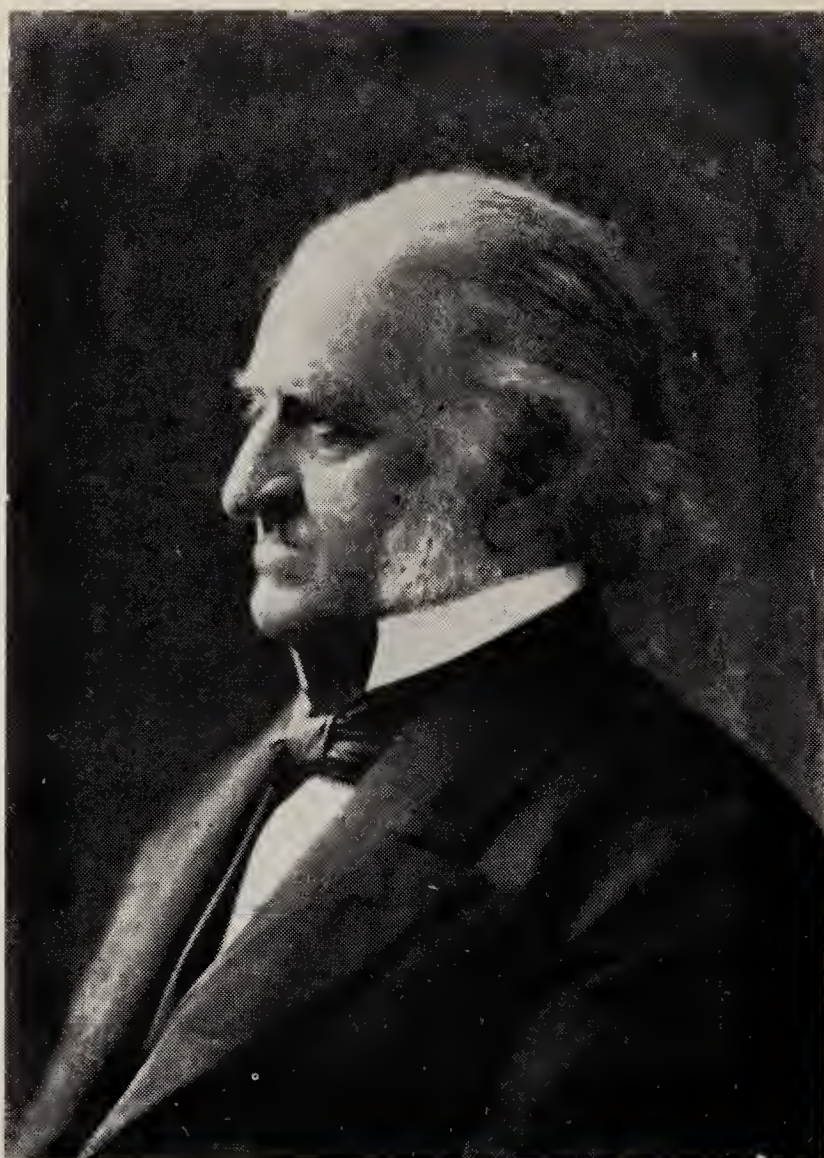
MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON
"Abby"



Mrs. Russell Middleton in her ninety second year
"Aunt Annie Middleton"



ADMIRAL JOHN MARSTON 4th, U.S.N.
Brother of "Grandma Nancy"



WILLIAM FREDERICK D'WOLF



William Frederick D'Wolf, born April 21st, 1811, in Bristol, R. I., being the oldest son of Henry D'Wolf and Nancy (Marston) D'Wolf. He was prepared for college at his father's home "The Farm" on Bristol Neck by the Rev. John Lee Watson, who later established a classical school at Taunton, Mass., which Mr. D'Wolf and Mark A. DeW Howe, afterwards Bishop Howe, attended. He also attended a school in Pawtucket.

After graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Brown University in 1831, he studied law in Philadelphia with Josiah Randall, Esq., his mother's cousin and father of the late Hon. Samuel J. Randall, once Speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C. He was also a student with the Hon. Thomas Burgess of Providence. In 1834 he was admitted to the bar, and became a partner of Judge Burgess.

In 1835 he married Miss Margaret Padelford Arnold, daughter of George R. Arnold, Esq., a merchant of Providence.

In the same year he received from his alma mater the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

In 1847 he removed to Chicago and engaged in the commission business until 1851. He then entered the firm of J. B. F. Russell & Co. and in 1856 was senior member of the firm D'Wolf, Maclay & Lumby. He was City Treasurer of Chicago in 1855, giving up private business during that year. From 1874 to '78 he was Justice of the Peace. After 1878 he lived in retirement.

Despite the shock of many sad bereavements, he had a vigorous constitution and a well spent life. He watched the marvelous growth of the city of Chicago from a population of 14,600 to over 800,000.

He was left a widower in 1877 and made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Cecilia D'Wolf Erskine, wife of Albert Erskine, Esq., of Chicago.

Maitland had had changed to larger radiators, of more modern design. Mr. Weston, who lived across the road, was hired to attend the furnace. As all but the kitchen stove chimney was old, Margie was afraid of fire and therefore Maitland seldom lighted a large fire in the hearths. They had become accustomed to a more modern warm house and the small oil stoves at Longfield left the large rooms too chilly for their comfort. Admitting that he had perhaps made a mistake, Maitland consoled himself and Margie with the promise that next winter they would travel.

"No more traveling on paper," he told her. "We will close Longfield the moment it turns cold. We will go first to Washington to see Nancy's new baby boy."

This visit to Washington and the summer months that followed were without incident. The winter voyage was planned; tickets were bought; trunks were packed. But the hand of fate struck heavily. Maitland went to bed never again to walk about the place he loved so dearly. Days passed, weeks turned into months. Maitland, with the hope of a strong man, told Margie that their trip was simply postponed, but Margie, with the knowledge that it was cancer, answered with a heavy heart:

"Our trunks are in the front hall, Maity, and there they will stay till you are up and about again, my dear."

* * * * *

It was a rainy day and the house was cold and dark; Margie sat alone in the parlor where a small oil stove was lighted to keep the chill of the weather from causing her bones to ache as they so often did. She held a shawl by her left hand tightly about her shoulders and the fingers of her right hand drummed a tattoo on the table by her side; she glanced now and then out the window but her thoughts were with her husband who lay on his bed in the room directly above; she listened to every sound with anxious anticipation. The doctor had been there that morning and told her that "the end" was not far off.

For Margie, that meant "the end of everything in her life." Maitland was all she had. Her thoughts travelled back to their earlier days together. She remembered well the morning that Maitland burst into her room and woke her up with the news that twin calves had been born. His cheeks were red and his eyes shining with excitement. And, too, there was the day they walked down the lane and their house was planned. These were happy memories and came to her often. Her reveries were shattered by the tap of Maitland's cane

on the floor overhead which was a sign that she could do something for him. Hurrying up the front stairs, Margie asked:

"You want something, dear?"

"Only wanted to know where you were, Margie. Is the house cold? I feel cold. Are you comfortable? I will have the chimneys fixed when I get well. I have plenty of money, you know, to do things like that now. It won't take from our funds for travel. We will have a trip this winter, some place where it's warm, in the sun."

Maitland's voice, once resounding, had grown so faint that Margie had to stand close beside him in order to connect the broken sentences caused by shortness of breath. He continued:

"My hands are so white, Margie, have you noticed? I always had brown hands and they don't look natural this way. Do you think Mr. Usher will bring the mail when he comes from town? You asked John to tell him, didn't you dear? We might have a letter from Dana or Lang. You said you had written them, I think. Too bad we don't see them more often. Did Nancy come to see us this summer? I have forgotten."

"Yes, dear, and you gave her the organ, don't you remember, and the knifebox from the sideboard. She took them away in her automobile. Her husband was with her and both the little girls, Frances and little Nancy."

"Oh, yes, I remember her husband, Alfred. He seems to be a fine man. Josephine was here, too, wasn't she?"

"Yes, she came with some friends from Newport. She and Bessie and a young Englishman that you took a fancy to."

"I thought Bessie looked well. I hadn't seen her since her hair turned white and I thought it very becoming."

Margie arranged his pillows and straightened the sheet and blanket, while she waited for him to speak again. There were many times during the day that she sat by his bedside and listened to the thoughts that filled his active mind.

"Do you think, Margie, that Josephine liked that young Englishman? They would make a very fine looking couple."

"I don't know dear. I imagine she has many admirers."

"I like to think that she takes some interest in this place. When I'm better I must plant the hedge she has spoken of several times. I have never gotten around to doing it. Wasn't it bayberry, she wanted?"

"Yes dear I think it was. You should rest now, Maity."

"I do nothing but rest. My mind is very active and I have less pain today. The doctor thinks it won't be long now; all the pain will leave me. That's nice to know, isn't it, dear?"

Margie turned her face away, her eyes filled with tears and she almost sobbed the word "Yes" as she left the room.

There were more heart-breaking days until one came when the blinds were not rolled back in the parlor and the shades in the front south bedroom were drawn. Margie sent telegrams to Langdon and Dana saying the funeral would be the following day. Her brother, Robert Andrews, arrived from New York and attended to the necessary arrangements in Bristol. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Locke in the parlor at Longfield, and a sincere group of friends stood near the open coffin, for Maitland had been a good neighbor and benefactor of the town.

Margie sat in the upper hall in neat black and dry eyed; all her tears had been shed weeks ago when she first knew that the only relief her husband would have from pain was in death. And the knowledge that his suffering was over gave her some comfort. The fact that Maitland had relinquished his right to be buried in his father's lot at Cambridge in favor of Charley's family, caused her some concern, for she felt he belonged beside his father and brother. She made this feeling known to Langdon and Dana who agreed with her, and arrangements were made accordingly. Seated in a large automobile, the family followed the hearse to Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, Mass. On their return to Longfield, Irene (Dana's wife) was asked to read Maitland's WILL. All were deeply moved by the generous amount of money their uncle had left them, and they readily agreed to Aunt Margie's suggestion that enough be taken from each heir to send Julia's children an equal amount. This Aunt Margie explained was first suggested by Maitland, who felt it could be done better by the heirs as a request, than to mention it in his WILL.

In such a document as a last "Will and Testament" any frivolity is hardly in keeping, but, as the reading of Maitland's WILL progressed, it seemed that he must have intended to relieve the solemnity of the occasion. The WILL left to Langdon "A High-Boy with long legs and draws", to Dana "A low-boy with short legs and no draws" and a little further on "A low-boy with wide draws." Aunt Margie knew her husband and covered her face with her handkerchief, while Irene stumbled over further bequests until she came to the "Marston side-board." This was the most coveted possession in Longfield, and had been offered to each member of the family at different times.

Earlier in the day while discussing with Irene the treasures in Longfield, Kate had confided that Langdon was to have the "sideboard". Although aware that it had been offered to Dana, Irene said nothing, for after all a change of mind was not unusual. Therefore, when she came to the list of "things" left to Dana and found the "Marston sideboard" included, she earnestly wished that someone, other than herself, had been asked to read the WILL.

Kate generously offered to stay with Margie and in her methodical way undertook the redecorating of the room in which Uncle Maitland died, choosing flowered wall paper, meantime the rest of the house was cleaned.

The fulfillment of Margie's wish to leave Longfield, as soon as possible was delayed while she and her sister, Lizzie Adams, had their homestead in the village moved several yards back from the sidewalk. Lizzie, now a widow, joined Margie at Longfield, after Kate left. During this time Bessie and Josephine were in Bermuda where they had spent the winter and on their return to New York motored to Bristol in their little green 1914 Chevrolet to spend the night with Aunt Margie at Longfield. To Bessie everything appeared changed and yet she dwelt on memories of the past, recalling incidents which Josephine had never heard her refer to before. Margie was a most gracious hostess, welcoming them warmly and offering information as to where Josephine's share of the furniture was stored, suggesting that it be brought to Longfield because it might be spoiled, if left in Willie Perry's barn. The books left her by Uncle Maitland, Margie said had been shipped to Schenectady with Langdon's things, where they would be entirely safe until she had a place to put them.

Uncle Maitland had left Josephine the Waverly Novels by Scott, a very handsome edition, and other books of value. The Teek-wood sideboard, made from an early French spinnet, and corner china cabinet also of Teek-wood had been carefully crated, waiting to be shipped. These were treasures left her from her Aunt Lulu, which was also true of a painting on glass, considered the most valuable picture at Longfield, of "The Resurrection of a Pious Mother and Her Children at the Last Day."

"I beg of you," Aunt Margie said, "to take anything you want from the house at this time, Josephine, for a closed building is always a temptation for thieves and Lizzie and I are moving to town just as soon as the workmen are out of our home, and Longfield will be closed."

Having no address at the time except a New York Hotel, Josephine saw nothing she could fit into their apartment other than a small lamp-screen which she suggested be sent with other things going to Schenectady.

There was very little left in the large rooms at Longfield when Margie turned the key in the front door and she and her sister moved to their town home. Langdon, being the oldest member of the family, was notified and Mr. Percy Middleton, a nearby neighbor, was asked to keep an eye on the place.

And a large sign was placed on the lawn which read: "FOR SALE".

CHAPTER 41

Longfield Is For Sale

LONGFIELD was "For Sale". It does not take long for grass to grow where it is not intended to. Weeds have a way of thriving without attention. Paint cracks, and foundations, tiring of holding the heavy weight of hand-hewn beams and massive chimneys, sag and give way against the rain-soaked earth. Old age is no more becoming to a deserted house than to a neglected person—; yet, just as one who, having lived a useful life, is marked by lines of character and distinction, so it is in the case of a home in which families have grown up. Longfield looked neglected, but it had unmistakable dignity, reminding one of a gentleman in shabby clothes.

In the spring of 1917, Langdon received an offer of eight thousand dollars for Longfield from a Mrs. Debuc of Bristol. For nearly three years Longfield had been empty and this was the first offer to buy the heirs had received. There was a small income from the rent of the farmhouse on the property and from the rent for the use of the long field, but it was not enough to pay the taxes, which Dana had assumed, and it was Langdon's opinion that the offer should be accepted at once. A letter was sent to Mr. Percy Middleton, who lived at the Highlands, to acquaint him with the facts so that the keys would be available, and that Dodie, who was at the time visiting her brother in Schenectady would go to Bristol and close the sale. This was approved by Beth who was making her home in California, and by Nancy, whose home was in the District of Columbia. Dana had left the matter entirely in Langdon's hands.

On arriving in Bristol Dodie went first to Longfield to pay, as it were, her last respects—a farewell visit while she still owned a corner of the property. Her share of the money from the sale would be only a little more than she had paid for her Chevrolet—about fifteen hundred dollars, after deducting taxes and other expenses. Surely that could mean very little to Langdon and even less to Dana. Yet, they had approved the sale.

Dodie walked around the house in the long grass. The land was plowed almost to the back door. The foundation had given way in places where rain from the steep roof had fallen unrestricted by water

pipes. She recalled the stories she had been told in which Longfield was the principal subject. The name "Longfield" had been a household word, a family tradition, as long as she could remember. Placing her hand against the side of the house, she said a prayer and asked forgiveness for the crime she and her brothers and sisters were about to commit for a few dollars. Or, was it lack of interest in the past; had they outgrown their love for the things that had meant so much to them in their youth. Langdon and Dana were both successful men, big men in their lines of work. Can anyone afford to throw away the past and accept only the present?

When Dodie called on Mrs. Debuc, that lady was at home and told her that she did not have available at the moment the sum she had offered for Longfield. Dodie had been instructed to accept cash only, and was in fact glad of any excuse to refuse to close the sale. So that when Mrs. Debuc went on to say that she feared that the rooms were too large and would be difficult to cut up so as to accommodate her large family, she readily agreed, and, accepting Mrs. Debuc's decision not to buy, returned with a grateful heart to the house of her Aunt Margie Gibson where she was spending a few days.

That gentle lady had little understanding of her niece's feelings and said:

"But! *you* couldn't live there, surely, and a big house like that eats its head off, if left empty."

Dodie returned to Schenectady with her report of "no sale". She had no real plan for Longfield until one day in the same summer, while at Dark Harbor, Maine, with her brother Dana, a letter arrived from Langdon, saying: "We have another nibble for Longfield." Then it happened:

"I wish I owned Longfield," she said.

Dana sprang from his seat and took his sister in his arms:

"How much do you mean that, Dodie?" he asked.

"I mean it with all my heart," was her reply, "and I will put every cent of what uncle Maity left me into its repair."

Bessie, having witnessed this demonstration, was quick to express her feelings:

"Nothing would persuade me to ever live in Longfield. I knew it in its heyday and the thought of the way it looks now makes me homesick."

Dana took his sister by the arm:

"Come, Dodie," he said. "We'll take a walk."



Lulu looks through some old trunks
and recalls memories of the past.



THE PARLOR AT LONGFIELD



Langdon and his son DeWolf with
two Eskimo dogs.



Longfield
after it suffered "Surgery"



JOSEPHINE GIBSON
"Dodie"



MRS. CHARLES DEWOLF GIBSON
"Bessie"



Elizabeth Langdon Gibson
Wife of Harold Semour Fairchild



Anne DeWolf Gibson "Nancy"
Wife of Alfred Francis Hopkins

As they left the room their mother called after them:

"Don't count me in on any of your schemes."

This walk resulted in a fixed plan to rehabilitate Longfield. Dana offered to pay all expenses that Dodie's inheritance didn't cover, and expressed himself strongly:

"It has been my greatest wish to see mother in a home of her own. I have felt this way ever since the house in Flushing was sold. A hotel apartment may be alright for a short time each winter but mother belongs in a home which has dignity. I will give you my share of Longfield, of course, and I know Lang will be glad to give you his. It has always bothered him to think he has been able to do so little for mother. This will give him the chance he has been looking for. We will see how the girls feel and buy their shares if necessary. So Longfield will be *yours*."

It all happened so fast that Dodie hardly knew what to say. It was what she wanted and the thought of not being able to start the work at once was agonizing. But she would have to wait until the end of the summer before going to Longfield. Dana's mind was full of plans, too. He said:

"The work to be done on Longfield will have to be planned and supervised, but this you can do better than anyone I know. Even if mother never lives there, she should have an address. The first thing you should do is to take out the 'throne' in the back hall and put in a proper toilet in the bathroom with modern fixtures. Also the old copper tub should be replaced by a white porcelain one. I'd like to give you these, and when it is all finished we will back mother in and I know she will love it. Why, just think of the memories she has of that place, more than any of us."

As had been planned Dodie and her mother spent the month of August at Bar Harbor, Maine, and early September found them driving in the little green car through the muddy streets of Warren, headed for Bristol. They turned into the grass-covered driveway of Longfield and stopped at the front door. Mr. Middleton was there to greet them and give Dodie the keys. Since they were on their way to Newport and had to catch a ferry, there was only a moment to spare. But that moment held memories Dodie never forgot. A few things were unloaded and placed in the front hall, then they were on their way again, driving toward the setting sun. It was the same sun Dodie had watched set many times in various countries, in many beautiful places, but today, as she stood on the deck of the ferry boat and watched it sink behind the islands

in Narragansett Bay, she felt, for the first time, that this was *her sun*, and that it would set every night just for her.

The following day Dodie met, at an appointed time, Mr. Waldron, the plumber; Mr. Buffum, the carpenter; Mr. Munroe, the painter and paperer; and Mr. LeClair, the mason. Work was started the following Monday. A small room in the village with Miss Cook and a Singer sewing machine enabled her to work on curtains in the evenings and spend her days with the workmen at Longfield. She spent every Sunday with her mother at Newport and made a few trips to New York to attend an opening play with Dana and talk over plans for Longfield.

When aunt Margie learned that Dodie was serious about making Longfield her home, she deplored the fact that there was so little left of value:

"If I had for one moment thought," she said, "you would ever want to live there, I would have asked Maitland to mark more of the family things with your name, for it was his fondest hope that you, of all the children, would want Longfield. But I discouraged him from leaving it to you, thinking it would be a burden on an unmarried girl. He felt the urge to find a place for all the family things. Do you think you will be able to furnish it?"

The furnishing of Longfield had given Dodie very little concern. It held *so much* that could never be taken away. She failed to regret what was gone, for what she never had had, could not be missed. Dana returned all his share of the things that Maitland had sent him, with the exception of what he had already given his children. Babs was married to George Post and lived in New York. A van arrived from New York, containing the Flushing furniture which had been stored there for twelve years. This enabled Dodie to furnish her mother's room just as it had been in the Flushing home.

The *big* day came just before Thanksgiving, when Longfield was open for inspection. No one had seen the inside until her mother and cousin Marion Perry motored over from Newport one bright November afternoon. Bessie was tearfully happy as Dodie embraced her at the door.

"Welcome home, Ma," she said.

That Longfield responded to fresh paint and new papers on the weather-stained walls was no surprise to Dodie. But, to Bessie who remembered it in its rich brocade days, the modern chintz and bright colors removed all feeling of sadness that the past might have

recalled. She welcomed, as old friends, the furnishings of her former home which foreign travel had made her almost forget, and once more she experienced the love of "things" that had made her home in Flushing so dear to her.

This alone was enough to repay Dodie for the many weeks of hard work she had spent arranging for her mother's welcome. But when Dana and Irene arrived she was anxious to show Dana how his money had been spent. Dana did not disappoint her. His praise was of the highest:

"All the money you spent here," he said, "and the little I gave you never accomplished what I see. You could have spent three times as much and not arrived at this transformation without a rare gift of doing just the right thing. It is so far beyond my expectations of what might be made of the old home that no words can express what I feel or how grateful the entire family should be to you."

All this praise was very gratifying, for there is no greater pleasure than to succeed in something you enjoy doing and having it appreciated by some one you care *very much* for.

Bessie didn't leave Longfield again that winter except for the important christening of her first great-grandchild, Nancy Post, when she spent a few days in New York with Dana, returning to Longfield by train.

It was generally predicted that after Dodie had settled her mother at Longfield and the fun of creating a new Longfield was an accomplished thing, her enthusiasm would fade.

"Having had the world for her play ground," they said, "she will find little here to take its place."

At the start, the work of restoring Longfield had been a real challenge to Dodie. But unseen hands must have guided her—so few were the mistakes made. She discovered in herself an ability not before realized and met the problems arising with little or no concern. While the work was at times hard, the reward was great and she enjoyed every moment. She painted furniture and stained floors, to say nothing of the nights she worked on curtains as there were fifteen windows that called for heavy lined drapes with lambrequins. The library curtains were made of heavy linen with four yards of lace in each pair—the lace she made during the summer but the worsted lambrequins for the library took a year each to finish so that three years passed before they were completed.

During the winters of 1917 and '18, America was at war and there was much to be done by the stay-at-homes. Red Cross was calling for volunteers. Christmas boxes had to be packed and tied, addressed and sent, so as to reach the boys in time for the day when they would all be thinking of home. This could be done in Providence as well as in New York, where, before going away Dodie had headed a movement to train the bell-hops and elevator boys in the handling of guns and target practice on the roof of the Great Northern Hotel, where men from Troop A taught them the manual of arms. While she was at Bar Harbor, during the summer, two Canadian boys stopped on their way home from the "front". This brought the war closer home. Steamers discharged their passengers there, who were on their way to Europe. The *Luisitania* was sunk. This brought the war closer to our shores. Friends were in training at Plattsburgh to become officers. Dan Knowlton, who had been in training on the border of Mexico, joined Battery C, 148 F.A. from Colorado and was on his way overseas. Langdon's oldest son, DeWolf, was in camp on Long Island waiting for his company to sail overseas. It was no time to think of anything except how one could help.

Recruits were gathering on the Main Street in Bristol and stood ready to march to the station. Dodie watched them from the Post Office steps as they started off amid cheers from the crowds. Mr. Coggeshall who was Post Master stood by her side. She turned to speak to him but instead tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"I know," Mr. Goggeshall said, "my boy is with them."

It was a bitter cold winter. Lewis Herreshoff telephoned to warn Bessie of freezing water pipes, but too late. The lead pipes opened up like spring flowers and had to be replaced by brass pipes throughout the house. A promise by Mr. Staples of enough coal to keep Longfield warm through the winter decided Bessie not to return to New York, where the coal situation was even worse. One ton of coal a week was faithfully delivered, regardless of the heavy snow storms and the doors of Longfield were never boarded up again during Bessie's life.

To end the story of Longfield here, when in reality it might be said it was just beginning, seems unfair to its beams and rafters. Those of you that have read this far must feel that another book starts here, which some day may be written.

There Is Another Life Than The Eternal

To try to live within the minds, and think the thoughts of those who are not now living to correct mistakes, to try to understand and appreciate the reasons and motives for the acts and deeds of those who are not here to speak for themselves, has been the honest effort of the writer of Longfield. But, not to be able to express in any way her views of those past lives, or her appraisal of the worth or value of the lives of members of the family who died during her lifetime and who she knew and loved is asking *too much*.

* * * * *

Of my mother (Bessie) I would like to add:

Were I to have my greatest wish fulfilled, it would be that I might be like her. She possessed every quality that demanded warm love and deep respect. She had a keen wit and an interest in people and the world in general that kept her young and sought after by the great and small alike. She was never dull, or tired; nor was it possible for anyone to be so in her company.

* * * * *

Of my brother, Langdon, I would like to add:

He inherited, both from his mother and father, the gifts of keen interest in everyone and everything. No one was of too little importance for him to give them his undivided attention. To spend a half hour with Lang, was to be a better person than you knew yourself to be. For he brought out the best that was in you and you loved him for it. Integrity stood out in all his deeds. No one who ever met him forgot his handsome face, or the sound of his rich voice as he increased your knowledge on whatever your interests were. He was to me (his sister) the one person I most enjoyed to be with.

* * * * *

Of my brother, Dana, I would like to say:

That all values and balance in life I know, I learned from him. His devotion to me, as far back as I can remember, built for me a sense of security that seemed to set me apart from a troubled world. No problem that he could not solve. No wish that was not granted. Dana was the only truly *great man* I ever knew, for often "great men" look small to a child. His unselfish devotion to his family was limitless. His appreciation of the praise showered on him was always modest. His desire to do better work, his many talents, ability to create, to understand and improve were honest and outstanding.

He had a wit all his own, and I haven't mentioned many of the qualities that made him most widely known and loved. He depicted in his drawings what he felt, each drawing telling a story and preaching a sermon of everyday life. America was a better place to live in as he saw it. And to have been close to him (his sister) I owe the happiness of my life.

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A home that has seen so much and holds such sacred memories can not go unmentioned in this afterword. Of the life I have lived here, it would take as many pages again to recount. My happy marriage to a wonderful husband, whose understanding and devotion has made the past thirty-five years seem but a small part of my life. Yet it holds the most important happenings and makes me eager to share them by living them over in another volume. The chapters would be headed: "My Marriage in the Dingle". Then a year's honeymoon before: "Our Son is Born". Then two years of the wonders of childhood before the next chapter: "Our Daughter is Born". The thrill of watching their characters develop, until the day they arrive at the principal interests in their lives at which they both excel. Their happy marriages and the big moments when we hold our grandchildren in our arms. No story could end with a happier note, no life could be more eagerly lived again. All within the walls of Longfield, our wonderful home where Dan and I have come to stay out the sunset of our lives, where we may enjoy the visits of our children and our grandchildren and receive our friends with true Longfield hospitality. Where the sun and moon will continue to rise out of the "wild garden" long after we are beyond the recording of days like this. But our son and his family will inherit the happiness we leave behind in Longfield, and share it with our daughter and her family.

J.G.K.

THE END OF BOOK ONE



JIM LOVETT

James D'Wolf Lovett was Boston's prize amateur athlete. Wherever he went, the boys crowded around him, anxious to touch his sleeve or to draw a treasured remark from his lips.

There just didn't seem to be any sport at which Jim Lovett didn't excel. He played on the Hub's first football team; he pitched and wielded a mighty bat on one of the town's first baseball teams. He was an oarsman, skater, runner, jumper, far above average ability in all.



LANGDON GIBSON
Explorer and Production Manager of the General Electric Company,
Schenectady, N. Y.

